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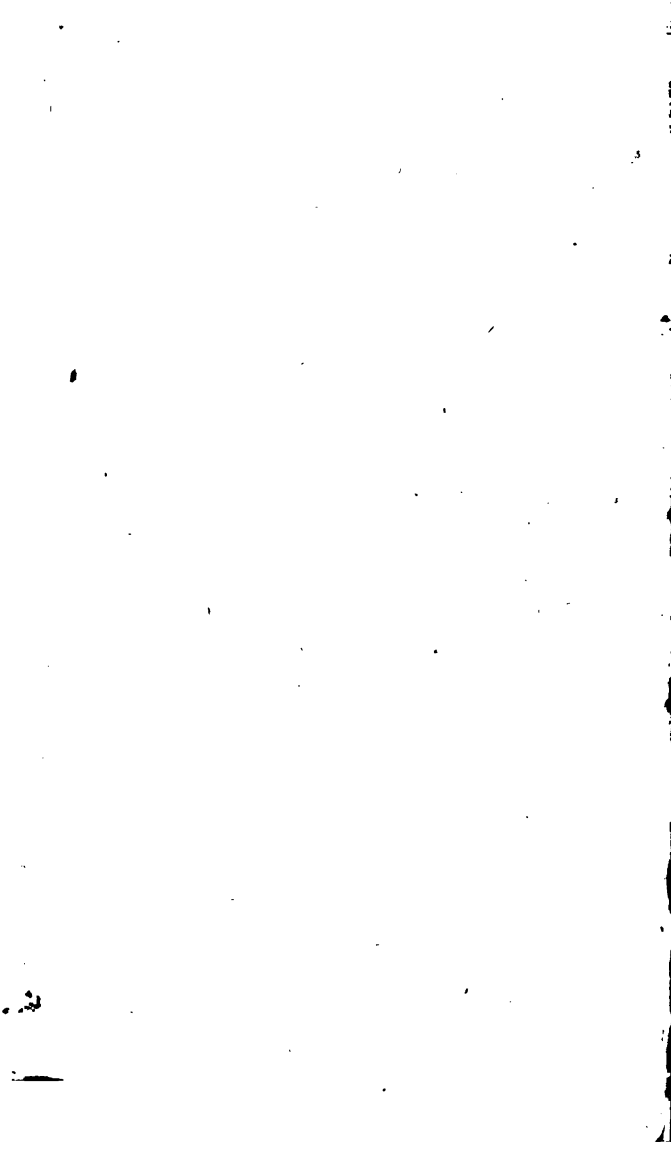
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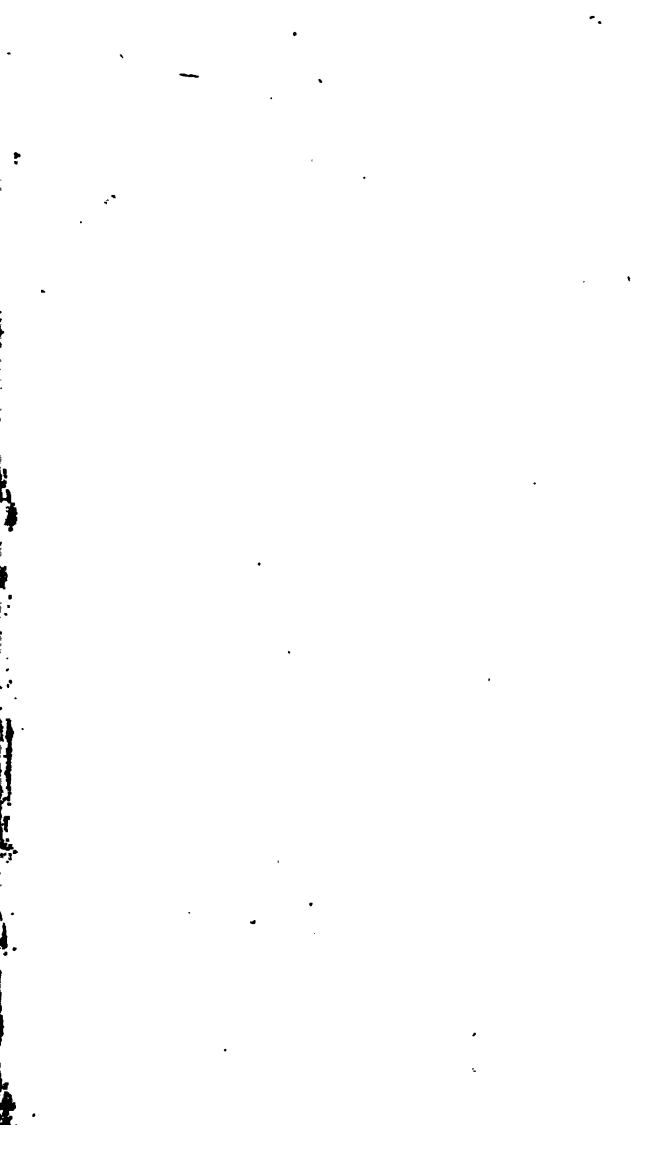
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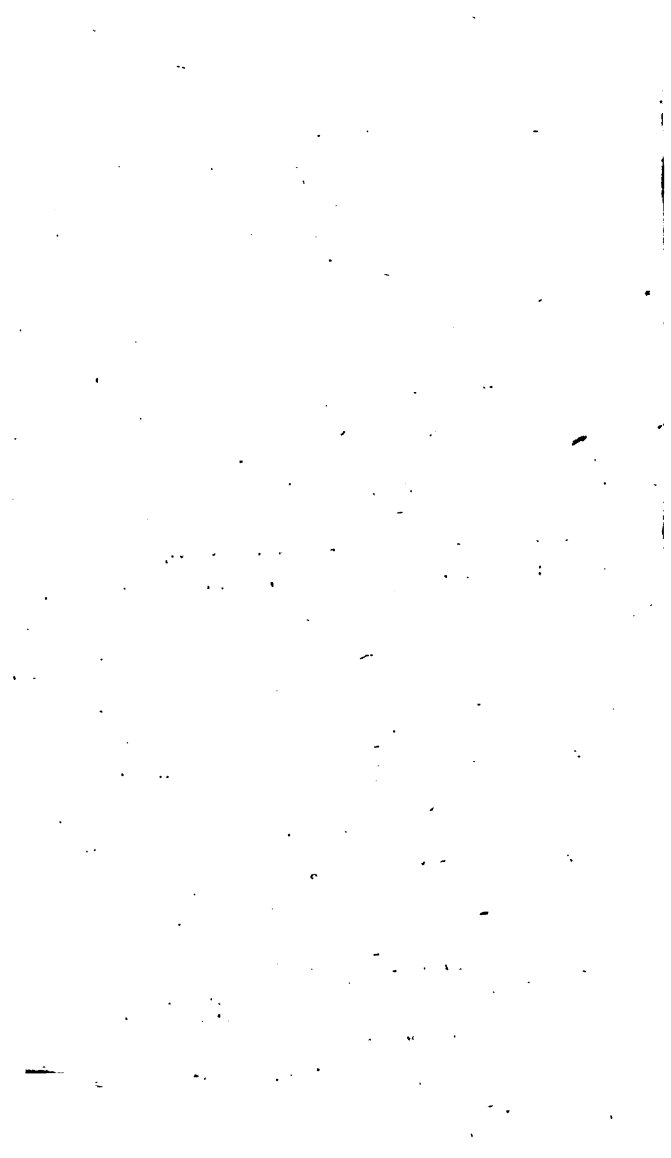
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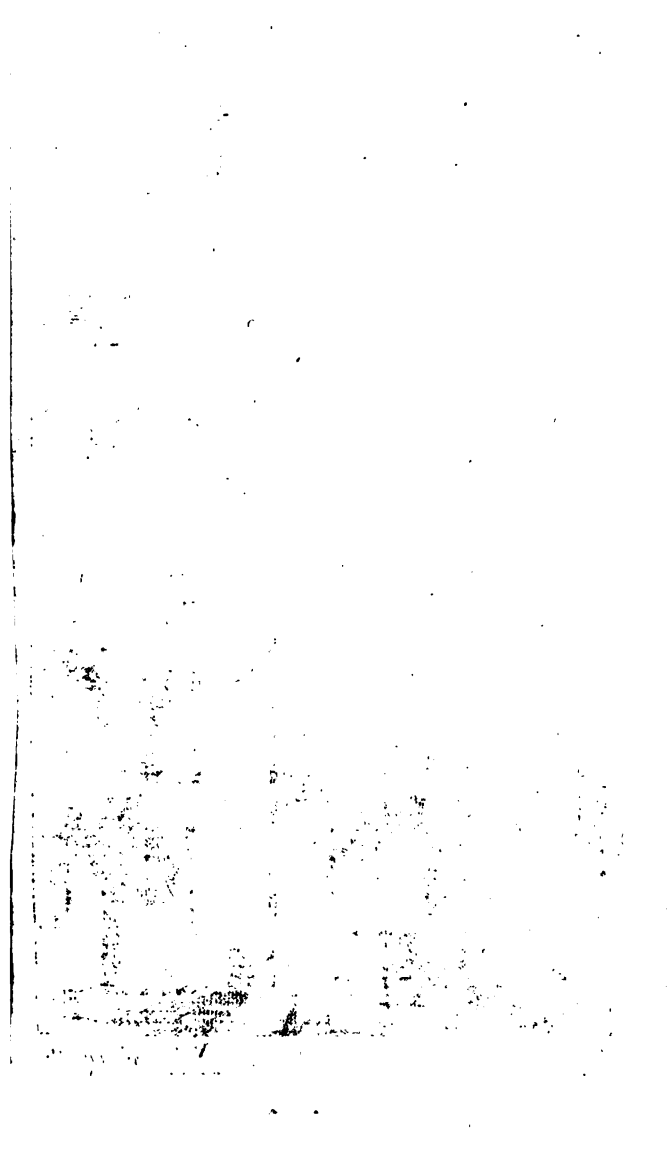
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ENGLISH VERSE

BY
Mr. *DRYDEN*.

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

L O N D O N:
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The Seventh Book of the Æ N E I S.

The A R G U M E N T.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only Daughter, Lavinia, the Heiress of his Crown. Turnus being in Love with her, favour'd by her Mother, and stir'd up by Juno, and Alecto, breaks the Treaty which was made, and engages in his Quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the Neighbouring Princes; whose Forces and the Names of their Commanders are particularly related.



AND thou, O Matron of Immortal Fame!
Here Dying, to the Shore hast left thy Name;
Cajeta still the Place is call'd from thee,
The Nurse of great Æneas Infancy.

Here rest thy Bones in rich *Hesperia's* Plains,
Thy Name ('tis all a Ghost can have) remains.

Now, when the Prince her Fun'ral Rites had paid,
He plough'd the *Tyrrhene* Seas with Sails display'd.

From Land a gentle Breeze arose by Night,
 Screnely shone the Stars, the Moon was bright,
 And the Sea trembled with her Silver Light. 10
 Now near the Shelves of *Circe's* Shores they run,
 (*Circe* the rich, the Daughter of the Sun)
 A dang'rous Coast: The Goddess wastes her Days
 In joyous Songs, the Rocks resound her Lays: 15
 In spinning, or the Loom, she spends the Night,
 And Cedar Brands supply her Father's Light.
 From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the Main,)
 The Roars of Lyons that refuse the Chain,
 The Grunts of Bristled Boars, and Groans of Bears, 20
 And Herds of Howling Wolves that stun the Sailors Ears.
 These from their Caverns, at the close of Night,
 Fill the sad Isle with Horror and Affright.
 Darkling they mourn their Fate, whom *Circe's* Pow'r
 (That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary Hour) 25
 With Words and wicked Herbs, from Human Kind
 Had alter'd, and in Brutal Shapes confin'd.
 Which Monsters, lest the *Trojans* pious Host
 Shou'd bear, or touch upon th' enchanted Coast;
 Propitious *Neptune* steer'd their Course by Night, 30
 With rising Gales, that sped their happy Flight.
 Supply'd with these, they skim the founding Shore,
 And hear the swelling Surges vainly roar.

Now

Now when the roſe-Morn began to riſe,
 And wav'd her Saffron Streamer thro' the Skies 35
 When *Thetis* bluſh'd in Purple, not her own;
 And from her Face the breathing Winds were blown:
 A ſudden Silence ſate upon the Sea,
 And ſweeping Oars, with ſtruggling, urge their Way.

The *Trojan*, from the Main beheld a Wood, 40
 Which thick with Shades, and a brown Horror, flood:
 Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took his Courſe,
 With Whirlpools dimpl'd; and with downward Force
 That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
 And rowl'd his yellow Billows to the Sea. 45
 About him, and above, and round the Wood,
 The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood;
 That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his ſide,
 To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.
 The Captain gives Command, the joyful Train 50
 Glide thro' the gloomy Shade, and leave the Main.

Now, *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inſpire,
 And fill his Soul with thy Celeſtial Fire.
 Relate what *Lavinia* was, her ancient Kings:
 Declare the paſt, and preſent State of things, 55
 When firſt the *Trojan* Fleet *Aſcanius* ſought;
 And how the Rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
 Theſe are my Theme, and how the War began,
 And how concluded by the Godlike Man.

For I shall sing of Battels, Blood and Rage, 60

Which Princes and their People did engage:

And haughty Souls, that mov'd with mutual Hate,

In fighting Fields pursu'd and found their Fate :

That rous'd the *Tyrrhene* Realm with loud Alarms,

And peaceful *Italy* involv'd in Arms. 65

A larger Scene of Action is display'd,

And, rising hence, a greater Work is weigh'd.

Latinus old and mild, had long possess'd

The *Latian* Sceptre, and his People bless'd :

His Father *Faunus*: a *Laurentian* Dame 70

His Mother, fair *Marica* was her Name.

But *Faunus* came from *Picus*, *Picus* drew

His Birth from *Saturn*, if Records be true.

Thus King *Latinus*, in the third Degree,

Had *Saturn* Author of his Family. 75

But this old peaceful Prince, as Heav'n decreed,

Was bless'd with no Male Issue to succeed:

His Sons in blooming Youth were snatch'd by Fate :

One only Daughter heir'd the Royal State,

Fir'd with her Love, and with Ambition led, 80

The neighb'ring Princes court her nuptial Bed.

Among the Crowd, but far above the rest,

Young *Turnus* to the Beauteous Maid address'd.

Turnus, for high Descent, and graceful Meen,

Was first, and favour'd by the *Latian* Queen : 85

With

With him she strove to join *Lavinia's* Hand:

But dire Portents the purpos'd Match withstand.

Deep in the Palace, of long Growth there stood
A Lawrel's Trunk, a venerable Wood;

Where Rites Divine were paid; whose holy Hair 90
Was kept, and cut with superstitious Care.

This Plant *Latinus*, when his Town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the Tree *Laurentum* call'd:
And last, in Honour of his new Abode,

He vow'd the Lawrel to the Lawrel's God: 95

It happen'd once, (a boding Prodigy,)

A swarm of Bees, that cut the liquid Sky,
Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmost Branch in Clouds alight:

There, with their clasping Feet together clung, 100

And a long Cluster from the Lawrel hung:

An ancient Angur prophesy'd from hence:

Behold on *Latian* Shores a foreign Prince!

From the same parts of Heav'n his Navy stands,

To the same parts on Earth: his Army lands; 105

The Town he conquers, and the Tow'r commands.

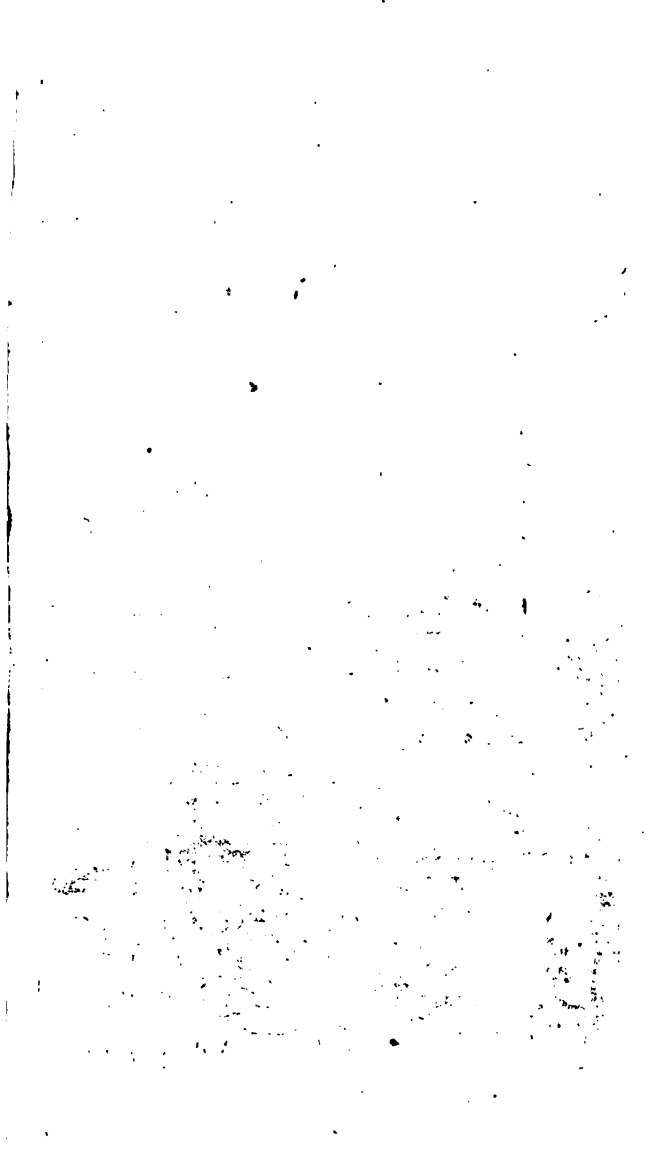
Yet more, when fair *Lavinia* fed the Fire.

Before the Gods, and stood beside her Sire;

Strange to relate, the Flames, involv'd in Smoke

Of Incense, from the sacred Altar broke; 110

Caught her discover'd Hair, and rich Attire;
 Her Crown and Jewels crackled in the Fire:
 From thence the flaming Trail began to spread,
 And lambent Glories danc'd about her Head.
 This new Portent the Seer with Wonder views; 115
 Then pausing, thus his Prophecy renews.
 The Nymph who scatters flaming Fires around,
 Shall shine with Honour, shall her self be crown'd:
 But, caus'd by her irrevocable Fate,
 War shall the Country waste, and change the State. 120
Latinus, frighted with this dire Omen,
 For Counsel to his Father *Favonius* went:
 And sought the Shades renown'd for Prophecy,
 Which near *Albanus's* sulphurous Fountain lie.
 To those the *Latian*, and the *Sacine* Land 125
 Fly, when distress'd, and thence Relief demand;
 The Priest on Skins of Off'rings takes his Ease;
 And nightly Visions in his Slumber sees:
 A swarm of thin aerial Shapes appears,
 And, flutt'ring round his Temples, deafs his Ears: 130
 These he consults, the future Fates to know,
 From Prow's above, and from the Fiends below.
 Here, for the Gods advice, *Latinus* flies,
 Off'ring a hundred Sheep for Sacrifice:
 Their woolly Fleeces, as the Rites requir'd, 135
 He laid beneath him, and to Rest retir'd.





No sooner were his Eyes in Slumber bound,
 When, from above, a more than Mortal Sound
 Invades his Ears; and thus the Vision spake:
 Seek not, my Seed, in *Latian* Bands to Yoke
 Our fair *Lavinia*, nor the Gods provoke.
 A foreign Son upon the Shore descends,
 Whose Martial Fame from Pole to Pole extends.
 His Race in Arms, and Arts of Peace renown'd,
 Not *Latium* shall confine, nor *Æneas* bound:
 'Tis theirs whatever the Sun surveys around.
 These Answers in the silent Night receiv'd,
 The King himself divulg'd, the Land believ'd:
 The Fame thro' all the Neighb'ring Nations flew,
 When now the *Trojan* Navy was in view.

140 }

145 }

150

Beneath a shady Tree the Heroes spread
 His Table on the Turf, with Cakes of Bread;
 And, with his Chiefs, on Forest Fruits he fed.
 They sat, and (not without the God's Command)
 Their homely Fare dispatch'd; the hungry Band
 Invade their Trenchers next, and soon devour,
 To mend the scanty Meal, their Cakes of Flour.
Ascanius thus observ'd, and, smiling, said,
 See, we devour the Plates on which we fed:
 The Speech had Omen, that the *Trojan* Race
 Shou'd find Repose, and this the Time and Place.

155 }

155

160

Aeneas took the Word, and thus replies :

(Confessing Fate with Wonder in his Eyes)

All Hail, O Earth! all Hail my Household Gods,

Behold the destin'd place of your Abodes!

165

For thus *Anchises* prophecy'd of old,

And this our fatal place of Rest foretold.

" When on a Foreign Shore, instead of Meat,

" By Famine forc'd, your Trenchers you shall eat,

" Then Ease your weary *Trojans* will attend:

170

" And the long Labours of your Voyage end.

" Remember on that happy Coast to build:

" And with a Trench inclose the fruitful Field.

This was that Famine, this the fatal Place,

Which ends the Wand'ring of our exil'd Race.

175

Then, on to-Morrow's Dawn, your Care employ,

To search the Land, and where the Cities lye,

And what the Men; but give this Day to Joy.

Now pour to *Jove*, and after *Jove* is blest,

Call great *Anchises* to the Genial Feast:

180

Crown high the Goblets with a chearful Draught;

Enjoy the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought.

Thus having said, the Heroe bound his Brows

With leafy Branches, then perform'd his Vows:

Adoring first the Genius of the Place,

185

Then Earth, the Mother of the Heav'nly Race;

The

The Nymphs, and native Godheads yet unknown,
 And Night, and all the Stars that gild her Sable Throne.
 And ancient *Cybel*, and *Idæan Jove* ; 190
 And last his Sire below, and Mother Queen above.

Then Heav'ns high Monarch thundred thrice aloud ;
 And thrice he shook aloft, a Golden Cloud.
 Soon thro' the joyful Camp a Rumor flew,
 The time was come their City to renew :
 Then ev'ry Brow with chearful Green is crown'd, 195
 The Feasts are doubled, and the Bowls go round.

When next the roſie Morn diſclos'd the Day,
 The Scouts to ſev'ral parts divide their Way,
 To learn the Natives Names, their Towns, explore
 The Coaſts, and Trendings of the crooked Shore : 200
 Here *Tyber* flows, and here *Namicius* ſtands,
 Here warlike *Latins* hold the happy Lands.

The Pious Chief, who fought by peaceful Ways,
 To found his Empire, and his Town to raiſe ;
 A hundred Youths from all his Train ſelects, 205
 And to the *Latian* Court their Courſe directs :
 (The ſpacious Palace where their Prince reſides ;)
 And all their Heads with Wreaths of Olive hides,
 They go commiſſion'd to require a Peace ;
 And carry Preſents to procure Acceſs, 210
 Thus while they ſpeed their Pace, the Prince deſigns
 The new elected Seat, and draws the Lines :

The Trojans round the Place a Rampire cast,
And Palisades about the Treaches plac'd.

Mean time the Train, proceeding on their way, 217

From far the Town, and lofty Tow'rs survey:

At length approach the Walls: without the Gate

They see the Boys, and Latian Youth debate

The Martial Prizes on the dusty Plain:

Some drive the Cars, and some the Coursers rein: 220

Some bend the stubborn Bow for Victory;

And some with Darts their active Sinews try.

A posting Messenger dispatch'd from hence,

Of this fair Troop, advis'd their aged Prince;

That foreign Men, of mighty Stature, came: 225

Unouth their Habit, and unknown their Name.

The King ordains their Entrance, and ascends

His Regal Seat, surrounded by his Etrusks.

The Palace built by Roms, vast and proud,

Supported by a hundred Pillars stood: 230

And round compass'd with a rising Wood.

The Pile o'erlook'd the Town, and drew the sight,

Surpriz'd at once with Reverence and Delight.

There Kings receiv'd the Marks of Sov'raign Pow'r: 235

In State the Monarchs march'd, the Lictors bore

Their Awful Axes, and the Rods before.

Here the Tribunal stood, the House of Pray'r;

And here the sacred Senators repair:

All at large Tables, in long order set,
 A Ram their Off'ring, and a Ram their Meat. 240
 Above the Portal, carv'd in Cedar Wood,
 Plac'd in their Ranks, their Godlike Grandfires stood.
 Old *Saturn*, with his crooked Scythe, on high;
 And *Italus*, that led the Colony:
 And ancient *Janus*, with his double Face, 245
 And Bunch of Keys, the Porter of the place:
 There stood *Sabinus*, planter of the Vines,
 On a short Pruning-hook his Head reclines:
 And studiously surveys his gen'rous Wines. }
 Then Warlike Kings, who for their Country fought, 250
 And honourable Wounds from Battel brought.
 Around the Posts hung Helmets, Darts, and Spears;
 And Captive Chariots, Axes, Shields, and Bars, }
 And broken Beaks of Ships, the Trophies of their Wars. }
 Above the rest, as Chief of all the Band, 255
 Was *Picus* plac'd, a Buckler in his Hand;
 His other war'd a long divining Wand. }
 Girt in his Gabin Gown the Heroe fate:
 Yet could not with his Art avoid his Fate.
 For *Circe* long had lov'd the Youth in vain, 260
 Till Love, refus'd, converted to Disdain:
 Then mixing pow'rful Herbs, with Magic Art,
 She chang'd his Form, who cou'd not change his Heart.

Constrain'd him in a Bird, and made him fly,
 With party-colour'd Plumes, a Chattering Pye. 265
 In this high Temple, on a Chair of State;
 The Seat of Audience, old *Latinus* fate;
 Then gave Admission to the *Trojan* Train,
 And thus, with pleasing accents, he began.
 Tell me, ye *Trojans*, for that Name you own; 270
 Nor is your Course upon our Coasts unknown;
 Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
 Were you by stress of Weather cast a-ground?
 Such dangers on the Seas are often seen,
 And oft befall to miserable Men. 275
 Or come, your Shipping in our Ports to lay,
 Spent and disabled in so long a way?
 Say what you want, the *Latians* you shall find
 Not forc'd to Goodness, but by Will inclin'd;
 For since the time of *Saturn's* holy Reign, 280
 His Hospitable Customs we retain.
 I call to mind, (but Time the Tale has worn)
 Th' *Arunci* to'd; that *Dardanus*, tho' born
 On *Latian* Plains, yet fought the *Phrygian* Shore,
 And *Samos* call'd before: 285
 From *Tuscan Corinthus* he claim'd his Birth,
 But after, when exempt from Mortal Earth,
 From thence ascended to his kindred Skies,
 A God, and as a God augments their Sacrifice.





He said. *Ithoneus* made this Reply,

290

O King, of *Faunus* Royal Family !

Nor Wint'ry Winds to *Latium* forc'd our way,

Nor did the Stars our wand'ring Course betray.

Willing we sought your Shores, and hither bound,

The Port so long desir'd, at length we found: 295

From our sweet Homes and ancient Realms expell'd;

Great as the greatest that the Sun beheld.

The God began our Line, who rules above,

And as our Race, our King descends from *Jove*:

And hither are we come, by his Command; 300

To crave Admission in your happy Land.

How dire a Tempest, from *Mycena* pour'd,

Our Plains, our Temples, and our Town devour'd;

What was the Waste of War, what fierce Alarms

Shook *Asia's* Crown with *European* Arms; 305

Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,

Whose Earth is bounded by the frozen Sea:

And such as born beneath the burning Sky,

And sultry Sun betwixt the Tropicks-lye.

From that dire Deluge, through the wat'ry Waste, 310

Such length of Years, such various Perils past:

At last escap'd, to *Latium* we repair,

To beg what you without your Want may spare;

The common Water, and the common Air.

Sheds which our selves will build, and mean Abodes,
 Fit to receive and serve our banish'd Gods. 316
 Nor our Admission shall your Realm disgrace;
 Nor length of time our Gratitude efface.
 Besides what endless Honour you shall gain
 To save and shelter *Troy's* unhappy Train. 318
 Now, by my Sov'raign, and his Fate I swear,
 Renown'd for Faith in Peace, for Force in War;
 Oft our Alliance other Lands desir'd,
 And what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
 Despise not then, that in our Hands we bear 325
 These Holy Boughs, and sue with Words of Pray'r.
 Fate and the Gods, by their supreme Command,
 Have doom'd our Ships to seek the *Latian* Land.
 To these Abodes our Fleet *Apollo* sends;
 Here *Dardanus* was born, and hither tends: 330
 Where *Thuscan* *Tyber* retwils with rapid Force;
 And where *Numicus* opes his Holy Source.
 Besides, our Prince presents, with his Request,
 Some small Remains of what his Sire possess'd,
 This Golden Charger, snatch'd from burning *Troy*, 335
Anchises did in Sacrifice employ:
 This Royal Robe, and this *Hars* wore
 Old *Priam*, and this Golden Sceptre bore
 In full Assemblies, and in solemn Games;
 These Purple Vests were weav'd by *Dardan* Dames. 340
 Thus.

Thus while he spoke, *Lavinia* rowl'd around.
 His Eyes, and fix'd a while upon the Ground.
 Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his Breast;
 Not by the Sceptre mov'd, or Kingly Vest:
 But pond'ring future Things of wond'rous Weight: 345
 Succession, Empire, and his Daughter's Fate:
 On these he mus'd within his thoughtful Mind;
 And then revolv'd what *Fœnus* had divin'd.
 This was the Foreign Prince, by Fate decreed
 To share his Sceptre, and *Lavinia's* Bed: 350
 This was the Race, that sure Portents foreshew
 To sway the World, and Land and Sea subdue.
 At length he rais'd his cheerful Head, and spoke:
 The Pow'rs, said he, the Pow'rs we both invoke,
 To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be: 355
 And firm our Purpose with their Augury.
 Have what you ask; your Presents I receive,
 Land where, and when you please, with ample Leave:
 Partake and use my Kingdom as your own;
 And shall be years, while I command the Crown. 360
 And if my wish'd Alliance please your King,
 Tell him he shou'd not send the Peace, but bring.
 Then let him not a Friend's Embraces fear;
 The Peace is made, when I behold him here.
 Besides this Answer, tell my Royal Guest, 365
 I add to his Commands, my own Request:

One only Daughter heirs my Crown and State,
 Whom, not our Oracles, nor Heav'n, nor Fate,
 Nor frequent Prodigies permit to join
 With any Native of th' *Ausonian* Line. 370

A foreign Son-in-law shall come from far,
 (Such is our Doom) a Chief renown'd in War:
 Whose Race shall bear aloft the *Latian* Name,
 And thro' the conquer'd World diffuse our Fame.
 Himself to be the Man the Fates require, 375
 I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.

He said, and then on each bestow'd a Steed;
 Three hundred Horses, in high Stables fed,
 Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd;
 Of these he chose the fairest and the best, 380

To mount the *Trojan* Troop; at his Command,
 The Steeds caparison'd with Purple stand;
 With golden Trappings, glorious to behold,
 And champ betwixt their Teeth the foaming Gold.

Then to his absent Guest the King decreed 385
 A pair of Coursers born of Heav'nly Breed:
 Who from their Nostrils breath'd *Ethereal* Fire;
 Whom *Circe* stole from her *Coelestial* Sire:

By substituting Mares, produc'd on Earth,
 Whose Wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal Birth. 390
 These draw the Chariot which *Latinus* sends;
 And the rich Present to the Prince commends.

Sublime on stately Steeds the *Trojans* born,
To their expecting Lord with Peace return.

But jealous *Juno*, from *Pachynus* height,
As she from *Argos* took her airy Flight,
Beheld, with envious Eyes, this hateful Sight.

395 }
}

She saw the *Trojan*, and his joyful Train
Descend upon the Shoar, desert the Main;

Design a Town, and with unhop'd Success

400

Th' Embassadors return with promis'd Peace.

Then pierc'd with Pain, she shook her haughty Head,
Sigh'd from her inward Soul; and thus she said.

O hated Off-spring of my *Phrygian* Foes!

O Fates of *Troy*, which *Juno's* Fates oppose!

405

Cou'd they not fall unpity'd, on the Plain,

But slain revive, and taken, scape again?

When execrable *Troy* in Ashes lay,

Thro' Fires, and Swords, and Seas, they forc'd their Way:

Then vanquish'd *Juno* must in vain contend,

410

Her Rage disarm'd, her Empire at an end.

Breathless and tir'd, is all my Fury spent,

Or does my glutted Spleen at length relent?

As if 'twere little from their Town to chase,

I thro' the Seas pursu'd their exil'd Race:

415

Ingag'd the Heav'ns, oppos'd the Stormy Main;

But Billows roar'd, and Tempests rag'd in vain.

What

What have my *Scylla's* and my *Syrtes* done;
 When these they overpass, and those they shun?
 On *Tyber's* Shoars they land, secure of Fate, 420
 Triumphant o'er the Storm's and *Juno's* Hate.
Mars cou'd in mutual Blood the *Centaurs* bath,
 And *Jove* himself gave way to *Cynthia's* Wrath:
 Who sent the tusky Bear to *Calydon*:
 What great Offence had either People done? 425
 But I, the Consort of the Thunderer,
 Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful War:
 With various Arts and Arms in vain have toil'd,
 And by a mortal Man at length am foil'd.
 If native Pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt, 430
 To seek for needful Succour from without:
 If *Jove* and Heav'n my just Desires deny,
 Hell shall the Pow'r of Heav'n and *Jove* supply.
 Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their Decree,
 The *Trojan* Race to reign in *Italy*: 435
 At least I can defer the Nuptial Day,
 And with protracted Wars the Peace delay:
 With Blood the dear Alliance shall be bought;
 And both the People near Destruction brought.
 So shall the Son-in-Law, and Father join, 440
 With Ruin, War, and Waste of either Line.
 O fatal Maid! thy Marriage is endow'd
 With *Phrygian*, *Latian*, and *Rutulian* Blood!

Bellona

Bellona leads thee to thy Lover's Hand,
 Another Queen brings forth another Brand;
 To burn with foreign Fires her native Land?
 A second *Paris*, diff'ring but in Name,
 Shall fire his Country with a second Flame.

445

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the Ground,
 With furious haste, and shoots the *Stygian* Sound;
 To rouse *Allecto* from th' Infernal Seat
 Of her dire Sisters, and their dark Retreat.

450

This Fury, fit for her Intent, she chose;
 One who delights in Wars, and Human Woes.

Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own misshapen Race:

455

Her Sister-Furies fly her hideous Face:

So frightful are the Forms the Monster takes,

So fierce the Hissings of her speckled Snakes.

Her *Juno* finds, and thus inflames her Spight:

O Virgin-Daughter of Eternal Night,

460

Give me this once thy Labour, to sustain

My Right, and execute my just Disdain.

Let not the *Trojans*, with a feign'd Pretence

Of proffer'd Peace, delude the *Latian* Prince:

Expel from *Italy* that odious Name,

465

And let not *Juno* suffer in her Fame.

'Tis thine to ruin Realms, o'erturn a State,

Betwixt the dearest Friends to raise Debate;

And kindle Kindred Blood to mutual Hate.

Thy

Thy Hand o'er Towns the fun'ral Torch displays, 470
 And forms a thousand Ills ten thousand Ways.
 Now shake from out thy fruitful Breast, the Seeds
 Of Envy, Discord, and of cruel Deeds:
 Confound the Peace establish'd, and prepare
 Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War. 475
 Smear'd as she was with black *Gorgonian* Blood,
 The Fury sprang above the *Stygian* Flood:
 And on her wicker Wings, sublime thro' Night,
 She to the *Latian* Palace took her Flight.
 There sought the Queen's Apartment, stood before 480
 The peaceful Threshold, and besieg'd the Door.
 Restless *Amata* lay, her swelling Breast
 Fir'd with Disdain for *Turnus* dispossest,
 And the new Nuptials of the *Trojan* Guest. 485
 From her black bloody Locks the Fury shakes
 Her darling Plague, the Fav'rite of her Snakes:
 With her full Force she threw the pois'nous Dart,
 And fix'd it deep within *Amata's* Heart:
 That thus envenom'd she might kindle Rage,
 And sacrifice to Strife her House and Husband's Age. 490
 Unseen, unfelt; the fiery Serpent skims
 Betwixt her Linnen, and her naked Limbs.
 His baleful Breath inspiring, as he glides,
 Now like a Chain around her Neck he rides;

Now like a Fillet to her Head repairs, 495
 And with his Circling Volumes folds her Hairs.
 At first the silent Venom slid with Ease,
 And seiz'd her cooler Senses by degrees;
 Then e'er th' infected Mass was fir'd too far,
 In Plaintive Accents she began the War: 500
 And thus bespoke her Husband; Shall, she said,
 A wand'ring Prince enjoy *Launomia's* Bed?
 If Nature plead not in a Parent's Heart,
 Pity my Tears, and pity her Desert:
 I know, my dearest Lord, the Time will come, 505
 You wou'd, in vain, reverse your cruel Doom:
 The faithless Pirate soon will set to Sea,
 And bear the Royal Virgin far away!
 A Guest like him, a *Trojan* Guest before,
 In shew of Friendship, sought the *Spartan* Shore; 510
 And ravish'd *Helen* from her Husband bore.
 Think on a King's inviolable Word;
 And think on *Thymus*, her once plighted Lord:
 To this false Foreigner you give your Throne;
 And wrong a Friend, a Kinsman, and a Son. 515
 Resume your ancient Care; and if the God
 Your Sire, and you, resolve on Foreign Blood:
 Know all are Foreign, in a larger Sense,
 Not born your Subjects, or deriv'd from hence.

Then

Then if the Line of *Turnus* you retract;
 He springs from *Diabus* of *Argive* Race.
 But when she saw her Reasons idly spent,
 And cou'd not move him from his fix'd Intent;
 She flew to Rage; for now the Snake possess'd
 Her vital Parts, and poison'd all her Breast;
 She raves, she runs with a distracted Pace,
 And fills, with horrid Howls, the publick Place.
 And, as young Striplings whip the Top for sport,
 On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court;
 The wooden Engine flies and whirls about,
 Admir'd, with Clamours, of the Beardless rout;
 They lash aloud, each other they provoke,
 And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke:
 Thus fares the Queen, and thus her Fury blows
 Amidst the Crowd, and kindles as she goes:
 Nor yet content, she strains her Malice more,
 And adds new Ills to those contriv'd before:
 She flies the Town, and mixing with a Throng
 Of madding Matrons, bears the Bride along:
 Wand'ring thro' Woods and Wilds, and dévious ways;
 And with these Arts the Trojan Match delays.
 She feign'd the Rites of *Bacchus*! cry'd aloud,
 And to the Buxom God the Virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O *Bacchus*! thus began the Song,
 And *Evoe*! answer'd all the Female Throng:

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O Virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
 O worthy thee alone, the Crew reply'd.
 For thee she folds her Hair, she loaths thy Dance,
 And with thy whirling Ivy wreaths her Lance.
 Like Fury seiz'd the rest; the Progress known,
 All seek the Mountains, and forsake the Town:
 All clad in Skins of Beasts the Jarlin bear,
 Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair:
 And Shrieks and Showings rise the suffring Air.
 The Queen, her self, inspir'd with Rage Divine,
 Shook high above her Head a flaming Pine:
 Then rowl'd her stagger'd Eyes around the Throng,
 And sung, in *Tatar* Name; the Nuptial Song:
 If ye *Lasian* Dances, if any here
 Hold, your unhappy Queen, *Attans*, dear;
 If there be here, the fair, who dare maintain
 My Right, nor think the Name of Mother vain:
 Unbind your Fillets, loose your flowing Hair,
 And Orgies, and Nocturnal Rites prepare.
Attans's Breast the Fury thus invades,
 And fires with Rage, amid the *Silvan* Shades.
 Then when she found her Vengeance spread so far,
 The Royal House embroild in Civil War:
 Rais'd on her dusky Wings she cleaves the Skies;
 And seeks the Palace where young *Tarnas* lies.

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His Town, as Fame reports, was built of old
 By *Danae*, pregnant with Almighty Gold:
 Who fled her Father's Rage, and with a Train
 Of following *Argives*, thro' the stormy Main,
 Driv'n by the *Southern* Blasts, was fated here to reign.

'Twas *Ardua* once, now *Arden's* Name it bears: 576
 Once a fair City, now consum'd with Years.

Here in his lofty Palace *Turnus* lay,
 Betwixt the Confines of the Night and Day,
 Secure in Sleep: The Fury laid aside

Her Looks and Limbs, and with new Methods try'd
 The Foulness of th' infernal Form to hide.

Prop'd on a Staff, she takes a trembling Meen;
 Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obscene:
 Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheek she draws,

Sunk are her Eyes, and toothless are her Jaws:

Her hoary Hair with holy Fillets bound,
 Her Temples with an Olive Wreath are crown'd.

Old *Calibe*, who kept the sacred Fane
 Of *Juno*, now she seem'd, and thus began,
 Appearing in a Dream, to rouse the careless Man.

Shall *Turnus* then such endless Toil sustain,
 In fighting Fields, and conquer Towns in vain:

Win, for a *Trojan* Head to wear the Prize,
 Usurp thy Crown, enjoy thy Victories?

The Brife and Scepter which thy Blood has bought,
 The King transfers, and Foreign Heirs are fought:
 Go now, deluded Man, and feek again
 New Toils, new Dangers on the dufty Plain.
 Repel the *Tufcan* Foes, their City feize, 600
 Protect the *Latians* in luxurious Eafe.
 This Dream all-pow'rful *Juno* fends, I bear
 Her mighty Mandates, and her Words you hear.
 Haffe, arm your *Ardours*, iffue to the Plain,
 With Faith to friend, affault the *Trojan* Train: 605
 Their thoughtlefs Chiefs, their painted Ships that lye
 In *Tyber's* Mouth, with Fire and Sword destroy.
 The *Latian* King, unlefs he fhall fubmit,
 Own his old Promise, and his new forget;
 Let him, in Arms, the Pow'r of *Turnus* prove, 610
 And learn to fear whom he difdains to love.
 For fuch is Heav'n's Command. The youthful Prince
 With Scorn reply'd, and made this bold Defence.
 You tell me, Mother, what I knew before,
 The *Phrygian* Fleet is landed on the Shore: 615
 I neither fear, nor will provoke the War:
 My Fate is *Juno's* moft peculiar Care.
 But Time has made you dote, and vainly tell
 Of Arms imagin'd, in your lonely Cell:
 Go, be the Temple and the Gods your Care, 620
 Permit to Men the Thought of Peace and War.

These haughty Words ~~with~~ Rage provoke,
 And frighted ~~Thence~~ trembled as she spoke.
 Her Eyes grow stiffer'd, and with Sulphur burn,
 Her hideous Looks, and hellish Frown return: 625
 Her curling Snakes with Hisings fill the Place,
 And open all the Furies of her Face:
 Then, darting Fire from her malignant Eyes,
 She cast him backward as he stood to side,
 And, ling'ring, sought to strike some new Hopler. 630
 High on her Head she rears two twisted Snakes,
 Her Chains she rattles, and her Whip she shakes;
 And churning bloody Fearn, thus loudly speaks.
 Behold whom Time has made to dole, and all
 Of Arms, imagin'd in her lonely Cell: 635
 Behold the Fates Infernal Minister;
 War, Death, Destruction, in my Hand I bear.

Thus having said, her smould'ring Torch intrus'd
 With her full Force, she plung'd into his Breast.
 Aghast he wak'd, and, starting from his Bed, 640
 Cold Sweat, in clotted Drops, his Limbs o'erspread:
 Arms, Arms, he cries, my Sword and Shield prepare;
 He breaths Defiance, Blood, and Mortal War.
 So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fricks,
 The bubling Waters from the Bottom rise: 645
 Above the Brims they force their fiery way;
 Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day.

The Peace polluted thus, a chosen Band,
 He first commissions to the Latian Land,
 In threatening Embassy: Then rais'd the rest, 650
 To meet in Arms th' intruding Trojan Guest:
 To force the Foes from this Lavinian Shore,
 And Italy's indanger'd Peace restore.
 Himself alone, an equal Match he boasts,
 To fight the *Æthiopian* and *Ægean* Hosts. 655
 The Gods involk'd, the *Asturi* prepare
 Their Arms, and warn each other to the War.
 His Beauty these, and those his blooming Age,
 The rest his House, and his own Fame engage.

While *Turnus* urges thus his Enterprize, 660
 The *Stygian* Fury to the *Trojan* fires:
 New Frauds invents, and takes a steepy Stand,
 Which overlooks the Vale with wide Command;
 Where fair *Asturias*, and his youthful Train,
 With Horns and Hounds a hunting Match ordain, 665
 And pitch their Tails around the shady Plain.
 The Fury fires the Packs: they snuff, they vent,
 And feed their hungry Nostrils with the Scout.
 'Twas of a well-grown Stag, whose Antlers rise
 High o'er his Front, his Beams invade the Skies: 670
 From this light Cause, th' Infernal Maid prepares
 The Country Churls to Mischief, Hate, and Wars.

The stately Beast, the Two *Tyrrhæida* bred,
 Snatch'd from his Dam, and the tame Youngling fed.
 Their Father *Tyrrheus* did his Fodder bring, 675
Tyrrheus chief Ranger to the *Læviæ* King:
 Their Sister *Silvæ* cherish'd with her Care
 The little Wanton, and did Wreaths prepare
 To hang his budding Horns: with Ribbons ty'd
 His tender Neck, and comb'd his filken Hide; 680
 And bath'd his Body. Patient of Command,
 In time he grew, and growing us'd to Hand.
 He walted at his Master's Board for Food;
 Then fought his salvage Kindred in the Wood:
 Where grazing all the Day, at Night he came 685
 To his known Lodgings, and his Country Dame.

This Household Beast, that us'd the Woodland Grounds,
 Was view'd at first by the young Heroe's Hounds;
 As down the Stream he swam, to seek Retreat
 In the cool Waters, and to quench his Heat. 690
Ascanius young, and eager of his Game,
 Soon bent his Bow, uncertain in his Aim:
 But the dire Fiend the fatal Arrow guides,
 Which pierc'd his Bowels thro' his panting Sides.
 The bleeding Creature issues from the Floods, 695
 Possess'd with Fear, and seeks his known Abodes;
 His old familiar Hearth, and Household Gods.



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He falls, he fills the House with heavy Groans;
 Implores their Pity, and his Pain bemoans.

Young *Silvia* beats her Breast, and cries aloud 700
 For Succour, from the clownish Neighbourhood:

The Churls assemble; for the Fiend, who lay
 In the close Woody Covert, urg'd their Way.

One with a Brand, yet burning from the Flame;
 Arm'd with a knotty Club, another came: 705

Whate'er they catch or find, without their Care,
 Their Fury makes an Instrument of War.

Tyrreus, the Foster-Father of the Beast,

Then clench'd a Hatchet in his horny Fist:

But held his Hand from the descending Stroke, 710
 And left his Wedge within the cloven Oak,

To whet their Courage, and their Rage provoke.

And now the Goddess, exercis'd in Ill,

Who watch'd an Hour to work her impious Will,
 Ascends the Roof, and to her crooked Horn, 715

Such as was then by *Latian* Shepherds born,

Adds all her Breath, the Rocks and Woods around,

And Mountains, tremble at th' infernal Sound.

The Sacred Lake of *Trivia* from afar,

The *Veline* Fountains, and sulphureous *Nar*, 720
 Shake at the baleful Blast, the Signal of the War.

Young Mothers wildly stare, with Fear possess'd,

And strain their helpless Infants to their Breast.

The Clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd Crew,
 With furious haste to the loud Summons flew. 725
 The Pow'rs of *Troy* then issuing on the Plain,
 With fresh Recruits their youthful Chief sustain:
 Not theirs a raw and unexperien'd Train,
 But a firm Body of embattel'd Men.
 At first, while Fortune favour'd neither Side, 730
 The Fight with Clubs and burning Brands was try'd:
 But now, both Parties reinforc'd, the Fields
 Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields:
 A shining Harvest either Host displays,
 And shoots against the Sun with equal Rays. 735
 Thus when a black-brow'd Gust begins to rise,
 White Foam at first on the curl'd Ocean frise;
 Then roars the Main, the Billaws mount the Skies:
 Till by the Fury of the Storm full blown,
 The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown. 740
 First *Alcan* falls, old *Tyrrheus'* eldest Care,
 Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War:
 Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood,
 And stop'd his Breath, and drank his vital Blood.
 Huge Heaps of slain around the Body rise; 745
 Among the rest, the rich *Galafus* lyes:
 A good old Man, while Peace he preach'd in vain,
 Amidst the Madness of th' unruly Train:

Five Herds, five bleating Flocks his Pastures fill'd,
 His Lands a hundred Yoke of Oxen till'd.
 Thus, while in equal Scales their Fortune stood,
 The Fury bath'd them in each others Blood.
 Then having fix'd the Fight, exulting flies,
 And bears fulfill'd her Promise to the Skies.
 To *Juno* thus she speaks; Behold, 'tis done,
 The Blood already drawn, the War begun;
 The Discord is compleat, nor can they cease
 The dire Debate, nor you command the Peace.
 Now since the *Latian* and the *Trojan* Brood
 Have tasted Vengeance, and the Sweets of Blood;
 Speak, and my Pow'r shall add this Office more:
 The Neighb'ring Nations of th' *Ausonian* Shore
 Shall hear the dreadful Rumour, from afar,
 Of arm'd Invasion; and embrace the War.
 Then *Juno* thus; The grateful Work is done;
 The Seeds of Discord sow'd, the War begun:
 Frauds, Fears and Fury have possess'd the State,
 And fix'd the Causes of a lasting Hate:
 A bloody *Hymen* shall th' Alliance join
 Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Ausonian* Line:
 But thou with Speed to Night and Hell repair,
 For not the Gods, nor angry *Jove* will bear
 Thy lawless wand'ring Walks, in upper Air.

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760

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770

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3

Leave what remains to me. *Saturnia* said:
 The sullen Fiend her sounding Wings display'd; 775
 Unwilling left the Light, and sought the neather Shade. }

In midst of *Italy*, well known to Fame,
 There lies a Lake, *Amsanctus* is the Name,
 Below the lofty Mounts: On either side
 Thick Forrests, the forbidden Entrance hide: 780
 Full in the Centre of the sacred Wood
 An Arm arises of the *Stygian* Flood;
 Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing Sound,
 Whirls the black Waves and rattling Stones around.
 Here *Pluto* pants for Breath from out his Cell, 785
 And opens wide the grinning Jaws of Hell.
 To this Infernal Lake the Fury flies;
 Here hides her hated Head, and frees the lab'ring Skies.
Saturnian Juno now, with double Care,
 Attends the fatal Process of the War. 790
 The Clowns return'd, from Battel bear the slain,
 Implore the Gods, and to their King complain.
 The Corps of *Almon*, and the rest are shown,
 Shrieks, Clamours, Murmurs fill the frighted Town.
 Ambitious *Turnus* in the Press appears, 795
 And aggravating Crimes, augments their Fears:
 Proclaims his Private Injuries aloud,
 A Solemn Promise made, and disavow'd;
 A foreign Son is sought, and a mix'd Mungril Brood. }

Then

Then they, whose Mothers, frantick with their Fear
 In Woods and Wilds the Flags of *Bacchus* bear, 801
 And lead his Dances with dishevel'd Hair,
 Increase the Clamour, and the War demand,
 (Such was *Amata's* Int'rest in the Land)
 Against the publick Sanctions of the Peace, 805
 Against all Omens of their ill Success;
 With Fates averse, the Rout in Arms resort,
 To force their Monarch, and insult the Court.
 But like a Rock unmov'd, a Rock that braves
 The raging Tempest and the rising Waves, 810
 Prop'd on himself he stands: His solid Sides
 Wash off the Sea-weeds, and the sounding Tides:
 So stood the Pious Prince unmov'd: and long
 Sustain'd the Madness of the noisy Throng.
 But when he found that *Juno's* Pow'r prevail'd, 815
 And all the Method of cool Counsel fail'd,
 He calls the Gods to witness their Offence,
 Disclaims the War, asserts his Innocence.
 Hurry'd by Fate, he cries, and born before
 A furious Wind, we leave the faithful Shore: 820
 O more than Madmen! you your selves shall bear
 The Guilt of Blood and Sacrilegious War:
 Thou, *Turnus*, shalt atone it by thy Fate,
 And pray to Heav'n for Peace; but pray too late.

For me, my ~~flaring~~ Voyage at an end,

835

I to the Port of Death securely tend.

The Fun'ral Pomp, which to your Kings you pay,

Is all I want, and all you take away.

He said no more, but in his Walls confin'd,

Shut out the Woe which he too well divin'd:

840

Nor with the rising Storm wou'd vainly strive,

But left the Helm, and let the Vessel drive.

A solemn Custom was observ'd of old,

Which *Latins* held, and now the *Romans* hold;

Their Standard, when in fighting Fields they rear

Against the fierce *Mæcians*, or declare

The *Scythian*, *Indian*, or *Arabian* War:

Or from the boasting *Parthians* wou'd regain

Their Eagles lost in *Carthage's* bloody Plain:

Two Gates of Steel (the Name of *Mars* they bear)

And still are worship'd with religious Fear;

Before his Temple stand: The dire Abode,

And the fear'd Issues of the furious God,

Are fenc'd with Brazen Bolts; without the Gates,

The wary Guardian *Janus* doubly waits.

845

Then, when the sacred Senate votes the War,

The *Roman* Consul their Decree declares,

And in his Robes the sounding Gates unbar.

The Youth in Military Shouts arise,

And the loud Trumpets break the yielding Skies.

850

These

These Rites of old by Sav'nyg Princes us'd,
 Were the King's Office, but the King refus'd;
 Deaf to their Cries, nor wou'd the Gates under
 Of sacred Peace, or leave th'impair'd War:
 But hid his Head, and safe from loud Alarms, 855
 Abhor'd the wicked Ministry of Arms,
 Then Hear'n's Imperious Queen flie down from high;
 At her Approach the Brazen Mingcs fly,
 The Gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling Bar,
 And like a Tempest issue out the War. 860
 The peaceful Cities of th' *Ausonia* Shore,
 Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on Fire; and fumes with studious Care,
 Their restiff Stands in sandy Plains prepare:
 Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try, 865
 And War is all their Wish, and Arms the general Cry.
 Part scour the rusty Shields with Steam, and pare
 New grind the blasted Ax, and point the Dart:
 With Joy they view the waving Banners fly,
 And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky. 870
 Five Cities forge their Arms: th' *Atina* Pow'rs,
Antenna, *Tybur* with her lofty Tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the *Cruscanian* Towers
 All these of old were Places of Renown,
 Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field, 875
 Some twine young Sallets to support the Shield,

The

The Croſſet ſome, and ſome the Quiſhes mould;
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
 The ruſtick Honours of the Scythe and Share,
 Give place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War. 880
 Old Fauchions are new temper'd in the Fires:
 The ſounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inſpires.
 The Word is giv'n, with eager Speed they laſt
 The ſhining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariots ty'd, 885
 The truſty Weapon fits on ev'ry Side.

And now the mighty Labour is begun,
 Ye Muſes open all your *Helicon*.
 Sing you the Chiefs that ſway'd th' *Auſonian* Land;
 Their Arms, and Armies under their Command. 890
 What Warriours in our ancient Clime were bred,
 What Soldiers follow'd, and what Heroes led.
 For well you know, and can record alone,
 What Fame to future times conveys but darkly down.

Mexentius firſt appear'd upon the Plain, 895
 Scorn ſate upon his Brows; and four Diſſims
 Defying Earth and Heav'n: *Etruria* loſt,
 He brings to *Turnus*' Aid his beſtied Hoſt.
 The charming *Lavinia*, full of youthful Fire,
 Rode in the Rank, and met his ſullen Sire. 900
 To *Turnus* only ſecond in the Grade
 Of Manly Meen; and Feares of the Page.

A skilful Horseman, and a Huntsman bred;
 With Fates averſe a thousand Men he led:
 His Sire unworthy of ſo brave a Son; 905
 Himſelf well worthy of a happier Throne.

Next *Aventinus* drives his Chariot round
 The *Latian* Plains, with Palms and Lawrels crown'd.
 Proud of his Steeds he ſmoaks along the Field,
 His Father's *Hydra* fills the ample Shield. 910
 A hundred Serpents hiſs about the Brims;
 The Son of *Hercules* he juſtly ſeems,
 By his broad Shoulders and Gigantick Limbs.
 Of Heav'nly part, and part of Earthly Blood,
 A mortal Woman mixing with a God. 915
 For ſtrong *Alcides*, after he had ſlain
 The triple *Geryon*, drove from conquer'd *Spain*.
 His captive Herds, and thence in Triumph led;
 On *Tuſcan Tyber's* flow'ry Banks they fed.
 Then on Mount *Aventine*, the Son of *Jove* 920
 The Prieſteſs *Rhea* found, and forc'd to Love.

For Arms his Men long Piles and Jav'lins bore,
 And Poles with pointed Steel their Foes in Battel gore.
 Like *Hercules* himſelf, his Son appears,
 In Salvage Pomp: a Lyon's Hide he wears; 925
 About his Shoulders hangs the ſraggy Skin,
 The Teeth, and gaping Jaws ſeverely grip.

Thus

Thus like the God his Father, homely dress,
He strides into the Hall, a horrid Guest.

Then two Twin-Brothers from fair *Tyber* came, 930
(Which from their Brother *Tyber* took the Name,)

Fierce *Coras*, and *Castlus*, void of Fear,
Arm'd *Argive* Horse they led, and in the Front appear,
Like Cloud-born *Centaur*s, from the Mountain's Height,
With rapid Course descending to the Fight, 935
They rush along, the rattling Woods give way,
The Branches bend before their sweepy Sway.

Nor was *Præneste*'s Founder wanting there,
Whom Fame reports the Son of *Mulciber*:

Found in the Fire, and foster'd in the Plains; 940
A Shepherd and a King at once he reigns,
And leads to *Turnus*' Aid his Country Swains.

His own *Præneste* sends a chosen Band;

With those who plough *Saturnia*'s *Gadine* Land:

Besides the Succour which cold *Æne* yields, 945

The Rocks of *Hermicus*, and dewy Fields,

Anagnia fat, and Father *Amasene*,

A num'rous Rout, but all of naked Men:

Nor Arms they wear, nor Swords and Bucklers wield;

Nor drive the Chariot thro' the dusty Field: 950

But whirl from Leathern Slings huge Balls of Lead;

And Spoils of yellow Wolves adorn their Head:

The Left-Foot naked, when they march to fight,
But in a Bull's rear Hide they snatch the Right.

Messapus next, (great *Neptune* was his Sire) 945

Secure of Steel, and sped from the Fire,

In Pomp appears: And with his Ardour warms

A heartless Train, unexercis'd in Arms:

The just *Faliscans* he to Battle brings,

And those who live where *Lake Clauis* springs; 950

And where *Feronia's* Grove and Temple stands,

Who till *Fefanum* or *Flavinum* Lands:

All these in order march, and marching sing

The warlike Actions of their Sea-born King.

Like a long Train of Snowy Swans on high, 955

Which clap their Wings, and cleave the liquid Sky,

Which homeward from their warry Pastures born,

They sing, and *Jove's* Lakes their Notes return.

Not one who heard their Music from afar,

Wou'd think these Troops an Army train'd to War: 970

But Flocks of Bowls, that when the Tempests roar,

With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent Shore.

Then *Claulus* came, who led a num'rous Band

Of Troops embody'd, from the *Sabine* Land:

And in himself alone, an Army brought, 975

'Twas he the noble *Claudian* Race begot:

The *Claudian* Race, ordain'd, in times to come,

To share the Greatness of Imperial Rome.

He led the *Cures* forth of old Renown,
Mutuscans from their Olive-bearing Town; 980
 And all th' *Erebian* Pow'rs: Besides a Band
 That follow'd from *Velinus's* dewy Land:
 And *Amisernian* Troops, of mighty Fame,
 And Mountaineers, that from *Severus* came.
 And from the craggy Cliffs of *Tetrica*, 985
 And those where yellow *Tyber* takes his Way,
 And where *Himelle's* wanton Waters play:
Casperia sends her Arms, with those that lie
 By *Fabaris*, and fruitful *Foruli*:
 The warlike Aids of *Horta* next appear, 990
 And the cold *Nursians* come to close the Rear:
 Mix'd with the Natives born of *Lavinian* Blood,
 Whom *Alba* walks with her fatal Flood,
 Not thicker Billows beat the *Lilyan* Main,
 When pale *Orion* sets in wintry Rain; 995
 Nor thicker Harvests on rich *Hermus* rise,
 Or *Lycian* Fields, when *Phaebus* burns the Skies;
 Than stand these Troops; Their Bucklers ring around,
 Their Trampling turns the Turf, and shakes the solid
 Ground.

High in his Chariot then *Halesus* came, 1000
 A Foe by Birth to *Troy's* unhappy Name:
 From *Agamemnon* born: to *Turnus* Aid,
 A thousand Men the youthful Hero led.

Who

Who till the *Mæssick* Soil, for Wine renown'd,
 And fierce *Auruncan* from their Hilly Ground: 1005
 And those who live by *Silician* Shoars,
 And where, with shoaly Fæords *Vaturnus* roars;
Cales and *Ofca's* old Inhabitants,
 And rough *Sasicalis* inur'd to Wants:
 Light demi-Launces from afar they throw, 1010
 Fasten'd with Leathern Thongs to gaul the Foe.
 Short crooked Swords in closer Fight they wear,
 And on their warding Arm light Bucklers bear.

Nor *Oebalus*, shalt thou be left unsung,
 From Nymph *Stemetis* and old *Telus* sprung: 1015
 Who then in *Teleboæ* *Capri* reign'd,
 But that short Isle th' ambitious Youth disdain'd;
 And o'er *Campania* stretch'd his ample Sway;
 Where swelling *Sarnus* seeks the *Tyrrhæna* Sea;
 O'er *Batulum*, and where *Abella* sees, 1020
 From her high Tow'rs, the Harvest of her Trees.
 And these (as was the *Trojan* use of old)
 Wield Brazen Swords, and Brazen Bucklers hold;
 Sling weighty Stones when from afar they fight; 1024
 Their Casques are Cork, a Covering thick and light.

Next these in Rank, the warlike *Ufens* went,
 And led the Mountain Troops that *Nausis* sent.
 The rude *Equicæ* his Rule obey'd,
 Hunting their Sport, and Plund'ring was their Trade.

In Arms they plough'd, to Battel still prepar'd; 1030

Their Soil was barren, and their Hearts were hard.

Umbro the Priest the proud *Mæstus* led;
By King *Archippus* sent to *Thous*' Aid;
And peaceful Olives crown'd his heavy Head. } 1035

His Wand and holy Words, the Viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of Serpents, cou'd assuage. 1037

He, when he pleas'd with powerful Juice to steep
Their Temples, shut their Eyes in pleasing Sleep.

But vain were *Mæstus* Herbs, and Magick Art,
To cure the Wound giv'n by the *Dardus* Dart. 1040

Yet his untimely Fate, th' *Argive* Woods
In sighs remurmur'd, to the *Ægean* Floods.

The Son of fam'd *Hippolytus* was there;

Fam'd as his Sire, and as his Mother fair.

Whom in *Egeian* Groves *Aricia* bore,
And nurs'd his Youth along the *Maïthy* Shore. 1045

Where great *Diana*'s peaceful Altars flame,

In fruitful Fields, and *Nisus* was his Name.

Hippolytus, as old Records have said,

Was by his Stepmother sought to share her Bed: 1050

But when no Female Arts his Mind cou'd move,

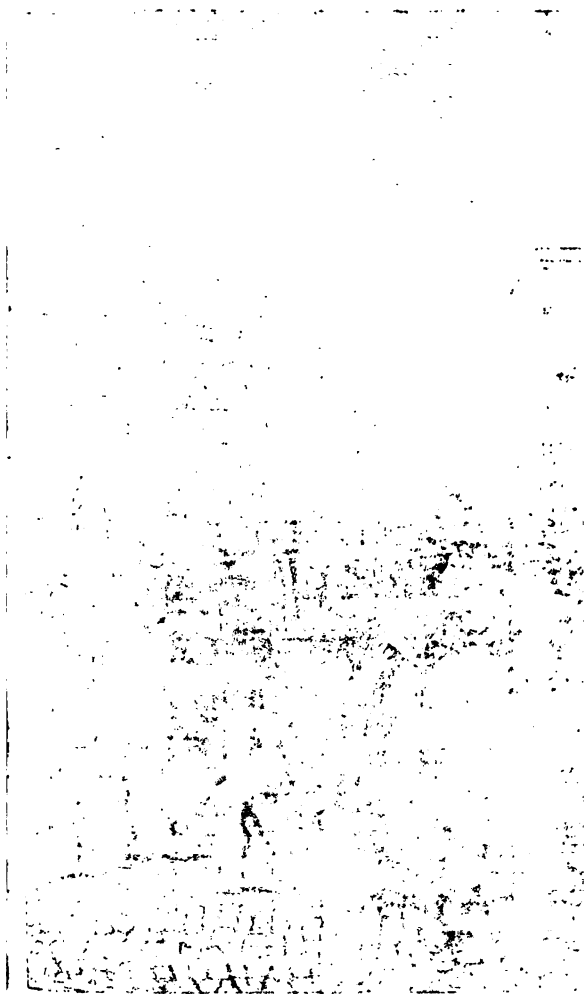
She turn'd to furious Hate her impious Love,

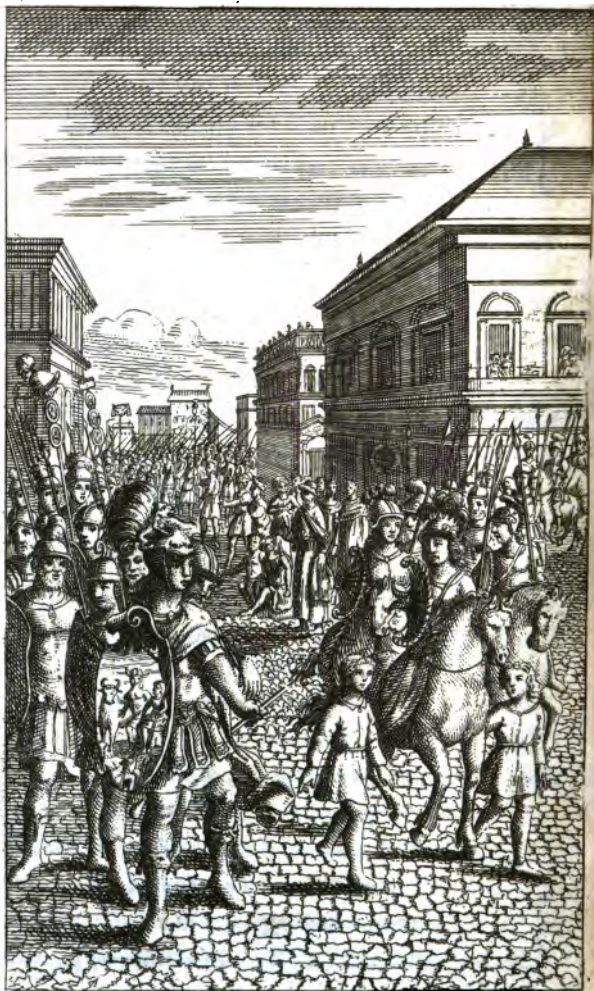
Torn by Wild Horses on the sandy Shore,

Another's Crimes th' unhappy Hunter bore;

Glutting his Father's Eyes with guiltless Gore. 1055

But





But chaste *Diana*, who his Deak deserv'd,
With *Æsculapius* Nicke his Life restor'd.

Then *Jove*, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with Vital Breath again,

Struck to the Center with his flaming Dart 1065

Th' unhappy Founder of the Godlike Art.

But *Trivia* kept in Secret Shades alone,

Her care, *Hippodamia*, to Fate unknown;

And call'd him *Phobus* in th' Egyptian Grove:

Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from *Jove*. 1065

For this, from *Trivia's* Temple and her Wood,

Are Coursers driv'n, who shed their Master's Blood;

Affrighted by the Monsters of the Flood.

His Son, the Second *Phobus*, yet retain'd

His Father's Art, and Warrior Succs he rein'd. 1070

Amid the Troops, and like the leading God,

High o'er the rest in Arms the Graceful *Tarnus* rode:

A triple Pile of Phœnix his Crest adorn'd,

On which with belching Flames *Chimæra* burn'd:

The more the kindled Combat rages high, 1075

The more with fury burns the blazing Fire.

Fair *Id* grac'd his Shield, but *Id* now:

With Horns exalted stands, and seems to loze:

(A noble charge) her Keeper by her side,

To watch her Walks, his hundred Eyes apply'd, 1080

And on the Brims her Sire, the wat'ry God,
 Rowl'd from a Silver Urn his Crystal Flood.
 A Cloud of Foot succeeds, and fills the Fields
 With Swords and pointed Spears, and clatt'ring Shields;
 Of *Argives*, and of old *Sicanian* Bands, 1085
 And those who plow the rich *Sutulan* Lands;
Auruncan Youth, and those *Sacræ* yields,
 And the proud *Labicans* with painted Shields.
 And those who near *Nuician* Streams reside,
 And those whom *Tyber's* holy Forests hide; 1090 }
 Or *Circes* Hills from the main Land divide:
 Where *Ufens* glides along the lowly Lands,
 Or the black Water of *Pomptina* stands.

Lest from the *Volscians* fair *Camilla* came;
 And led her warlike Troops, a Warriour Dame: 1095
 Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,
 She chose the nobler *Pallas* of the Field.
 Mix'd with the first, the fierce *Virago* fought,
 Sustain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger sought:
 Outstrip'd the Winds in speed upon the Plain, 1100
 Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain:
 She swept the Seas, and as she skim'd along,
 Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung.
 Men, Boys, and Women stupid with Surprise,
 Where-e'er she passes, fix their wond'ring Eyes: 1105

Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vast Delight.
 Her Purple Habit fits with such a Grace
 On her smooth Shoulders, and so suits her Face:
 Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd; 1110
 And in a Golden Caul the Curls are bound.
 She shakes her Myrtle Jav'lin: And, behind,
 Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind.





The Eighth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

The War being now begun, both the Generals make all possible Preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Aeneas goes in Person to beg Succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with Men, and sends his Son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the Request of Venus, makes Arms for her Son Aeneas, and draws on his Shield the most memorable Actions of his Posterity.



WHEN Turnus had assembled all his Pow'rs;
His Standard planted on Laurentum's Tow'rs;
When now the frightful Trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War,
Had rous'd the neighing Steeds to scour the Fields,
While the fierce Riders clatter'd on their Shields,
Trembling with Rage, the Latian Youth prepare
To join th' Allies, and headlong rush to War.

Fierce





Fierce *Ufens*, and *Meffapus*, led the Crowd;
 With bold *Moxentius*, who blasphem'd aloud. 10
 These, thro' the Country took their wasteful Course;
 The Fields to forage, and to gather Force.
 Then *Venus* to *Diomedes* they send,
 To beg his Aid *Ansonia* to defend:
 Declare the common Danger; and inform 15
 The Grecian Leader of the growing Storm:
Aeneas landed on the *Latian* Coast,
 With banish'd Gods, and with a baffled Host:
 Yet now aspir'd to Conquest of the State;
 And claim'd a Title from the Gods and Fate. 20
 What num'rous Nations in his Quarrel came,
 And how they spread his formidable Name:
 What he design'd, what Mischiefs might arise,
 If Fortune favour'd his first Enterprize,
 Was left for him to weigh: whose equal Fears, 25
 And common Interest was involv'd in theirs.
 While *Turnus* and th' Allies thus urge the War,
 The *Trojan* floating in a Flood of Care,
 Beholds the Tempest which his Foes prepare. 30
 This way and that he turns his anxious Mind;
 Thinks, and rejects the Counsels he design'd;
 Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
 And gives no rest to his distracted Heart.

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
 Strike on the polish'd Brass their trembling Light, 35
 The glittering Species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious Beams from side to side:
 Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
 And to the Ceiling flash the glaring Day.
 Twas Night: And weary Nature lull'd asleep 40
 The Birds of Air, and Fishes of the Deep;
 And Beasts, and Mortal Men: The *Trojan* Chief
 Was laid on *Tyber's* Banks, oppress'd with Grief,
 And found in silent Slumber late Relief. } 45
 Then, thro' the Shadows of the Poplar Wood,
 Arose the Father of the *Roman* Flood;
 An Azure Robe was o'er his Body spread,
 A Wreath of shady Reeds adorn'd his Head:
 Thus, manifest to Sight, the God appear'd,
 And with these pleasing Words his Sorrow cheer'd. 50
 Undoubted Off-spring of *Ethereal* Race,
 O long expected in this promis'd Place,
 Who, thro' the Foes, hast born thy banish'd Gods,
 Restor'd them to their Hearths, and old Abodes;
 This is thy happy Home! The Clime where Fate 55
 Ordains thee to restore the *Trojan* State.
 Fear not, the War shall end in lasting Peace;
 And all the Rage of haughty *Juno* cease.

And

And that this nightly Vision may not seem
 Th' Effect of Fancy, or an idle Dream, 60
 A Sow beneath an Oak shall lye along,
 All white her self, and white her thirty Young.
 When thirty rowling Years have run their Race,
 Thy Son, *Ascanius*, on this empty Space
 Shall build a Royal Town, of lasting Fame; 65
 Which from this Omen shall receive the Name.
 Time shall approve the Truth: For what remains,
 And how with sure Success to crown thy Pains,
 With Patience next attend. 'A banish'd Band,
 Driv'n with *Evander* from th' *Arcadian* Land, 70
 Have planted here; and plac'd on high their Walls;
 Their Town the Founder, *Palanteum* calls:
 Deriv'd from *Pallas*, his great Grandfire's Name:
 But the fierce *Latians* old Possession claim,
 With War infecting the new Colony; 75
 These make thy Friends, and on their Aid rely.
 To thy free Passage I submit my Streams;
 Wake Son of *Venus* from thy pleasing Dreams;
 And, when the setting Stars are lost in Day,
 To *Juno's* Pow'r thy just Devotion pay. 80
 With Sacrifice the wrathful Queen appease;
 Her Pride at length shall fall, her Fury cease:
 When thou return'st victorious from the War,
 Perform thy Vows to me with grateful Care.

The God am I, whose yellow Water flows 85

Around these Fields, and fattens as it goes:

Tyber my Name: among the rowling Floods,

Renown'd on Earth, esteem'd among the Gods.

This is my certain Seat: In Times to come,

My Waves shall wash the Walls of mighty *Rome*. 90

He said; and plung'd below, while yet he spoke:

His Dream *Æneas* and his Sleep forsook.

He rose, and looking up, beheld the Skies

With Purple blushing, and the Day arise.

Then, Water in his hollow Palm he took 95

From *Tyber*'s Flood; and thus the Pow'rs bespoke.

Laurentian Nymphs, by whom the Streams are fed,

And Father *Tyber*, in thy sacred Bed

Receive *Æneas*; and from Danger keep.

Whatever Fount, whatever holy Deep, 100

Conceals thy wat'ry Stores; where-e'er thy rise,

And, bubling from below, salute the Skies:

Thou King of horned Floods, whose plenteous Urn

Suffices Fatness to the fruitful Corn,

For this thy kind Compassion of our Woes, 105

Shalt share my Morning Song, and Ev'ning Vows.

But, oh! be present to thy People's Aid;

And firm the gracious Promise thou hast made.

Thus having said, two Gallies, from his Stores,

With Care he chuses; Mans, and fits with Oars. 110

Now

Now on the Shore the fatal Swine is found:
 Wond'rous to tell; she lay along the Ground:
 Her well-fed Off-spring at her Udders hung;
 She white her self, and white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the Mother, and her Brood, 117
 And all on *Juno's* Altar are bestow'd.
 The following Night, and the succeeding Day,
 Propitious *Tyber* smooth'd his wat'ry Way:
 He rowl'd his River back; and pois'd he stood;
 A gentle Swelling, and a peaceful Flood. 120
 The *Trojans* mount their Ships; they put from Shoar,
 Born on the Waves, and scarcely dip an Oar.
 Shouts from the Land give Omen to their Course:
 And the pitch'd Vessels glide with ease Foroe:
 The Woods and Waters wonder at the Gleam 125
 Of Shields, and painted Ships, that stem the Stream:
 One Summer's Night, and one whole Day they pass
 Betwixt the green-wood Shades; and cut the liquid Glass.
 The fiery Sun had finish'd half his Race,
 Look'd back, and doubted in the middle Space: 130
 When they from far beheld the rising Tow'rs,
 The Tops of Shells, and Shepherds lowly Bow'rs:
 Thin as they stood, which, then of homely Clay,
 Now rise in Marble, from the *Roman* Sway.
 These Cots, (*Evander's* Kingdom, mean and poor). 135
 The *Trojan* saw, and turn'd his Ships to Shore.

'Twas on a solemn Day : Th' *Arcadian* States,
 The King and Prince without the City Gates,
 Then paid their Off'rings in a sacred Grove
 To *Hercules*, the Warrior Son of *Jove*. 140
 Thick Clouds of rowling Smoke involve the Skies;
 And ~~that~~ of Entrails on his Altar fries.

But when they saw the Ships that stem'd the Flood,
 And glitter'd thro' the Covert of the Wood,
 They rose with Fear, and left th' unfinish'd Feast: 145
 Till dauntless *Pallas* reassur'd the rest
 To pay the Rites. Himself without delay
 A Jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his Way.
 Then gain'd a rising Ground; and call'd from far:
 Resolve me, Strangers, whence, and what you are;
 Your Buis'ness here; and bring you Peace or War? 151
 High on the Stern, *Æneas* took his Stand,
 And held a Branch of Olive in his Hand;
 While thus he spoke. The *Phrygians* Arms you see,
 Expell'd from *Troy*, provok'd in *Italy* 155
 By *Latian* Foes, with War unjustly made:
 At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
 This Message bear: The *Trojans* and their Chief
 Bring holy Peace, and beg the King's Relief.
 Struck with so great a Name, and all on fire, 160
 The Youth replies, Whatever you require,

Your Fame exacts: Upon our Shores descend;
 A welcome Guest, and, what you wish, a Friend.
 He said; and downward hasting to the Strand,
 Embrac'd the Stranger Prince, and join'd his Hand.
 Conducted to the Grove, *Aeneas* broke 166
 The silence first, and thus the King bespoke. ¶
 Best of the *Greeks*, to whom, by Fates Command;
 I bear these peaceful Branches in my Hand;
 Undaunted I approach you; though I know 170
 Your Birth is *Grecian*, and your Land my Foe:
 From *Atreus* tho' your ancient Lineage came,
 And both the Brother Kings your Kindred claim:
 Yet, my self-conscious Worth; your high Renown,
 Your Virtue, thro' the Neighb'ring Nations blown,
 Our Fathers mingled Blood, *Apollo's* Voice, 176
 Have led me hither, less by Need than Choice.
 Our Founder *Dardanus*, as Fame has sung,
 And *Greeks* acknowledge, from *Electra* sprung:
Electra from the Loins of *Atlas* came; 182
Atlas whose Head sustains the Starry Frame.
 Your Sire is *Mercury*; whom long before
 On cold *Cyllene's* top fair *Maja* bore,
Maja the fair, on Fame if we rely,
 Was *Atlas* Daughter, who sustains the Sky. 185
 Thus from one common Source our Streams divide:
 Ours is the *Trojan*, yours th' *Arcadian* side.

Rais'd by these Hopes, I sent no News before,
Nor ask'd you leave, nor did your Faith implore;
But come, without a Pledge, my own Ambassador.

The same *Rutulians*, who with Arms pursue

195

The *Trojan* Race, are equal Foes to you.

Our Host expell'd, what farther Force can stay

The Victor Troops from Universal Sway?

Then will they stretch their Pow'r athwart the Land;

And either Sea from side to side command.

196

Receive our offer'd Faith; and give us thine;

Ours is a gen'rous, and experienc'd Line:

We want not Hearts, nor Bodies for the War;

In Council cautious, and in Fields we dare.

200

He said; and while he spoke, with piercing Eyes

Evander view'd the Man with vast surprize.

Pleas'd with his Action, ravish'd with his Face,

Then answer'd briefly, with a Royal Grace.

O Valiant Leader of the *Trojan* Line,

205

In whom the Features of thy Father shine;

How I recall *Anchises*, how I see

His Motions, Meen, and all my Friend in thee!

Long tho' it be, 'tis fresh within my Mind,

When *Priam* to his Sister's Court design'd

210

A welcome Visit, with a friendly stay;

And, thro' th' *Arcadian* Kingdom took his way.

Then,

Then, past a Boy, the callow Down began
 To shade my Chin, and call me first a Man.
 I saw the shining Train, with vast delight, 215
 And Priam's goodly Person pleas'd my sight:
 But great *Andrises*, far above the rest,
 With awful Wonder fir'd my Youthful Breast.
 I long'd to join, in Friendship's holy Bands,
 Our mutual Hearts, and plight our mutual Hands. 220
 I first accosted him: I su'd, I fought,
 And, with a loving force, to *Phœbus* brought.
 He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
 A *Lycian* Quiver, and a *Gnossian* Bow;
 A Vest embroider'd, glorious to behold, 225
 And two rich Bridles, with their Bits of Gold,
 Which my Son's Courfers in Obedience hold.
 The League you ask I offer, as your Right:
 And when to Morrow's Sun reveals the Light,
 With swift Supplies you shall be sent away: 230
 Now celebrate, with us, this solemn Day;
 Whose Holy Rites admit no long Delay.
 Honour our Annual Feast; and take your Seat
 With friendly Welcome, at a homely Treat.
 Thus having said, the Bowls (remov'd for Fear) 235
 The Youths replac'd; and soon restor'd the Chear.
 On sods of Turf he set the Souldiers round;
 A Maple Throne, rais'd higher from the Ground,

Receiv'd the *Trojan* Chief: And o'er the Bed, 1
 A Lion's shaggy Hide for Ornament they spread. 240
 The Loaves were serv'd in Canisters; the Wine
 In Bowls, the Priest renew'd the Rites Divine:
 Broil'd Entrails are their Food; and Beefs continu'd *Chine*. }
 But, when the Rage of Hunger was repress'd,
 Thus spoke *Evander* to his Royal Guest. 245
 These Rites, these Altars, and this Feast, O King.
 From no vain Fears, or Superstition spring:
 Or blind Devotion, or from blinder Chance;
 Or heady Zeal, or brutal Ignorance:
 But, sav'd from Danger, with a grateful Sense, 250
 The Labours of a God we recompense.
 See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky;
 About whose Feet such heaps of Rubbish lye:
 Such indigested Ruin; bleak and bare,
 How desart now it stands, expos'd in Air! 255
 'Twas once a Robber's Den; inclos'd around
 With living Stone, and deep beneath the Ground.
 The Monster *Cacus*, more than half a Beast,
 This Hold, impervious to the Sun, possess'd.
 The Pavement ever foul with human Gore; 260
 Heads, and their mangled Members, hung the Door.
Vulcan this Plague begot: And, like his Sire,
 Black Clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid Fire.

Time, long expected, eas'd us of our Load:
 And brought the needful presence of a God. 265
 Th' avenging force of *Hercules*, from *Spain*,
 Arriv'd in Triumph, from *Geryas* slain;
 Thrice liv'd the Giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
 His Prize, the lowing Herds, *Alcides* drove
 Near *Tyber's* Bank; to graze the shady Grove. 270
 Allur'd with Hope of Plunder, and intent
 By Force to rob, by Fraud to circumvent,
 The brutal *Cacus*, as by Chance they stray'd,
 Four Oxen thence, and four fair Kine convey'd.
 And, lest the printed Footsteps might be seen, 275
 He drag'd 'em backwards to his rocky Den.
 The Tracks averse, a lying Notice gave,
 And led the Searcher backward from the Cave:
 Mean time the Herdsman Heroe shifts his place,
 To find fresh Pasture, and untrodden Grass: 280
 The Beasts, who mis'd their Mates, fill'd all around
 With Bellowings, and the Rocks restur'd the Sound.
 One Heifer who had heard her Love complain,
 Roar'd from the Cave, and made the Project vain.
Alcides found the Fraud: With Rage he shook; 285
 And tols'd about his Head his knotted Oak.
 Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows flight,
 He clomb, with eager haste, th' Aerial height.

Then

Then first we saw the Monster mend his Pace:
 Fear in his Eyes, and Paleness in his Face, 290
 Confess'd the God's approach: Trembling he springs,
 As Terror had increas'd his Feet with Wings:
 Nor stay'd for Stairs; but down the Depth he threw
 His Body; on his Back the Door he drew.
 The Door, a Rib of living Rock; with Pains 295
 His Father hew'd it out, and bound with Iron Chains.
 He broke the heavy Links; the Mountain clos'd,
 And Bars and Leavers to his Foe oppos'd.
 The Wretch had hardly made his Dungeon fast;
 The fierce Avenger came with bounding haste: 300
 Survey'd the Mouth of the forbidden hold;
 And here and there his raging Eyes he rowl'd.
 He gnash'd his Teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
 With winged speed the Circuit of the Ground.
 Thrice at the Cavern's Mouth he pull'd in vain, 305
 And, panting, thrice desisted from his Pain.
 A pointed flinty Rock, all bare, and black,
 Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:
 Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night, 309
 Here built their Nests, and hither wing'd their Flight.
 The leaning Head hung threatening o'er the Flood,
 And nodded to the left: The Horse stood
 Averse, with planted Feet, and from the right,
 Tugg'd at the solid Stone with all his might.

Thus

Thus heav'd, the fix'd Foundations of the Rock
 Gave way: Heav'n echo'd at the rattling Shock.
 Tumbling it shook the Flood: On either side
 The Banks leap backward, and the Streams divide,
 The Sky shrunk upward with unusual Dread:
 And trembling *Tyber* div'd beneath his Bed. 325
 The Court of *Cæus* stands reveal'd to fight;
 The Cavern glares with new admitted Light.
 So the pent Vapours with a rumbling Sound
 Heave from below, and rend the hollow Ground:
 A founding Flaw succeeds: And from on high, 325
 The Gods with Hate beheld the nether Sky:
 The Ghosts repine at violated Night;
 And curse th' invading Sun; and sicken at the sight.
 The graceless Monster caught in open Day,
 Inclos'd, and in Despair to fly away; 330
 Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
 His hollow Palace with unmanly Yells.
 The Heroe stands above; and from afar
 Flies him with Darts, and Stones, and distant War.
 He, from his Nostrils, and huge Mouth, expires 335
 Black Clouds of Smoke, amidst his Father's Fires.
 Gath'ring, with each repeated Blast, the Night:
 To make uncertain Aim, and erring Sight.
 The wrathful God then plunges from above,
 And where in thickest Waves the Sparkles rove, 340
 There

There lights; and wades thro' Fumes, and gropes his Way;
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his Prey.

The Monster, spewing fruitless Flames, he found;
He squeez'd his Throat, he writh'd his Neck around,
And in a Knot his cripled Members bound. 345

Then, from their Sockets, tore his burning Eyes;
Rowl'd on a heap the breathless Robber lyes.

The Doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing Day,
And thorough Lights disclose the ravish'd Prey.

The Bulls redeem'd, breathe open Air agen: 350
Next, by the Feet, they drag him from his Den.

The wond'ring Neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged Breast, his Giant Size,
His Mouth that flames no more, and his extinguisht Eyes. 355

From that auspicious Day, with Rites Divine,
We worship at the Hero's Holy Shrine. 360

Positius first ordain'd these annual Vows;

As Priests, were added the *Palatium* House:

Who rais'd this Altar in the Sacred Shade;

Where Honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid. 365

For these Deserts, and this high Virtue shown,

Ye warlike Youths, your Heads with Garlands crown,

Fill high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood:

And with deep Draughts invoke our common God;

This said, a double Wreath *Evander* twin'd: 365

And Poplars black and white his Temples bind.

Then

Then Brims his ample Bowl: With like Design
 The rest invoke the Gods, with sprinkled Wine.
 Mean time the Sun descended from the Skies;
 And the bright Evening-Star began to rise. 370
 And now the Priests, *Potitius* at their Head,
 In Skins of Beasts involv'd, the long Procession led:
 Held high the flaming Tapers in their Hands;
 As Custom had prescrib'd their holy Bands:
 Then with a second Course the Tables load: 375
 And with full Chargers offer to the God.
 The *Salii* sing, and cense his Altars round
 With *Saban* Smoke, their Heads with Poplar bound.
 One Choir of old, another of the young;
 To dance, and bear the Burthen of the Song. 380
 The Lay records the Labours, and the Praise,
 And all th' Immortal Acts of *Hercules*.
 First, how the mighty Babe, when swath'd in Bands,
 The Serpents strangled, with his Infant Hands.
 Then, as in Years, and matchless Force he grew, 385
 Th' *Oechalian* Walls, and *Thebes* overthrew.
 Besides a thousand Hazards they relate,
 Procur'd by *Juno's*, and *Envy's* Hate:
 Thy Hands, unconquer'd Heroe, cou'd subdue
 The Cloud-born *Centaurs*, and the Monster Crew. 390
 Nor thy resistless Arm the Bull withstood:
 Nor He the roaring Terror of the Wood.

The

The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Seat
 With lolling Tongues, lay yawning at thy Feet:
 And, seiz'd with Fear, forgot his mangled Meat. 395

Th' Infernal Waters trembled at thy Sight;
 Thee, God, no face of Danger could affright;
 Not huge *Typhoeus*, nor th' unnumber'd Snake,
 Increas'd with hissing Heads, in *Lerna's* Lake.

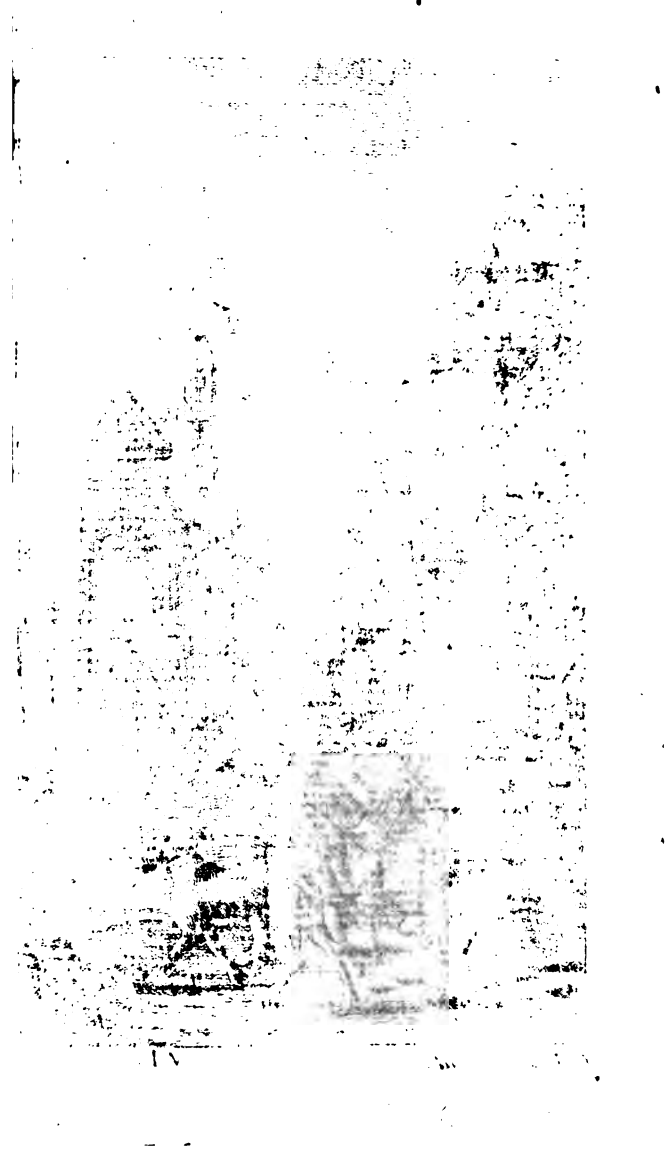
Hail *Jove's* undoubted Son! An added Grace
 To Heav'n, and the great Author of thy Race.
 Receive the grateful Offerings, which we pay,
 And smile propitious on thy solemn Day.

In Numbers, thus, they sung: Above the rest,
 The Den, and Death of *Cacus* crown the Feast.
 The Woods to hollow Vales convey the Sound;
 The Vales to Hills, and Hills the Notes rebound.
 The Rites perform'd, the cheerful Train retire.

Betwixt young *Pallas*, and his aged Sire
 The *Trojan* pass'd, the City to survey;
 And pleasing Talk beguil'd the tedious Way.

The Stranger cast around his curious Eyes;
 New Objects viewing still, with new Surprise.
 With greedy Joys enquires of various Things;
 And Acts and Monuments of Ancient Kings. 415

Then thus the Founder of the *Roman* Tow'rs:
 These Woods were first the Seat of *Silvan* Pow'rs,





Of Nymphs, and Fauns, and salvage Men, who took
 Their Birth from Trunks of Trees, and stubborn Oak.
 Nor Laws they knew, nor Manners, nor the Care 420
 Of lab'ring Oxen, or the shining Share:
 Nor Arts of Gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
 Their Exercise the Chase: the running Flood
 Supply'd their Thirst; the Trees supply'd their Food.
 Then *Saturn* came, who fled the Pow'r of *Jove*, 425
 Robb'd of his Realms, and banish'd from above.
 The Men, dispers'd on Hills, to Towns he brought;
 And Laws ordain'd; and Civil Customs taught:
 And *Latium* call'd the Land where safe he lay
 From his Undutious Son, and his Usurping Sway. 430
 With his mild Empire, Peace and Plenty came:
 And hence the Golden Times deriv'd their Name.
 A more degenerate, and discolour'd Age
 Succeeded this, with Avarice and Rage.
 Th' *Ausonians*, then, and bold *Sicanians* came; 435
 And *Saturn's* Empire often chang'd the Name.
 Then Kings, Gigantick *Tibris*, and the rest,
 With Arbitrary Sway the Land oppress'd.
 For *Tyber's* Flood was *Albula* before;
 Till, from the Tyrant's Fate, his Name it bore. 440
 I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
 By Fortune's Pow'r, and Fate's resistless Doom.

Long tofs'd on Seas I fought this happy Land: [mand.
Warn'd by my Mother Nymph, and call'd by Heav'n's Com-

Thus, walking on, he spoke: and shew'd the Gate, 445

Since call'd *Carmental* by the *Roman* State;

Where stood an Altar, sacred to the Name

Of old *Carmenta*, the Prophetick Dame:

Who to her Son foretold th' *Ænean* Race,

Sublime in Fame, and *Rome*'s Imperial Place. 450

Then shews the Forest, which in after-times,

Fierce *Romulus*, for perpetrated Crimes,

A sacred Refuge made: with this, the Shrine

Where *Pan* below the Rock had Rites Divine.

Then tells of *Argus*' Death, his murder'd Guest, 455

Whose Grave, and Tomb, his Innocence attest.

Thence, to the steep *Tarpeian* Rock he leads;

Now Roof'd with Gold; then thatch'd with homely Reeds.

A Rev'rent Fear (such Superstition reigns

'Among the Rude) ev'n then possess'd the Swains: 460

Some God they knew, what God they cou'd not tell,

Did there amidst the sacred Horror dwell.

Th' *Arcadians* thought him *Jove*; and said they saw

The mighty Thund'rer with Majestick Awe;

Who shook his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around; 465

And scatter'd Tempests on the teeming Ground.

Then saw two Heaps of Ruins; once they stood

Two stately Towns, on either Side the Flood.

Saturnia's and *Janicula's* Remains:

And either Place, the Founder's Name retains. 470

Discourſing thus together, they reſort

Where poor *Evander* kept his Country Court.

They view'd the Ground of *Rome's* litigious Hall;

Once Oxen low'd, where now the Lawyers bawl.

Then, ſtooping, thro' the narrow Gate they preſs'd. 475

When thus the King beſpoke his *Trojan* Gueſt.

Mean as it is, this Palace, and this Door,

Receiv'd *Alcides*, then a Conquerour.

Dare to be poor: accept our homely Food

Which feaſted him; and emulate a God. 480

Then underneath a lowly Roof he led

The weary Prince; and laid him on a Bed:

The ſtuffing Leaves, with Hides of Bears o'erſpread. }

Now Night had ſhed her ſilver Dews around,

And with her ſable Wings embrac'd the Ground, 485

When Love's fair Goddeſs, anxious for her Son,

(New Tumults riſing, and new Wars begun)

Couch'd with her Husband, in his Golden Bed,

With theſe alluring Words invokes his Aid.

And, that her pleaſing Speech his Mind may move, 490

Inſpires each Accent with the Charms of Love.

While cruel Fate conſpir'd with *Græcia's* Pow'rs,

To level with the Ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs;

I ask'd not Aid th' unhappy to restore:

Nor did the Succour of thy Skill implore.

495

Nor urg'd the Labours of my Lord in vain;

A sinking Empire longer to sustain.

Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam's* House; and more

The Dangers of *Aeneas* did deplore.

But now by *Jove's* Command, and Fates Decree,

500

His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*;

With humble Suit I beg thy needful Art,

O still propitious Pow'r, that rules my Heart!

A Mother kneels a Suppliant for her Son.

By *Thetis* and *Aurora* thou wert won

505

To forge impenetrable Shields; and grace,

With fated Arms, a less illustrious Race.

Behold, what haughty Nations are combin'd

Against the Relicks of the *Phrygian* Kind;

With Fire and Sword my People to destroy;

510

And conquer *Priam* twice, in conquering *Troy*.

She said; and strait her Arms, of snowy Hue,

About her unresolving Husband threw.

Her soft Embracts soon infused Desire:

His Bones and Marrow sadden Warmth inspire;

515

And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.

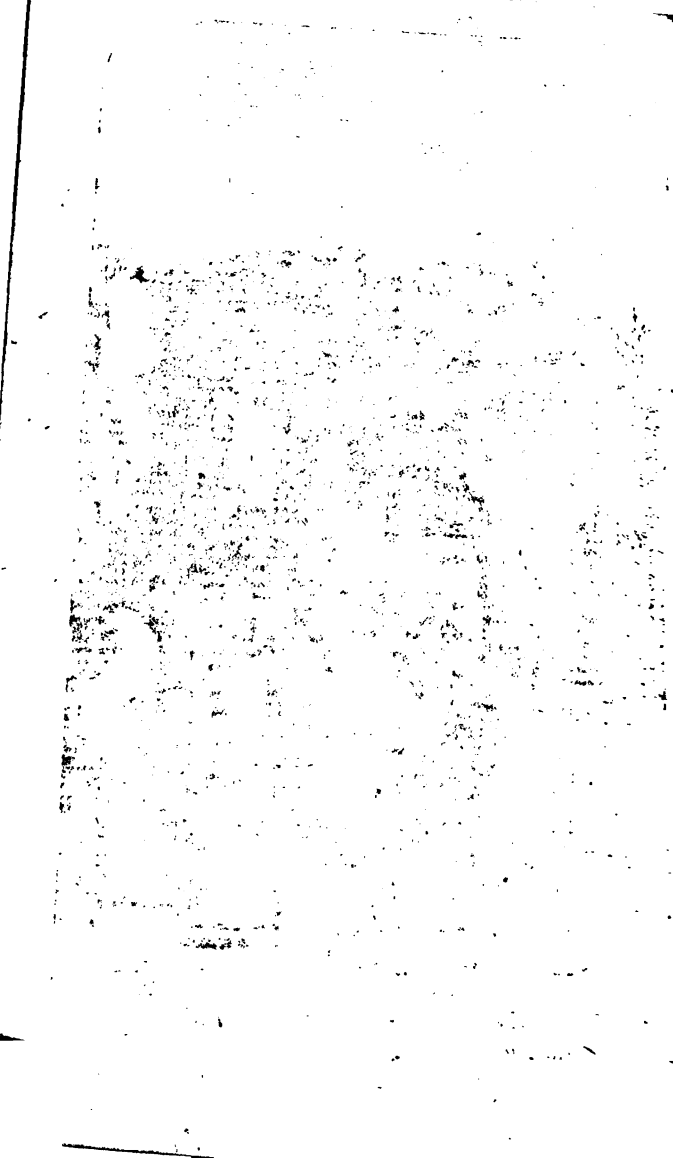
Not half so swift the rattling Thunder falls,

Or forky Lightnings flash along the Skies.

The Goddess, proud of her successful Wiles;
 And conscious of her Form, in secret smiles. 520
 Then thus, the Pow'r, obnoxious to her Charms,
 Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms:
 Why seek you Reasons for a Cause so just;
 Or your own Beauties, or my Love distrust?
 Long since, had you requir'd my helpful Hand, 525
 Th' Artificer and Art you might command,
 To labour Arms for Troy: Nor Jove, nor Fate,
 Confin'd their Empire to so short a Date.
 And, if you now desire new Wars to wage,
 My Skill I promise, and my Pains engage. 530
 Whatever melting Metals can conspire,
 Or breathing Bellows, or the forming Fire,
 Is freely yours: Your anxious Fears remove:
 And think no Task is difficult to Love.
 Trembling he spoke; and eager of her Charms, 535
 He snatch'd the willing Goddess to his Arms;
 Till in her Lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
 Of full Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.
 Now when the Night her middle Race had rode,
 And his first Slumber had refresh'd the God; 540
 The Time when early Housewives leave the Bed;
 When living Embers on the Hearth they spread;
 Supply the Lamp, and call the Maids to rise,
 With yawning Mouths, and with half open'd Eyes;
 They

They ply the Distaff by the winking Light; 545
 And to their daily Labour add the Night.
 Thus frugally they earn their Childrens Bread:
 And uncorrupted keep their Nuptial Bed.
 Not less concern'd, nor at a later Hour,
 Rose from his downy Couch the forging Pow'r. 550
 Sacred to *Vulcan's* Name an Isle there lay,
 Betwixt *Sicilia's* Coasts and *Lipare*;
 Rais'd high on smoaking Rocks, and deep below,
 In hollow Caves the Fires of *Ætna* glow.
 The *Cyclops* here their heavy Hammers deal; 555
 Loud Strokes, and Hissings of tormented Steel
 Are heard around: The boyling Waters roar;
 And smoaky Flames thro' fuming Tunnels soar.
 Hither, the Father of the Fire, by Night,
 Thro' the brown Air precipitates his Flight. 560
 On their Eternal Anvils here he found
 The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round:
 A Load of pointless Thunder now there lies
 Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:
 These Darts, for angry *Jove*, they daily cast: 565
 Consum'd on Mortals with prodigious Waste.
 Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more,
 Of winged *Southern* Winds, and cloudy Store
 As many Parts, the dreadful Mixture frame:
 And Fears are added, and avenging Flame. 570





Inferior Ministers, for *Mars* repair
His broken Axle-trees, and blunted War:
And send him forth again, with furbish'd Arms,
To wake the lazy War, with Trumpets loud Alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly Snakes, that fold
The Shield of *Pallas*, and renew their Gold.
Pull on the Crest the *Gorgon's* Head they place,
With Eyes that roul in Death, and with distorted Face.

575

My Sons, said *Vulcan*, set your Tasks aside,
Your Strength, and master Skill, must now be try'd. 580
Arms for a Heroe forge: Arms, that require
Your Force, your Speed, and all your forming Fire.

He said: They set their former Work aside,
And their new Toils with eager Haste divide.

A Flood of molten Silver, Brass, and Gold,
And deadly Steel, in the large Furnace rowl'd;

585

Of this, their artful Hands a Shield prepare;
Alone sufficient to sustain the War.

Sev'n Orbs within a spacious round they close;
One stirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows.

590

The hissing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd;

The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around.

By turns their Arms advance, in equal Time:

By turns their Hands descend, and Hammers chime.

They turn the glowing Mass, with crooked Tongs:

The fiery Work proceeds, with Rustick Songs.

595

While,

While, at the *Lemnian* God's Command, they urge
Their Labours thus; and ply th' *Eolian* Forge:

The chearful Morn salutes *Evander's* Eyes;
And Songs of chirping Birds invite to rise.

600

He leaves his lowly Bed; his Buskins meet
Above his Ankle; Sandals sheath his Feet:

He sets his trusty Sword upon his Side;
And o'er his Shoulder throws a Panther's Hide.

Two Menial Dogs before their Master press'd: 605

Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his Kingly Guest.

Mindful of promis'd Aid, he mends his Pace:

But meets *Æneas* in the middle Space.

Young *Pallas* did his Father's Steps attend;

And true *Achates* waited on his Friend. 610

They join their Hands; a secret Seat they chuse;

Th' *Arcadian* first, their former Talk renews.

Undaunted Prince, I never can believe

The *Trojan* Empire lost, while you survive.

Command th' Assistance of a faithful Friend: 615

But feeble are the Succours I can send.

Our narrow Kingdom, here the *Tyber* bounds:

That other Side the *Latian* State surrounds;

Insults our Walls, and wastes our fruitful Grounds.

But mighty Nations I prepare, to join 620

Their Arms with yours, and aid your just Design.

You

You come, as by your better Genius sent:
 And Fortune seems to favour your Intent.
 Not far from hence there stands a Hilly Town,
 Of ancient Building, and of high Renown;
 Torn from the *Tuscan*, by the *Lydian* Race;
 Who gave the Name of *Care*, to the Place
 Once *Agyllina* call'd: It flourish'd long
 In Pride of Wealth, and warlike People strong.
 Till curs'd *Mexemius*, in a fatal Hour,
 Assum'd the Crown, with Arbitrary Pow'r.
 What Words can paint those execrable Times;
 The Subjects Sufferings, and the Tyrant's Crimes!
 That Blood, those Murders, O ye Gods replace
 On his own Head, and on his impious Race!
 The Living, and the Dead, at his Command
 Were coupled, Face to Face, and Hand to Hand:
 Till choak'd with Stench, in loath'd Embraces ty'd,
 The ling'ring Wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
 Thus plung'd in Ills, and meditating more;
 The People's Patience try'd, no longer bore
 The raging Monster: But with Arms beset
 His House, and Vengeance and Destruction threat.
 They fire his Palace: While the Flame ascends,
 They force his Guards, and execute his Friends.
 He cleaves the Crowd; and favour'd by the Night,
 To *Turnus*' friendly Court directs his Flight.

By just Revenge the *Tuscans* set on Fire,
 With Arms, their King to Punishment require:
 Their num'rous Troops, now muster'd on the Strand, 650
 My Counsel shall submit to your Command.
 Their Navy swarms upon the Coasts: They cry
 To hoist their Anchors; but the Gods deny.
 An ancient Augur, skill'd in future Fate,
 With these foreboding Words restrains their Hate. 655
 Ye brave in Arms, ye *Lydian* Blood, the Flow'r
 Of *Tuscan* Youth, and Choice of all their Pow'r,
 Whom just Revenge against *Mezentius* arms,
 To seek your Tyrant's Death, by lawful Arms:
 Know this; no Native of our Land may lead 660
 This pow'rful People: Seek a Foreign Head.

Aw'd with these Words, in Camps they still abide;
 And wait with longing Looks their promis'd Guide.
Tarchon, the *Tuscan* Chief, to me has sent
 Their Crown, and ev'ry Regal Ornament: 665
 The People join their own with his Desire;
 And All, my Conduct, as their King, require.
 But the chill Blood that creeps within my Veins,
 And Age, and listless Limbs unfit for Pains,
 And a Soul conscious of its own Decay, 670
 Have forc'd me to refuse Imperial Sway.
 My *Pallas* were more fit to mount the Throne;
 And shou'd, but he's a *Sabine* Mother's Son;

And

And half a Native: But in you combine

A Manly Vigour, and a Foreign Line.

675

Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the Way,

Pursue the ready Path to Sov'reign Sway.

The Staff of my declining Days, my Son,

Shall make your good or ill Success his own.

In fighting Fields from you shall learn to dare:

680

And serve the hard Apprentiship of War.

Your matchless Courage, and your Conduct view;

And early shall begin t'admire and copy you.

Besides, two hundred Horse he shall command:

Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen Band.

685

These in my Name are listed: And my Son

As many more has added in his own.

Scarce had he said; *Achates* and his Guest,

With down-cast Eyes their silent Grief express:

Who short of Succours, and in deep Despair,

690

Shook at the dismal Prospect of the War.

But his bright Mother, from a breaking Cloud,

To cheer her Issue, thunder'd thrice aloud.

Thrice, forked Lightning flash'd along the Sky;

And *Tyrrhene* Trumpets thrice were heard on high.

695

Then, gazing up, repeated Peals they hear:

And, in a Heav'n serene, refulgent Arms appear;

Red'ning the Skies, and glitt'ring all around,

The temper'd Metals clash; and yield a Silver Sound.

The rest stood trembling, struck with Awe divine, 700
Æneas only conscious to the Sign;

Prefag'd th' Event; and joyful view'd, above,
 Th' accomplish'd Promise of the Queen of Love.

Then, to th' *Arcadian* King: This Prodigy
 (Dismiss your Fear) belongs alone to me. 705

Heav'n calls me to the War: Th' expected Sign
 Is giv'n of promis'd Aid, and Arms Divine.

My Goddess-Mother, whose Indulgent Care
 Foresaw the Dangers of the growing War,

This Omen gave; when bright *Vulcanian* Arms, 710
 Fated from force of Steel by *Strygian* Charms,

Suspended, shone on high: She then foreshow'd
 Approaching Fights, and Fields to float in Blood.

Turnus shall dearly pay for Faith forsworn:

And Corps, and Swords, and Shields, on *Tyber* born, 715
 Shall choak his Flood: Now sound the loud Alarms;

And *Latian* Troops prepare your perjur'd Arms.

He said; and rising from his homely Throne,
 The solemn Rites of *Hercules* begun:

And on his Altars wak'd the sleeping Fires: 720

Then cheerful to his Household-Gods retires.

There offers chosen Sheep: Th' *Arcadian* King
 And *Trojan* Youth the same Oblations bring.

Next of his Men, and Ships, he makes review,
 Draws out the best, and ablest of the Crew. 725

Down

Down with the falling Stream the Refuse run,
 To raise with joyful News his drooping Son.
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the *Trojan* Band;
 Who wait their Leader to the *Tyrrhene* Land.
 A sprightly Courser, fairer than the rest, 730
 The King himself presents his Royal Guest.
 A Lyon's Hide his Back and Limbs infold,
 Precious with studded Work, and Paws of Gold.
 Fame thro' the little City spreads aloud
 Th' intended March, amid the fearful Crowd: 735
 The Matrons beat their Breasts; dissolve in Tears;
 And double their Devotion in their Fears.
 The War at hand appears with more Affright:
 And rises ev'ry Moment to the Sight,
 Then, old *Evyander*, with a close Embrace,
 Strain'd his departing Friend; and Tears o'erflow his Face.
 Wou'd Heav'n, said he, my Strength and Youth recall,
 Such as I was beneath *Præneste's* Wall;
 Then when I made the foremost Foes retire,
 And set whole Heaps of conquer'd Shields on Fire. 745
 When *Herilus* in single Fight I slew;
 Whom with three Lives *Ferantia* did endue:
 And thrice I sent him to the *Stygian* Shore;
 Till the last Ebbing Soul return'd no more:
 Such if I stood renew'd, not these Alarms, 750
 Nor Death, shou'd rend me from my *Pallas'* Arms:

Nor proud *Mezentius*, thus unpunish'd, boast
His Rapes and Murthers on the *Tuscan* Coast.

Ye Gods! and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a Father, and a King.

755

If Fate and you reserve these Eyes, to see
My Son return with Peace and Victory;

If the lov'd Boy shall bless his Father's Sight;

If we shall meet again with more Delight;

Then draw my Life in length, let me sustain,

760

In hopes of his Embrace, the worst of Pain.

But if your hard Decrees, which, O! I dread,

Have doom'd to Death his undeserving Head;

This, O this very Moment, let me die;

While Hopes and Fears in equal Ballance lye.

765

While yet posselt of all his Youthful Charms,

I strain him close within these Aged Arms:

Before that fatal News my Soul shall wound!

He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the Ground:

His Servants bore him off; and softly laid

770

His languish'd Limbs upon his homely Bed.

The Horsemen march; the Gates are open'd wide;

Aeneas at their Head, *Achates* by his side.

Next these the *Trojan* Leaders rode along:

Last, follows in the Rear, th' *Arcadian* Throng.

775

Young *Pallas* shone conspicuous o'er the rest;

Gilded his Arms, Embroider'd was his Vest.

So

So, from the Seas, exerts his radiant Head:

The Star, by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led:

Shakes from his rosie Locks the pearly Dews; 780

Dispels the Darkness, and the Day renews.

The trembling Wives, the Walls and Turrets crowd:

And follow, with their Eyes, the dusty Cloud:

Which Winds disperse by Fits; and shew from far

The Blaze of Arms, and Shields, and shining War. 785

The Troops, drawn up in beautiful Array,

O'er healthy Plains pursue the ready Way.

Repeated Peals of Shouts are heard around:

The Neighing Courfers answer to the Sound:

And shake with horny Hoofs the solid Ground. 790

A greenwood Shade, for long Religion known,

Stands by the Streams that wash the *Tuscan* Town:

Incompass'd round with gloomy Hills above,

Which add a holy Horror to the Grove.

The first Inhabitants, of *Grecian* Blood, 795

That sacred Forest to *Sylvanus* vow'd:

The Guardian of their Flocks, and Fields; and pay

Their due Devotions on his annual Day.

Not far from hence, along the River's Side,

In Tents secure, the *Tuscan* Troops abide; 800

By *Tarchon* led. Now, from a rising Ground,

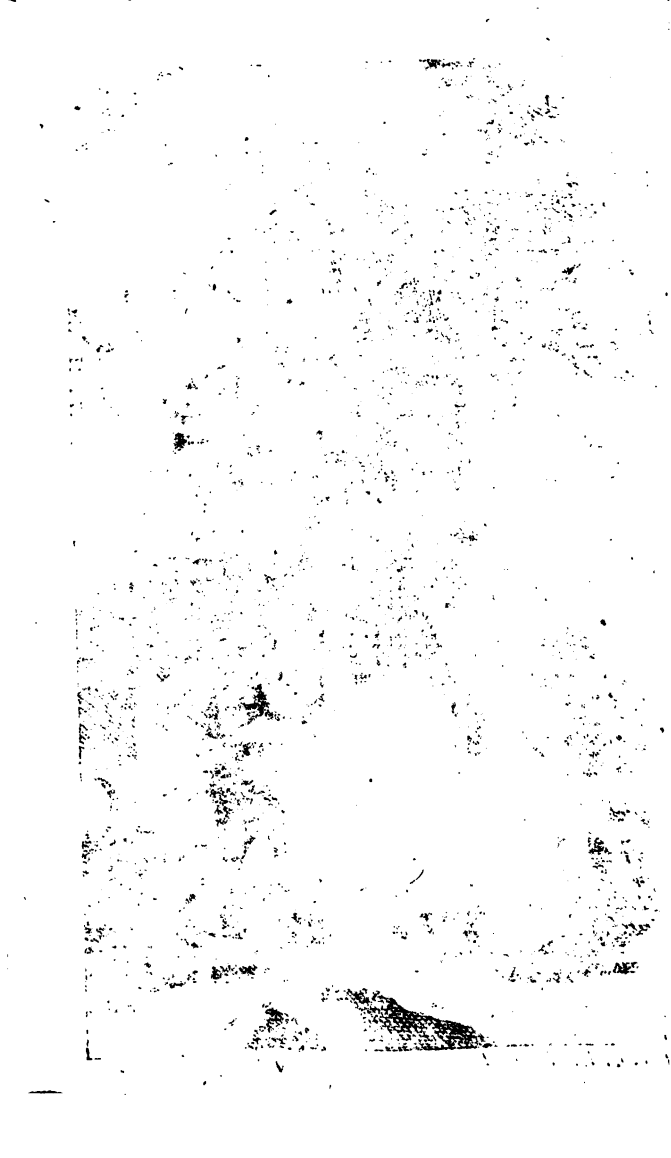
Æneas cast his wond'ring Eyes around;

And all the *Tyrrhene* Army had in fight,
 Stretch'd on the spacious Plain from left to right.
 Thither his warlike Train the *Trojans* led; 805
 Refresh'd his Men, and weary'd Horses fed.

Mean time the Mother-Goddess, crown'd with Charms,
 Breaks thro' the Clouds, and brings the fated Arms.
 Within a winding Vale she finds her Son,
 On the cool River's Banks, retir'd alone. 810
 She shews her heav'nly Form, without Disguise,
 And gives her self to his desiring Eyes.
 Behold, she said, perform'd, in ev'ry part,
 My Promise made; and *Vulcan's* labour'd Art.
 Now seek, secure, the *Lavian* Enemy; 815
 And haughty *Turnus* to the Field defy.
 She said: And having first her Son embrac'd,
 The radiant Arms beneath an Oak she plac'd.
 Proud of the Gift, he rowl'd his greedy Sight
 Around the Work, and gaz'd with vast Delight. 820
 He lifts, he turns, he pounces, and admires
 The Crested Helm, that vomits radiant Fires:
 His Hands the fatal Sword, and Corslet hold:
 One keen with temper'd Steel, one stiff with Gold.
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright: 825
 So shines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverse Light.
 He shakes the pointed Spear; and longs to try
 The plaited Cuirasses, on his manly Thigh.

But





But most admires the Shield's mysterious Mould,
And *Roman* Triumphs rising on the Gold. 830
For those, emboss'd, the Heav'nly Smith had wrought,
(Not in the Rolls of future Fate untaught,)
The Wars in Order, and the Race Divine
Of Warriors, issuing from the *Julian* Line.
The Cave of *Mars* was dress'd with mossy Greens: 835
There, by the Wolf, were laid the Martial Twins.
Intrepid on her swelling Dugs they hung;
The Foster-Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue:
They suck'd secure, while bending back her Head, 839
She lick'd their tender Limbs; and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from thence new *Rome* appears, with Games
Projected for the Rape of *Sabine* Dames.
The Pit resounds with Shrieks: A War succeeds,
For Breach of publick Faith, and unexampled Deeds.
Here for Revenge the *Sabine* Troops contend: 845
The *Romans* there with Arms the Prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious War, at length they cease;
And both the Kings and Kingdoms plight the Peace.
The friendly Chiefs, before *Jove's* Altar stand;
Both arm'd, with each a Charger in his Hand: 850
A fatted Sow for Sacrifice is led;
With Imprecations on the perjurd Head.
Near this, the Traytor *Metius*, stretch'd between.
Four fiery Steeds, is dragg'd along the Green;

By *Tullus*' Doom: The Brambles drink his Blood; 855
 And his torn Limbs are left, the Vulture's Food.
 There, *Porfena* to *Rome* proud *Tarquin* brings;
 And wou'd by Force restore the banish'd Kings.
 One Tyrant for his Fellow-Tyrant fights:
 The *Roman* Youth assert their Native Rights. 860
 Before the Town the *Tuscan* Army lies:
 To win by Famine, or by Fraud surprise.
 Their Kings, half threat'ning, half disdain'g stood:
 While *Cocles* broke the Bridge; and stem'd the Flood.
 The Captive Maids there tempt the raging Tide: 865
 Spac'd from their Chains, with *Clelia* for their Guide.
 High on a Rock Heroick *Manlius* stood;
 To guard the Temple, and the Temple's God.
 Then *Rome* was poor; and there you might behold
 The Palace, thatch'd with Straw, now roof'd with Gold.
 The Silver Goose before the shining Gate 871
 There flew; and by her Cackle, fav'd the State.
 She told the *Gauls* approach: Th' approaching *Gauls*,
 Obscure in Night, ascend, and seize the Walls.
 The Gold, dissembled well their yellow Hair: 875
 And Golden Chains on their white Necks they wear.
 Gold are their Vests: Long *Alpine* Spears they wield:
 And their left Arm sustains a length of Shield.
 Hard by, the leaping *Salian* Priests advance:
 And naked thro' the Streets the mad *Luperi* dance 880

In

In Caps of Wool. The Targets dropt from Heav'n:
Here modest Matrons in soft Litters driv'n,
To pay their Vows in solemn Pomp appear:
And odorous Gums in their chaste Hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the *Stygian* Seats are seen: 885
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd *Castilins*:
Hung on a Rock the Traytor; and around,
The Furies hissing from the neather Ground.
Apart from these, the happy Souls he draws,
And *Cato's* holy Ghost dispensing Laws. 890
Betwixt the Quarters, flows a Golden Sea:
But foaming Surges, there, in Silver play.
The dancing Dolphins, with their Tails, divide
The glitt'ring Waves; and cut the precious Tide.
Amid the Main, two mighty Fleets engage 895
Their Brazen Beaks; oppos'd with equal Rage.
Ælium surveys the well-disputed Prize:
Leucate's wat'ry Plain, with foamy Billows fries.
Young *Cæsar*, on the Stern, in Armour bright,
Here leads the *Romans* and their Gods to fight: 900
His beamy Temples shoot their Flames afar;
And o'er his Head is hung the *Julian* Star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous Gales:
And, with propitious Gods, his Foes assails.
A Naval Crown, that binds his Manly Brows, 905
The happy Fortune of the Fight foreshows.

Rang'd on the Line oppos'd, *Antonia* brings
Barbarian Aids, and *Troops of Eastern Kings*.
 Th' *Arabians* near, and *Baltrians* from afar,
 Of Tongues discordant, and a mingled War. 910
 And, rich in gaudy Robes, amidst the Strife,
 His ill Fate follows him; th' *Egyptian Wife*.
 Moving they fight: With Oars, and forky Prows,
 The Froth is gather'd; and the Water glows.
 It seems, as if the *Cyclades* again 915
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the Main;
 Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains roet;
 Such is the fierce Encounter off the Fleet,
 Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed Jav'lias fly:
 The Fields of *Nepos* take a Purple Dye. 920
 The Queen her self, amidst the loud Alarms,
 With Cymbals tifs'd her fainting Soldiers' warms.
 Fool as she was; who had not yet divid'd
 Her cruel Fate; nor saw the Snakes behind.
 Her Country Gods, the Monsters of the Sky, 925
 Great *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and *Love's Queen*, arise.
 The Dog *Anubis* barks, but barks in vain;
 Nor longer dares oppose th' *Ethereal Train*.
Mars, in the middle of the shining Shield
 Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid Field. 930
 The *Dire* sow'd from Heav'n, with swift Descent:
 And Discord, dy'd in Blood, with Garments rent,

Divides

Divides the Preace: Her Steps, *Bellona* treads,
And shakes her Iron Rod above their Heads.

This seen, *Apollo*, from his *Æolian* height, 935

Pours down his Arrows: At whose winged flight

The trembling *Indians*, and *Egyptians* yield:

And soft *Sabaque* quit the wat'ry Field.

The fatal Mistress hoists her silken Sails;

And, shrinking from the Fight, invokes the Gales. 940

Aghast she looks; and heaves her Breast, for Breath:

Panting, and pale with fear of future Death.

The God had figur'd her, as driv'n along

By Winds and Waves, and scudding thro' the Throng.

Just opposite, sad *Nile* opens wide 945

His Arms, and ample Bosom, to the Tide.

And spreads his Mantle o'er the winding Coast:

In which he wraps his Queen, and hides the flying Host.

The Victor, to the Gods his Thanks express'd:

And *Rome* triumphant, with his Presence bless'd. 950

Three hundred Temples in the Town he plac'd:

With Spoils and Altars ev'ry Temple grac'd.

Three shining Nights, and three succeeding Days,

The Fields resound with Shouts; the Streets with Praise.

The Domes with Songs, the Theatres with Plays. 956

All Altars flame: Before each Altar lies,

Drench'd in his Gore, the destin'd Sacrifice.

Great *Cæsar* fits sublime upon his Throne;

Before *Apollo's* Porch of *Parian* Stone:

Accepts the Presents vow'd for Victory;

960

And hangs the Monumental Crowns on high.

Vast Crowds of vanquish'd Nations march along,

Various in Arms, in Habit, and in Tongue.

Here, *Mulciber* assigns the proper Place.

For *Carians*, and th' ungirt *Numidian* Race;

969

Then ranks the *Thracians* in the second Row;

With *Scythians*, expert in the Dart and Bow;

And here the tam'd *Euphrates* humbly glides;

And there the *Rhine* submits her swelling Tides.

969

And proud *Araxes*, whom no Bridge cou'd bind:

The *Danes* unconquer'd Offspring, march behind;

And *Morini*, the last of Human Kind.

These Figures, on the Shield divinely wrought,

By *Vulcan* labour'd, and by *Venus* brought,

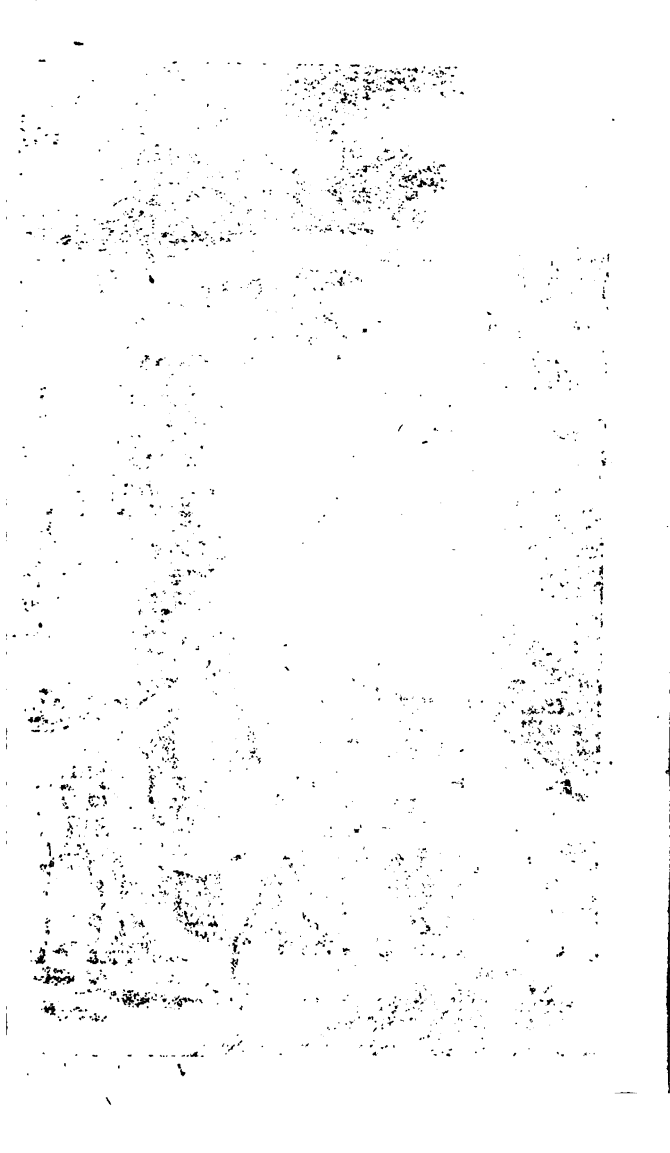
With Joy and Wonder fill the Hero's thought.

975

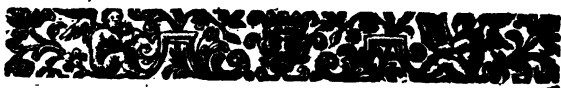
Unknown the Names, he yet admires the Grace;

And bears aloft the Fane, and Fortune of his Race.









The Ninth Book of the

Æ N E - I S.

The ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes Advantage of Æneas's Absence, fires some of his Ships, (which are transform'd into Sea-Nymphs) and assaults his Camp. The Trojans, reduc'd to the last Extremities; send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the Poet with that admirable Episode of their Friendship, Generosity; and the Conclusion of their Adventures.



WHILE these Affairs in distant Places pass'd,
The various *Iris fœno* sends with haste,
To find bold *Turnus*, who, with anxious
Thought,

The secret Shade of his great Grandfire sought.

Retir'd alone she found the daring Man;

And op'd her rosie Lips, and thus began.

What none of all the Gods cou'd grant thy Vows;

That, *Turnus*, this auspicious Day bestows.

Æneas,

Aeneas, gone to seek th' *Arcadian* Prince,

Has left the *Trojan* Camp without defence;

10

And, short of Succours there; employs his Pains

In Parts remote to raise the *Tuscan* Swains :

Now snatch an Hour that favours thy Designs,

Unite thy Forces, and attack their Lines.

This said, on equal Wings she pois'd her Weight,

15

And form'd a radiant Rainbow in her flight.

The *Daunian* Heroe lifts his Hands and Eyes;

And thus invokes the Goddess as she flies.

Iris, the Grace of Heav'n, what Pow'r divine

Has sent thee down, thro' dusky Clouds to shine?

20

See they divide; immortal Day appears;

And glitt'ring Planets dancing in their Spheres!

With Joy, these happy Omens I obey;

And follow to the War, the God that leads the Way.

Thus having said, as by the Brook he stood,

25

He scoop'd the Water from the Crystal Flood;

Then with his Hands the drops to Heav'n he throws,

And loads the Pow'rs above with offer'd Vows.

Now march the bold Confed'rates thro' the Plain;

Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining Train:

30

Messapus leads the Van; and in the Reer,

The Sons of *Tyrrheus* in bright Arms appear.

In the Main Battel, with his flaming Crest,

The mighty *Turnus* tow'rs above the rest:

Silent

Silent they move; majestically slow,
 Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
 The Trojans view the dusty Cloud from far;
 And the dark Menace of the distant War.
 Caius from the Rampire saw it rise,
 Blackning the Fields, and thickning thro' the Skies. 40
 Then to his Fellows, thus aloud he calls,
 What roving Clouds, my Friends, approach the Walls?
 Arm, arm, and Man the Works; prepare your Spears,
 And pointed Darts; the Latian Host appears.
 Thus warn'd, they flurt their Gates; with Shouts aloud
 The Bulwarks, and secure their Foes attend. 46
 For their wise Gen'ral with foreseeing Care,
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War:
 Nor, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance;
 But close within their Lines attend their chance. 50
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict Command;
 And sourly wait in Arms the Hostile Band.
 The fiery Tarnus flew before the rest,
 A Pye-bell'd Steed of Ethiopian Swain he press'd; 54
 His Helm of massy Gold; and Crimson was his Crest.
 With twenty Horse to second his Designs,
 An unexpected Foe, he fac'd the Lines.

Is there, he said, in Arms who bravely dare,
 His Leader's Honour, and his Danger share?

Then spurring on, his brandish'd Dart he threw, 60
In sign of War; applauding Shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard Race that run
Behind the Rampires, and the Battel shun,
He rides around the Camp, with rowling Eyes,
And stops at ev'ry Post; and ev'ry Passage tries. 65

So roams the nightly Wolf about the Fold,
Wet with descending Show'rs, and stiff with Cold;
He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain;

His gnashing Teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And impotent of Anger, finds no way. 70

In his distended Paws to grasp the Prey.

The Mothers listen; but the bleating Lambs.

Securely swig the Dag, beneath the Dams.

Thus ranges eager *Thorus* o'er the Plain,

Sharp with Desire, and furious with Disdain: 75

Surveys each Passage with a piercing Sight;

To force his Foes in equal Field to fight.

Thus, while he gazes round, at length he spies

Where, fenc'd with strong Redoubts, their Navy lies;

Close underneath the Walls: The washing Tide 80

Secures from all approach this weaker side.

He takes the wish'd Occasion; fills his Hand

With ready Fires, and shakes a flaming Brand:

Urg'd by his Presence, ev'ry Soul is warm'd,

And ev'ry Hand with kindled Firs is arm'd. 85

From

From the fir'd Pines the scatt'ring Sparkles fly;
 Fat Vapours mix'd with Flames involve the Sky.
 What Pow'r, O Muses, cou'd avert the Flame
 Which threaten'd, in the Fleet, the *Trojan* Name!
 Tell: For the Fact, thro' length of Time obscure,
 Is hard to Faith; yet shall the Fame endure.

99

'Tis said, that when the Chief prepar'd his flight,
 And fell'd his Timber from Mount *Ida*'s height,
 The Grandam Goddess then approach'd her Son,
 And with a Mother's Majesty begun.

95

Grant me, she said, the sole Request I bring,
 Since conquer'd Heav'n has own'd you for its King:
 On *Ida*'s Brows, for Ages past, there stood,
 With Firs and Maples fill'd, a shady Wood:
 And on the Summit rose a sacred Grove,
 Where I was worship'd with religious Love;
 These Woods, that Holy Grove, my long delight,
 I gave the *Trojan* Prince, to speed his flight.
 Now fill'd with Fear, on their behalf I come;
 Let neither Winds o'erfët, nor Waves intomb
 The floating Forests of the Sacred Pine;
 But let it be their Safety to be mine.

100

105

Then thus reply'd her awful Son; who rows
 The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls;
 How dare you, Mother, endless Date demand,
 For Vessels moulded by a Mortal Hand?

110

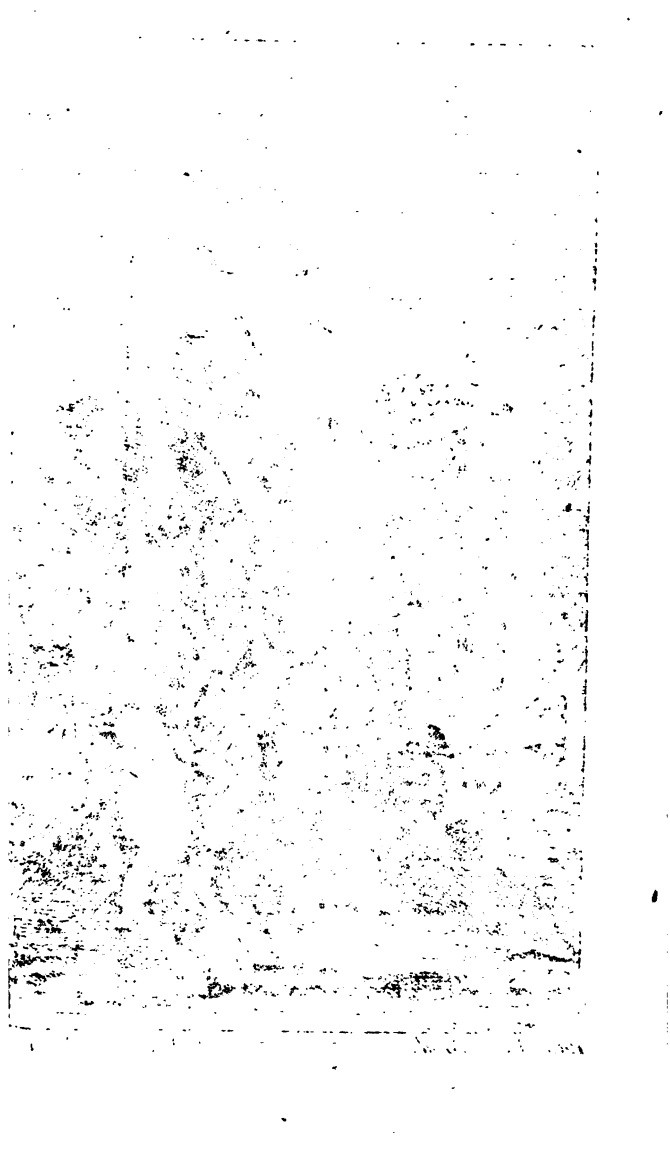
What

What then is Fate? Shall bold *Æneas* ride
 Of Safety certain, on th' uncertain Tide?
 Yet what I can, I grant: When, wafted o'er,
 The Chief is landed on the *Latian* Shore,
 Whatever Ships escape the raging Storms,
 At my Command shall change their fading Forms
 To Nymphs Divine; and plow the wat'ry Way,
 Like *Dotis* and the Daughters of the Sea.

To seal his sacred Vow, by *Styx* he swore,
 The Lake with liquid Pitch, the dreery Shore;
 And *Phlegethon's* innavigable Flood,
 And the black Regions of his Brother God:
 He said; and shook the Skies with his Imperial Nod.

And now at length the number'd Hours were come,
 Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable Doom,
 When the great Mother of the Gods was free
 To save her Ships, and finish *Jove's* Decree.
 First, from the Quarter of the Morn, there sprung
 A Light that sign'd the Heav'ns, and shot along:
 Then from a Cloud, fring'd round with Golden Fires,
 Were Timbrels heard, and *Berecynthian* Quires:
 And last a Voice, with more than mortal Sounds,
 Both Hosts in Arms oppos'd, with equal Horror wounds.

O *Trojan* Race, your needless Aid forbear;
 And know my Ships are my peculiar Care.





With greater ease the bold *Rutulian* may,
 With hissing Brands, attempt to burn the Sea,
 Than singe my sacred Pines. But you my Charge,
 Loos'd from your crooked Anchors lanch at large, 140
 Exalted each a Nymph: Forfake the Sand,
 And swim the Seas, at *Cybele's* Command.
 No sooner had the Goddess ceas'd to speak,
 When lo, th' obedient Ships their Haulsers break;
 And, strange to tell, like Dolphins in the Main, 145
 They plunge their Prows, and dive, and spring again:
 As many beauteous Maids the Billows sweep,
 As tode before tall Vessels on the Deep.
 The Foes, surpriz'd with Wonder, stood aghast,
Ulysses curb'd his fiery Courier's haste; 150
 Old *Tyber* roar'd; and raising up his Head,
 Call'd back his Waters to their Oozy Bed.
Julus alone, undaunted, bore the Shock;
 And with these Words his trembling Troops bespoke.
 These Monsters for the *Trojans* Fate are meant, 155
 And are by *Jove* for black Presages sent.
 He takes the Cowards last Relief away;
 For fly they cannot; and, constrain'd to stay,
 Must yield unfought, a base inglorious Prey.
 The liquid half of all the Globe, is lost; 160
 Heav'n shuts the Seas, and we secure the Coast.

Theirs

Theirs is no more, than that small spot of Ground,
Which Myriads of our Martial Men surround.

Their Fates I fear not; or vain Oracles;

'Twas given to *Venus*, they shou'd cross the Seas: 165

And land secure upon the *Latian* Plains,

Their promis'd Hour is pass'd, and mine remains.

'Tis in the Fate of *Turnus*, to destroy

With Sword and Fire the faithless Race of *Troy*.

Shall such Affronts as these, alone inflame 170

The *Grecian* Brothers, and the *Grecian* Name?

My Cause and theirs is one; a fatal Strife,

And final Ruin, for a ravish'd Wife.

Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the Crime,

They fell; but will they fall a second Time? 175

One wou'd have thought they paid enough before,

To curse the costly Sex; and durst offend no more.

Can they securely trust their feeble Wall,

A slight Partition, a thin Interval,

Betwixt their Fate and them; when *Troy*, tho' built

By Hands Divine, yet perish'd by their Guilt? 181

Lend me, for once, my Friends, your valiant Hands,

To force from out their Lines these dastard Bands.

Less than a thousand Ships will end this War;

Nor *Vulcan* needs his fated Arms prepare. 185

Let all the *Tuscan*s, all th' *Arcadian*s join,

Nor these, nor those shall frustrate my Design.

Let

Let them not fear the Treasons of the Night;
 The robb'd *Palladium*, the pretended flight:
 Our Onset shall be made in open Light.
 No wooden Engine shall their Town betray,
 Fires they shall have around, but Fires by Day.
 No *Grecian* Babes before their Camp appear,
 Whom *Hector's* Arms detain'd, to the tenth tardy Year.
 Now, since the Sun is rowling to the *West*,
 Give we the silent Night to needful Rest:
 Refresh your Bodies, and your Arms prepare,
 The Morn shall end the small Remains of War.

190

195

The Post of Honour to *Messapus* falls,
 To keep the Nightly Guard; to watch the Walls;
 To pitch the Fires at Distances around,
 And close the *Trojans* in their scanty Ground.
 Twice seven *Rutulian* Captains ready stand:
 And twice seven hundred Horse their Chiefs Command:
 All clad in shining Arms the Works invest;
 Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Crest.
 Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy Ground;
 They laugh, they sing, the jolly Bowls go round:
 With Lights, and chearful Fires renew the Day;
 And pass the wakeful Night in Feasts and Play.
 The *Trojans*, from above, their Foes beheld;
 And with arm'd Legions all the Rampires fill'd:

199

205

210

Seiz'd

Set'd with Affright, their Gates they first explore;
 Join Works to Works with Bridges; Tow'r to Tow'r:
 Thus all things needful for Defence, abound; 215
Mnestheus, and brave *Sereftus* walk the round:
 Commission'd by their Absent Prince, to share
 The common Danger, and divide the Care.
 The Soldiers draw their Lots; and as they fall,
 By turns relieve each other on the Wall. 220

Nigh where the Foes their utmost Guards advance,
 To watch the Gate, was warlike *Nisus* chance.
 His Father *Hyrtacus* of Noble Blood;
 His Mother was a Huntress of the Wood:
 And sent him to the Wars; well cou'd he beat 225
 His Lance in fight, and dart the flying Spear:
 But better skill'd unerring Shafts to send:
 Beside him stood *Euryalus* his Friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan Host
 No fairer Face, or sweeter Air could boast. 230
 Scarce had the Down to shade his Cheeks begun;
 One was their Care, and their Delight was one.
 One Common hazard in the War they shar'd;
 And now were both by choice upon the Guard.
 Then *Nisus*, thus: Or do the Gods inspire 235
 This warmth, or make we Gods of our Desire?
 A gen'rous ardour boils within my Breast,
 Eager of Action, Enemy to Rest:

This

This urges me to fight, and fires my Mind,
 To leave a memorable Name behind. 240

Thou see'st the Foe secure: how faintly shine
 Their scatter'd Fires! the most in Sleep supine
 Along the Ground, an easie Conquest lye;
 The wakeful few, the fuming Flaggon ply:
 All hush around. Now hear what I revolve; 245
 A thought unripe; and scarcely yet resolve.

Our absent Prince both Camp and Council mourn;
 By Message both wou'd hasten his return:
 If they confer what I demand, on thee,
 (For Fame is Recompence enough for me) 250
 Methinks, beneath yon Hill, I have espy'd
 A way that safely will my passage guide.

Emrysus stood list'ning while he spoke;
 With love of Praise, and noble Envy struck;
 Then to his ardent Friend expos'd his Mind: 255
 All this alone, and leaving me behind,
 Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be join'd?
 Think'st thou I can my share of Glory yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the Field?

Not so my Father taught my Childhood Arms; 260
 Born in a Siege, and bred among Alarms?
 Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend;
 Nor of the Heav'n-born Heroe I attend.

The thing call'd Life, with ease I can disclaim;

And think it over-sold to purchase Fame. 265

Then *Nisus*, thus; Alas! thy tender Years

Wou'd minister new matter to my Fears:

So may the Gods, who view this friendly Strife,

Restore me to thy lov'd Embrace with life,

Condemn'd to pay my Vows (as sure I trust,) 270

This thy Request is Cruel and Unjust.

But if some Chance, as many Chances are,

And doubtful Hazards in the Deeds of War;

If one shou'd reach my Head, there let it fall,

And spare thy Life; I wou'd not perish all. 275

Thy bloomy Youth deserves a longer Date;

Live thou to mourn thy Love's unhappy Fate:

To bear my mangled Body from the Foe;

Or buy it back, and Fun'ral Rites bestow.

Or if hard Fortune shall those Dues deny, 280

Thou canst at least an empty Tomb supply.

© let not me the Widow's Tears renew;

Nor let a Mother's Curse my Name pursue;

Thy Pious Parent, who, for love of thee,

Forsook the Coasts of Friendly *Sicily*, 285

Her Age, committing to the Seas and Wind,

When ev'ry weary Matron staid behind.

To this, *Euryalus*, you plead in vain,

And but protract the Cause you cannot gain:

No more delays, but haste. With that he wakes 290

The nodding Watch; each to his Office takes.

The Guard reliev'd, the gen'rous Couple went

To find the Cotuncil at the Royal Tent.

All Creatures else forgot their daily Care;

And Sleep, the common Gift of Nature, share: 295

Except the *Trojan* Peers, who wakeful fate

In nightly Council for th' indanger'd State.

They vote a Message to their absent Chief;

Shew their Distress; and beg a swift Relief.

Amid the Camp a silent Seat they chose, 300

Remote from Clamour, and secure from Foes.

On their left Arms their ample Shields they bear,

Their right reelin'd upon the bending Spear.

Now *Nisus* and his Friend approach the Guard,

And beg Admission, eager to be heard:

Th' Affair important, not to be deferr'd.

Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in;

Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.

Then *Nisus* thus. Ye Fathers, lend your Ears;

Nor judge our bold Attempt beyond our Years. 310

The Foe securely drench'd in Sleep and Wine,

Neglect their Watch; the Fires but thinly shine:

And where the Smoke, in cloudy Vapours flies,

Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies,

Betwixt two Paths, which at the Gate divide,
 Close by the Sea, a Passage we have spy'd,
 Which will our way to great *Aeneas* guide,
 Expect each Hour to see him safe again,
 Loaded with Spoils of Foes in Battel slain.
 Snatch we the lucky Minute while we may:

315 }
 }

320

Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
 For hunting in the Vales we both have seen
 The rising Turrets, and the Stream between;
 And know the winding Course, with ev'ry Ford.
 He ceas'd: And old *Alethes* took the Word.

325

Our Country Gods, in whom our Trust we place,
 Will yet from Ruin save the *Trojan* Race:

While we behold such dauntless Worth appear
 In dawning Youth; and Souls so void of Fear.

Then, into Tears of Joy the Father broke;
 Each in his longing Arms by turns he took:
 Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke.

330 }
 }

Ye brave young Men, what equal Gifts can we,
 In Recompence of such Desert, decree?

The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,

335

The Gods, and your own conscious Worth will give.

The rest our grateful Gen'ral will bestow;

And young *Ascanius* till his Manhood owe.

And I, whose Welfare in my Father lies,

Ascanius adds, by the great Deities,

340

By

By my dear Country, by my Household Gods,
 By hoary *Vesta's* Rites, and dark Abodes,
 Adjure you both; (on you my Fortune stands,
 That and my Faith I plight into your Hands:)
 Make me but happy in his safe Return, 345
 Whose wanted Presence I can only mourn;
 Your common Gift shall two large Goblets be
 Of Silver, wrought with curious Imagery;
 And high emboss'd, which, when old *Priam* reign'd,
 My conqu'ring Sire at sack'd *Arisba* gain'd. 350
 And more, two Tripods cast in antick Mould,
 With two great Talents of the finest Gold:
 Beside a costly Bowl, engrav'd with Art,
 Which *Dido* gave, when first she gave her Heart.
 But if in conquer'd *Italy* we reign, 355
 When Spoils by Lot the Victor shall obtain;
 Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* press'd,
 That, *Nisus*, and his Arms, and nodding Crest,
 And Shield, from Chance exempt, shall be thy Share;
 Twelve lab'ring Slaves, twelve Handmaids young and fair,
 And clad in rich Attire, and train'd with Care. 361
 And last, a *Latian* Field with fruitful Plains,
 And a large Portion of the King's Domains.
 But thou, whose Years are more to mine ally'd,
 No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide 365

From thee, Heroick Youth; be wholly mine:

Take full Possession; all my Soul is thine.

One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend;

My Life's Companion, and my Bosom Friend,

My Peace shall be committed to thy Care,

379

And to thy Conduct, my Concerns in War.

Then thus the young *Euryalus* reply'd;

Whatever Fortune, good or bad betide,

The same shall be my Age, as now my Youth;

No time shall find me wanting to my Truth.

375

This only from your Goodness let me gain;

(And this ungranted, all Rewards are vain)

Of *Priam's* Royal Race my Mother came;

And sure the best that ever bore the Name:

Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold

380

From me departing, but o'erspent, and old,

My Fate she follow'd; ignorant of this,

Whatever Danger, neither parting Kiss,

Nor pious Blessing taken, her I leave;

And, in this only Act of all my Life deceive.

385

By this right Hand, and conscious Night I swear,

My Soul so sad a farewell could not bear.

Be you her Comfort; fill my vacant place,

(Permit me to presume so great a Grace)

Support her Age, forsaken and distress'd;

390

That hope alone will fortifie my Breast

Against

Against the worst of Fortunes, and of Fears.
 He said: The mov'd Assistants melt in Tears.
 Then thus *Ascanius*, (wonder-struck to see
 That Image of his filial Piety;)

395

So great Beginnings, in so green an Age;
 Exact the Faith, which I again engage.
 Thy Mother all the Dues shall justly claim
Creüsa had; and only want the Name.

Whate'er Event thy bold Attempt shall have,
 'Tis Merit to have born a Son so brave.

400

Now by my Head, a sacred Oath, I swear;
 (My Father us'd it) what returning here
 Crown'd with Success, I for thy self prepare,
 That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd Mother share.

405

He said; and weeping while he spoke the Word,
 From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,
 Magnificent with Gold. *Lycaon* made,
 And in an Iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the Blade:
 This was his Gift: Great *Mnestheus* gave his Friend
 A Lion's Hide, his Body to defend:

410

And good *Alethes* furnish'd him beside,
 With his own trusty Helm, of Temper try'd.

Thus arm'd they went. The Noble *Trojans* wait
 Their issuing forth, and follow to the Gate.

415

With Prayers and Vows, above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far-beyond his Years.

And Messages committed to their Care,
Which all in Winds were lost, and flitting Air;

The Trenches first they pass'd; then took their Way.
Where their proud Foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay; 425

To many fatal, e'er themselves were slain:
They found the careless Host dispers'd upon the Plain.

Who gorg'd, and drunk with Wine, supinely snore;
Unharnas'd Chariots stand along the Shore: 435

Amidst the Wheels and Reins, the Goblet by,
A Medley of Debauch and War they lye.

Observing *Nisus* shew'd his Friend the sight;
Behold a Conquest gain'd without a Fight.

Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd; 440
There lies our Way; be thou upon the Guard.

And look around; while I securely go:
And hew a Passage, thro' the sleeping Foe.

Softly he spoke; then striding, took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhemus* lay:

His Head rais'd high, on Tapestry beneath, 445
And heaving from his Breast, he drew his Breath:

A King and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd;
But Fate by Prescience cannot be remov'd.

Him, and his sleeping Slaves he flew. Then spies 450
Where *Rhemus*, with his rich Retinue lies:

His Armor-bearer first, and next he kills
His Charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the Wheels

And





And his lov'd Horses: Last invades their Lord;
 Full on his Neck he drives the fatal Sword:
 The gasping Head flies off; a Purple flood
 Flows from the Trunk, that welters in the Blood:
 Which by the spurning Heels, dispers'd around,
 The Bed besprinkles, and bedews the Ground.
Lamus the bold, and *Lamyrus* the strong,
 He slew; and then *Serranus* fair and young.
 From Dice and Wine the Youth retir'd to Rest,
 And puff'd the fummy God from out his Breast:
 Ev'n then he dreamt of Drink and lucky Play;
 More lucky had it lasted 'till the Day.

445

450

455

The famish'd Lion thus, with Hunger bold,
 O'erleaps the Fences of the nightly Fold;
 And tears the peaceful Flocks: With silent Awe
 Trembling they lye, and pant beneath his Paw.

Nor with less Rage *Euryalus* employs
 The wrathful Sword, or fewer Foes destroys:
 But on th' ignoble Crowd his Fury flew:
 He *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhatus* slew.

460

Oppress'd with heavy Sleep the former fall,
 But *Rhatus* wakeful, and observing all,
 Behind a spacious Jarr he slink'd for fear:
 The fatal Iron found, and reach'd him there.
 For as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
 And reeking, thence return'd in Crimson dy'd.

465

The Wound pours out a Stream of Wine and Blood,
The purple Soul comes floating in the Flood. 471

Now where *Messapus* quarter'd they arrive;
The Fires were fainting there, and just alive.
The Warriour-Horses ty'd in order fed;
Nisus observ'd the Discipline, and said, 475

Our eager thirst of Blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd Streaks of dawning Day,
Foe to Nocturnal Thefts: No more, my Friend,
Here let our glutt'd Execution end:
A Lane through slaughter'd Bodies we have made: 480

The bold *Euryalus*, tho' loath, obey'd,
Of Arms, and Arras, and of Plate they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet fond of gaudy Spoils the Boy wou'd stay
To make the rich *Caparison* his Prey, 485 }
Which on the Steed of conquer'd *Rhamnes* lay.

Nor did his Eyes less longingly behold
The Girdle-Belt, with Nails of burnish'd Gold.
This present *Cedius* the Rich, bestow'd
On *Remulus*, when Friendship first they vow'd: 490

And absent, join'd in hospitable ties;
He dying, to his Heir bequeath'd the Prize:
Till by the Conqu'ring *Ardean* Troops oppress'd
He fell; and they the Glorious Gift possess'd.

These Glitt'ring Spoils (now made the Victor's gain) 495
He to his Body suits ; but suits in vain.

Messapus' Helm he finds among the rest,

And laces on, and wears the waving Crest.

Proud of their Conquest, prouder of their Prey,

They leave the Camp; and take the ready way. 500

But far they had not pass'd; before they spy'd

Three hundred Horse with *Volsens* for their Guide.

The Queen a Legion to King *Turnus* sent,

But the swift Horse the slower Foot prevent :

And now advancing, fought the Leader's Tent. 505

They saw the Pair; for thro' the doubtful Shade:

His shining Helm *Euryalus* betray'd,

On which the Moon with full Reflexion play'd.

'Tis not for nought, cry'd *Volsens*, from the Crowd,

These Men go there; then rais'd his Voice aloud: 510

Stand, stand: why thus in Arms, and whither bent;

From whence, to whom, and on what Errand sent?

Silent they scud away, and haste their flight,

To neighbouring Woods, and trust themselves to Night.

The speedy Horse all Passages belay, 515

And spur their smoaking Steeds to Cross their way;

And watch each Entrance of the winding Wood;

Black was the Forest, thick with Beech it stood:

Horrid with Fern; and intricate with Thorn;

Few Paths of Human Feet or Tracks of Beasts were worn.

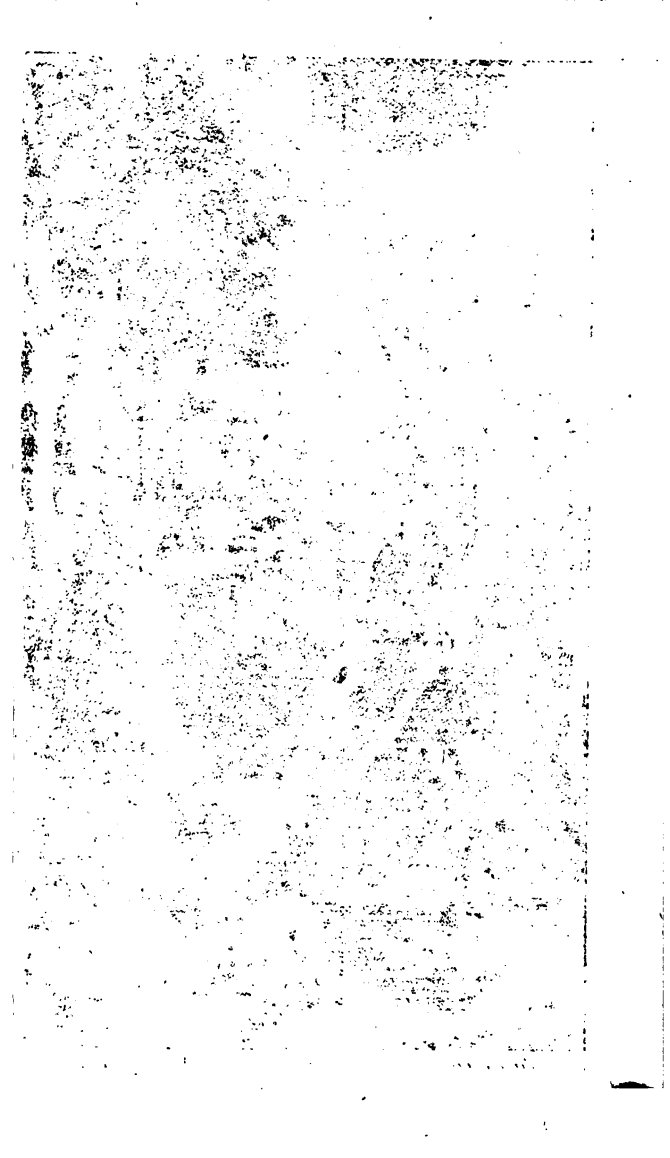
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The Darkness of the Shades, his heavy Prey, 521
 And Fear, misled the Younger from his way.
 But *Nisus* hit the Turns with happier haste,
 And thoughtless of his Friend, the Forest pass'd:
 And *Alban* Plains, from *Alba's* Name so call'd, 525
 Where King *Latins* then his Oxen stall'd.
 Till turning at the length, he stood his Ground,
 And miss'd his Friend, and cast his Eyes around;
 Ah Wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
 Th' unhappy Youth, where shall I hope to find? 530
 Or what Way take! Again He ventures back:
 And treads the Mazes of his former Track.
 He winds the Wood, and list'ning hears the Noise
 Of trampling Coursers, and the Riders Voice.
 The sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd 535
 The Foes inclosing, and his Friend pursu'd:
 Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain,
 The shelter of the friendly Shades to gain.
 What shou'd he next attempt! what Arms employ,
 What fruitless Force to free the Captive Boy? 540
 Or desperate shou'd he rush and lose his Life,
 With odds oppress'd, in such unequal strife?
 Resolv'd at length, his pointed Spear he shook;
 And casting on the Moon a mournful look,
 Guardian of Groves, and Goddess of the Night, 545
 Fair Queen, he said, direct my Dart aright:

If

If e'er my Pious Father for my sake
 Did grateful Off'rings on thy Altars make;
 Or I increas'd them with my Sylvan Toils,
 And hung thy Holy Roofs, with savage Spoils; §50
 Give me to scatter these. Then from his Ear
 He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling Spear.
 The deadly Weapon, hissing from the Grove,
 Impetuous on the Back of *Sulphur* drove;
 Pierc'd his thin Armour, drank his vital Blood, §55
 And in his Body left the broken Wood.
 He staggers round, his Eyeballs rowl in Death,
 And with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath.
 All stand amaz'd; a second Jav'lin flies,
 With equal Strength, and quivers thro' the Skies; §60
 This thro' thy Temples, *Togas*, forc'd the way,
 And in the Brain-pan warmly bury'd lay.
 Fierce *Volcans* foams with Rage, and gazing round,
 Descry'd not him who gave the fatal Wound:
 Nor knew to fix Revenge; But thou, he cries, §65
 Shalt pay for both, and at the Prisoner flies
 With his drawn Sword! Then struck with deep Despair,
 That cruel Sight the Lover cou'd not bear:
 But from his Covert rush'd in open View,
 And sent his Voice before him as he flew. §70
 Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your Swords alone
 On me; the Fact confess'd, the Fault my own.

He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless Youth;
 Ye Moon and Stars bear Witness to the Truth!
 His only Crime, (if Friendship can offend) 575
 Is too much Love, to his unhappy Friend.
 Too late he speaks; the Sword, which Fury guides,
 Driv'n with full Force, had pierc'd his tender Sides.
 Down fell the beauteous Youth; the yawning Wound
 Gush'd out a purple Stream, and stain'd the Ground. 580
 His snowy Neck reclines upon his Breast.
 Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppress'd:
 Like a white Poppy sinking on the Plain,
 Whose heavy Head is overcharg'd with Rain.
 Despair, and Rage, and Vengeance justly vow'd, 585
 Drove *Nisus* headlong on the hostile Crowd:
Volsens he seeks; on him alone he bends;
 Born back, and bor'd, by his surrounding Friends,
 Onward he press'd: and kept him still in Sight;
 Then whirl'd aloft his Sword, with all his Might: 590
 Th'unerring Steel descended while he spoke;
 Pierc'd his wide Mouth, and thro' his Weazon broke:
 Dying, he flew; and stagg'ring on the Plain,
 With swimming Eyes he sought his Lover slain:
 Then quiet on his bleeding Bosom fell; 595
 Content in Death, to be reveng'd so well.
 O happy Friends! for if my Verse can give
 Immortal Life, your Fame shall ever live:





Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies;

And spread, where-e'er the *Roman* Eagle flies!

600

The conqu'ring Party first divide the Prey,
Then their slain Leader to the Camp convey.

With Wonder, as they went, the Troops were fill'd,
To see such Numbers whom so few had kill'd.

Serranus, *Rhamnes*, and the rest they found;

605

Vast Crowds the dying and the dead surround:

And the yet reeking Blood o'erflows the Ground.

All knew the Helmet which *Messapus* lost;

But mourn'd a Purchase, that so dear had cost.

Now rose the ruddy Morn from *Tithon's* Bed;

610

And with the Dawn of Day, the Skies o'erspread.

Nor long the Sun his daily Course with-held,

But added Colours to the World reveal'd.

When early *Turnus* wak'ning with the Light,

All clad in Armour calls his Troops to fight.

615

His Martial Men with fierce Harangues he fir'd;

And his own Ardor, in their Souls inspir'd.

This done, to give new Terror to his Foes,

The Heads of *Nisus*, and his Friend he shows,

Rais'd high on pointed Spears: A ghastly Sight;

620

Loud Peals of Shouts ensue, and barbarous Delight.

Mean time the *Trojans* run, where Danger calls,

They line their Trenches, and they man their Walls:

In Front extended to the left they stood:

Safe was the right surrounded by the Flood.

625

But casting from their Tow'rs a frightful View,

They saw the Faces, which too well they knew;

Tho' then disguis'd in Death, and smear'd all o'er

With Filth obscene, and dropping putrid Gore.

Soon hasty Fame, thro' the sad City bears

630

The mournful Message to the Mother's Ears:

An icy Cold benumbs her Limbs: She shakes:

Her Cheeks the Blood, her Hand the Web forsakes.

She runs the Rampires round amidst the War,

Nor fears the flying Darts: She rends her Hair,

635 }

And fills with loud Laments the liquid Air.

Thus then, my lov'd *Æneas* appears;

Thus looks the Prop of my declining Years!

Was't on this Face, my famish'd Eyes I fed!

Ah how unlike the living, is the dead!

640

And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,

Not one kind Kiss from a departing Son!

No Look, no last Adieu before he went,

In an ill-boding Hour to Slaughter sent!

Cold on the Ground, and pressing foreign Clay,

645

To *Latian* Dogs, and Fowls he lies a Prey!

Nor was I near to close his dying Eyes,

To wash his Wounds, to weep his Obsequies:

To call about his Corps his crying Friends,
Or spread the Mantle, (made for other ends,) 650
On his dear Body, which I wove with Care,
Nor did my daily Pains, or nightly Labour spare.
Where shall I find his Corps, what Earth sustains
His Trunk dismember'd, and his cold Remains?
For this, alas, I left my needful Ease, 655
Expos'd my Life to Winds, and Winter Seas!
If any Pity touch *Rutulian* Hearts,
Here empty all your Quivers, all your Darts:
Or if they fail, thou *Jove* conclude my Woe,
And send me thunder-struck to Shades below! 660

Her Shrieks and Clamours pierce the *Trojans* Ears,
Unman their Courage, and augment their Fears:
Nor young *Ascanius* cou'd the Sight sustain,
Nor old *Ilium* his Tears restrain:
But *Actor* and *Idæus*, jointly sent, 665
To bear the madding Mother to her Tent.
And now the Trumpets terribly from far,
With rattling Clangor, rouse the sleepy War.
The Souldiers Shouts succeed the Brazen Sounds,
And Heav'n, from Pole to Pole, the Noise rebounds.
The *Volsians* bear their Shields upon their Head, 671
And rushing forward, form a moving Shed;
These fill the Ditch, those pull the Bulwarks down;
Some raise the Ladders, others scale the Town.

But

But where void Spaces on the Walls appear, 675
 Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
 With Poles and missive Weapons, from afar,
 The *Trojans* keep aloof the rising War.
 Taught by their ten Years Siege defensive Fight;
 They rowl down Ribs of Rocks, an unresisted Weight:
 To break the Penthouse with the pond'rous Blow; 681
 Which yet the patient *Volscians* undergo.
 But cou'd not bear th' unequal Combat long;
 For where the *Trojans* find the thickest Throng,
 The Ruin falls: Their shatter'd Shields give way, 685
 And their crush'd Heads become an easie Prey.
 They shrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
 No longer dare in a blind Fight engage.
 Contented now to gaul them from below
 With Darts and Slings, and with the distant Bow. 690
 Elsewhere *Mexentius*, terrible to view,
 A blazing Pine within the Trenches threw.
 But brave *Messapus*, Neptune's warlike Son,
 Broke down the Palisades, the Trenches won,
 And loud for Ladders calls, to scale the Town. 695
 Calliope begin: Ye sacred Nine,
 Inspire your Poet in his high Design;
 To sing what Slaughter manly *Turnus* made:
 What Souls he sent below the *Stygian* Shade.

What Fame the Souldiers with their Captain share, 700
And the vast Circuit of the fatal War.

For you in singing Martial Facts excel;
You best remember; and alone can tell.

There stood a Tow'r, amazing to the Sight,
Built up of Beams; and of stupendous Height; 705
Art, and the Nature of the Place conspir'd,
To furnish all the Strength, that War requir'd.

To level this, the bold *Italians* join;
The wary *Trojans* obviate their Design: 709

With weighty Stones o'erwhelm'd their Troops below,
Shoot thro' the Loopholes, and sharp Jav'lines throw.

Turnus, the Chief, toss'd from his thund'ring Hand,
Against the wooden Walls, a flaming Brand:

~~In~~ *fluck*, the fiery Plague: The Winds were high;
The Planks were season'd, and the Timber dry. 715

Contagion caught the Posts: It spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd Throng.

The *Trojans* fled; the Fire pursu'd amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling Train;
Till crowding to the Corners of the Wall, 720
Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.

The mighty Flaw makes Heav'n it self resound,
The dead, and dying *Trojans* strew the Ground.
The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
Whelm'd o'er their Heads, and bury'd whom it slew:

Some

Some stuck upon the Darts themselves had sent;
All, the same equal Ruin underwent.

Young *Lycus* and *Helenor* only scape;
Sav'd how they know not, from the steepy Leap.

Helenor, elder of the two; by Birth,

730

On one Side Royal, one a Son of Earth,

Whom to the *Lydian* King, *Lycimnia* bare,

And sent her boasted Bastard to the War:

(A Privilege which none but Freemen share.)

Slight were his Arms, a Sword and Silver Shield,

735

No Marks of Honour charg'd its empty Field.

Light as he fell, so light the Youth arose,

And rising, found himself amidst his Foes.

Nor Flight was left, nor hopes to force his Way;

Embolden'd by Despair, he stood at Bay:

And like a Stag, whom all the Troop surrounds

Of eager Huntsmen, and invading Hounds;

Resolv'd on Death, he dissipates his Fears,

And bounds aloft, against the pointed Spears:

So dares the Youth, secure of Death; and throws

His dying Body, on his thickest Foes.

But *Lycus*, swifter of his Feet, by far,

Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the War:

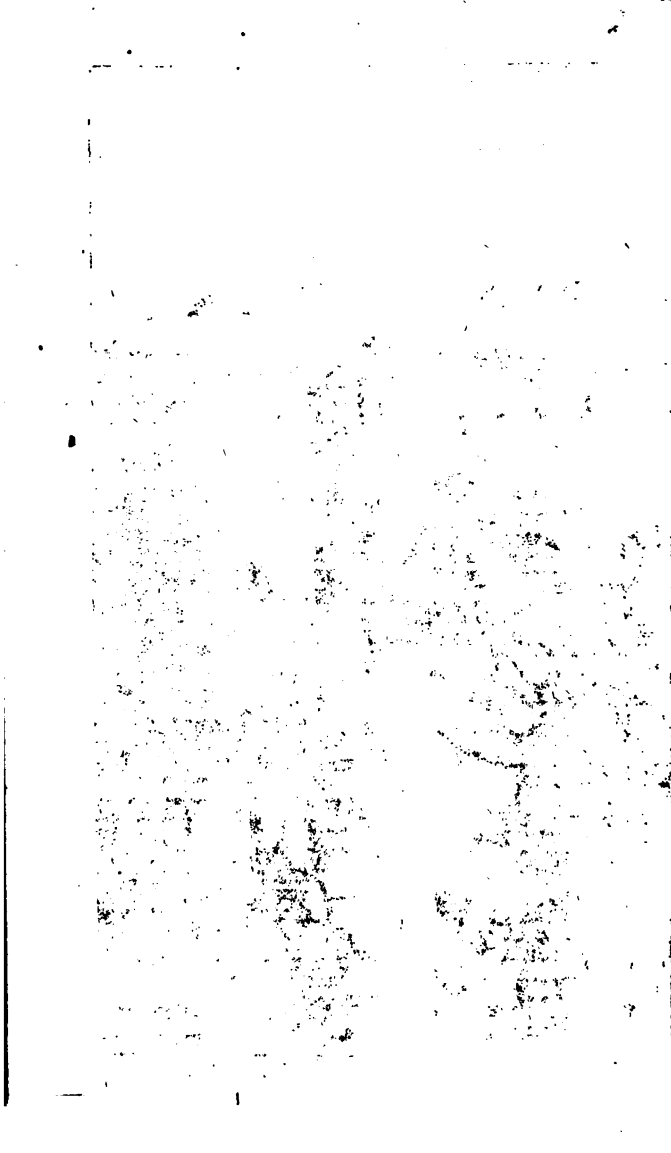
Springs to the Walls, and leaves his Foes behind,

And snatches at the Beam he first can find.

750

Looks





Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the Stretch,
 In hopes the helping Hand of some kind Friend to reach.
 But *Turnus* follow'd hard his hunted Prey,

(His Spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
 Short of his Reins, and scarce a Span behind,) 755

Fool, said the Chief, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
 Could'st thou presume to scape, when I pursue?

He said, and downward by the Feet he drew

The trembling Dastard: at the Tug he falls,

Vast Ruins come along, rent from the smoking Walls.

Thus on some silver Swan, or tim'rous Hare, 761

Jove's Bird comes sailing down, from upper Air;

Her crooked Talons trusts the fearful Prey:

Then out of Sight she soars, and wings her way,

So seizes the grim Wolf the tender Lamb, 765

In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.

Then rushing onward, with a barb'rous Cry,

The Troops of *Turnus* to the Combat fly.

The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe

Toss'd Firebrands to the steepy Turrets throw, 770

Ithoneus, as bold *Lucetius* came

To force the Gate, and feed the kindling Flame,

Rowl'd down the Fragment of a Rock so right;

It crush'd him double underneath the Weight.

Two more young *Liger* and *Asylas* flew; 775

To bend the Bow young *Liger* better knew;

Asylas best the pointed Jav'lin threw.

Brave *Caneus* laid *Ortygius* on the Plain,
 The Victor *Caneus* was by *Turnus* slain.
 By the same Hand, *Clonius* and *Itys* fall,
Sagar, and *Ida*, standing on the Wall.

780

From *Capys*' Arms his Fate *Privernus* found;
 Hurt by *Themilla* first; but slight the Wound;
 His Shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
 He clap'd his Hand upon the wounded Part:

785

The second Shaft came swift and unesp'y'd,
 And pierc'd his Hand, and nail'd it to his side:
 Transfix'd his breathing Lungs, and beating Heart;
 The Soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the Dart.

The Son of *Arcens* shone amid the rest,
 In glitt'ring Armour, and a Purple Vest.
 Fair was his Face, his Eyes inspiring Love,
 Bred by his Father in the *Martian* Grove;
 Where the fat Altars of *Palicus* flame,
 And sent in Arms to purchase early Fame.

790

Him, when he spy'd from far the *Thuscan* King,
 Laid by the Lance, and took him to the Sling:
 Thrice whirl'd the Thong around his Head, and threw:
 The heated Lead half melted as it flew:

795

It pierc'd his hollow Temples and his Brain;
 The Youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the Plain.

800

Then young *Ascanius*, who before this Day
 Was wont in Woods to shoot the savage Prey,

First

First bent in Martial Strife, the twanging Bow;
And exercis'd against a Humane Foe.

805

With this bereft *Numanus* of his Life,

Who *Turnus*' younger Sister took to Wife,

Proud of his Realm, and of his Royal Bride,

Vaunting before his Troops, and lengthen'd with a Stride,

In these insulting Terms, the *Trojans* he defy'd. 810

Twice conquer'd Cowards, now your Shame is shown,

Coop'd up a second Time within your Town!

Who dare not issue forth in open Field,

But held your Walls before you for a Shield:

Thus threat you War, thus our Alliance force!

815

What Gods, what Madness hither steer'd your Course!

You shall not find the Sons of *Asiens* here,

Nor need the Frauds of fly *Ulysses* fear.

Strong from the Cradle, of a sturdy Brood,

We bear our New-born Infants to the Flood;

820

There bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,

With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold.

They wake before the Day to range the Wood,

Kill e'er they eat, nor tast unconquer'd Food.

No Sports, but what belong to War they know,

825

To break the stubborn Colt, to bend the Bow.

Our Youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread;

Hardly they work, with frugal Diet fed.

From

From Ploughs and Harrows sent to seek Renown,
 They fight in Fields, and storm the shaken Town. 830
 No Part of Life from Toils of War is free;
 No change in Age, or difference in Degree.
 We plow, and till in Arms; our Oxen feel,
 Instead of Goads, the Spur, and pointed Steel:
 Th' inverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain; 835
 Ev'n Time that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
 The Body, not the Mind: Nor can controul
 Th' immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul.
 Our Helms defend the Young, disguise the Grey:
 We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey. 840
 Your Vests embroider'd with rich Purple shine;
 In Sloth you glory, and in Dances join.
 Your Vests have sweeping Sleeves: With female Pride,
 Your Turbants underneath your Chins are ty'd.
 Go, *Phrygians*, to your *Dindymus* agen; 845
 Go, less than Women, in the Shapes of Men.
 Go, mix'd with Eunuchs, in the Mother's Rites,
 Where with unequal Sound the Flute invites.
 Sing, dance, and howl by turns in *Ida's* Shade;
 Resign the War to Men, who know the Martial Trade.
 This foul Reproach, *Ascanius* cou'd not hear 851
 With Patience, or a vow'd Révenge forbear.
 At the full stretch of both his Hands, he drew,
 And almost join'd the Horns of the tough Eugh.

But

But first, before the Throne of *Jove* he stood; 855

And thus with lifted Hands invoc'd the God.

My first Attempt, great *Jupiter*, succeed;

An annual Off'ring in thy Grove shall bleed:

A Snow-white Steer, before thy Altar led,

Who like his Mother bears aloft his Head, 860

Buts with his threat'ning Brows, and bellowing stands,

And dares the Fight, and spurns the yellow Sands.

Jove bow'd the Heav'ns, and lent a gracious Ear,

And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.

Sounded at once the Bow; and swiftly-flies 865

The feather'd Death, and hisses thro' the Skies.

The Steel thro' both his Temples forc'd the way:

Extended on the Ground, *Numanus* lay.

Go now, vain Boaster, and true Valour scorn;

The *Phrygians*, twice subdu'd, yet make this third Return.

Ascanius said no more: The *Trojans* shake 871

The Heav'ns with Shouting, and new Vigour take.

Apollo then bestrode a Golden Cloud,

To view the feats of Arms, and fighting Crowd;

And thus the beardless Victor, he bespoke aloud. 875

Advance Illustrious Youth, increase in Fame,

And wide from East to West extend thy Name.

Offspring of Gods thy self; and *Rome* shall owe

To thee, a Race of Demigods below.

This is the Way to Heav'n: The Pow'rs Divine 880
 From this Beginning date the *Julian* Line.
 To thee, to them, and their victorious Heirs,
 The conquer'd War is due: and the vast World is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy Name. He said,
 And plunging downward shot his radiant Head; 885
 Dispell'd the breathing Air, that broke his Flight,
 Skorn of his Beams, a Man to mortal Sight.
 Old *Butes*' Form he took, *Archifes*' Squire,
 Now left to rule *Ascanius*, by his Sire:
 His wrinkled Visage, and his hoary Hairs, 890
 His Meen, his Habit, and his Arms he wears;
 And thus salutes the Boy, too forward for his Years.
 Suffice it thee, thy Father's worthy Son,
 The warlike Prize thou hast already won:
 The God of Archers gives thy Youth a Part 895
 Of his own Praise; nor envies equal Art.
 Now tempt the War no more. He said, and flew
 Obscure in Air, and vanish'd from their View.
 The *Trojans*, by his Arms, their Patron know;
 And hear the twanging of his Heav'nly Bow. 900
 Then duteous Force they use, and *Phæbus*' Name,
 To keep from Fight the Youth too fond of Fame.
 Undaunted they themselves no Danger shun:
 From Wall to Wall, the Shouts and Clameurs run:

They

They bend their Bows, they whirl their Slings around:

Heaps of spent Arrows fall, and strew the Ground;

And Helms, and Shields, and ratling Arms resound.

The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies

From Westward, when the Show'ry Kids arise:

Or patt'ring Hail comes pouring on the Main,

910

When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd Rain.

Or bellowing Clouds burst with a stormy Sound,

And with an armed Winter strew the Ground.

Pandrus and *Bitias*, Thunder-bolts of War,

Whom *Hiera* to bold *Alcanor* bare

915

On *Ida's* Top, two Youths of Height and Size,

Like Firs that on their Mother-Mountain rise;

Presuming on their Force, the Gates unbar,

And of their own Accord invite the War.

With Fates averse, against their King's Command,

920

Arm'd on the right, and on the left they stand,

And flank the Passage: Shining Steel they wear,

And waving Crests above their Heads appear.

Thus two tall Oaks, that *Padus'* Banks adorn,

Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unshorn;

925

And overpress'd with Nature's heavy Load,

Dance to the whistling Winds, and at each other nod.

In flows a Tyde of *Latians*, when they see

The Gate set open, and the Passage free.

Bold *Quercens*, with rash *Tmarus* rushing on, 930
Equicolus, that in bright Armour shone,
 And *Hamon* first, but soon repuls'd they fly,
 Or in the well-defended Pass they dye.
 These with Success are fir'd, and those with Rage;
 And each on equal Terms at length ingage. 935
 Drawn from their Lines, and issuing on the Plain,
 The *Trojans* hand to hand the Fight maintain.

Fierce *Turnus* in another Quarter fought,
 When suddenly th' unhop'd-for News was brought;
 The Foes had left the Fastness of their Place, 940
 Prevail'd in Fight, and had his Men in Chace.
 He quits th' Attack, and, to prevent their Fate,
 Runs, where the Gyant Brothers guard the Gate.
 The first he met, *Antiphates* the brave,
 But base begotten on a *Theban* Slave; 945
Sarpedon's Son he slew: The deadly Dart
 Found Passage thro' his Breast, and pierc'd his Heart.
 Fix'd in the Wound th' *Italian* Cornel stood;
 Warm'd in his Lungs, and in his vital Blood.
Aphidnus next, and *Erymanthus* dies, 950
 And *Meropes*, and the Gygantic Size
 Of *Bitias*, threat'ning with his ardent Eyes.
 Not by the feeble Dart he fell oppress'd,
 A Dart were lost, within that roomy Breast;

Bur from a knotted Lance, large, heavy, strong; 955

Which roar'd like Thunder as it whirl'd along:

Not two Bull-hides th' impetuous Force with-hold;

Nor Coat of double Male, with Scales of Gold.

Down sunk the Monster-Bulk, and press'd the Ground;

His Arms and clatt'ring Shield, on the vast Body found.

Not with less Ruin, than the *Bajan* Mole, 961

(Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to controul,)

At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall,

Front to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall

Of the vast Pile; the scatter'd Ocean flies; 965

Black Sands, discolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud arise.

The frighted Billows rowl, and seek the Shoars:

Then trembles *Prochyta*, then *Ischia* roars:

Typhæus thrown beneath, by *Jove's* Command,

Astonish'd, at the Flaw, that shakes the Land, 970

Soon shifts his weary Side, and scarce awake,

With Wonder feels the Weight press lighter on his Back.

The Warrior-God the *Latian* Troops inspir'd;

New strung their Sinews, and their Courage fir'd.

But chills the *Trojan* Hearts with cold Affright: 975

Then black Despair precipitates their Flight.

When *Pandarus* beheld his Brother kill'd,

The Town with Fear, and wild Confusion fill'd,

He turns the Hinges of the heavy Gate

With both his Hands; and adds his Shoulders to the Weight.

Some happier Friends within the Walls inclos'd; 981
The rest shut out, to certain Death expos'd.

Fool as he was, and frantick in his Care,
T' admit young *Turnus*, and include the War.
He thrust amid the Crowd, securely bold; 985
Like a fierce Tyger pent amid the Fold.

Too late his blazing Buckler they descry;
And sparkling Fires that shot from either Eye:
His mighty Members, and his ample Breast,
His ratt'ling Armour, and his Crimson Crest. 990

Far from that hated Face the *Trojans* fly;
All but the Fool who fought his Destiny.
Mad *Pandarus* steps forth, with Vengeance vow'd
For *Bitias*' Death, and threatens thus aloud.

These are not *Ardea*'s Walls, nor this the Town 995
Amata proffers with *Lavinia*'s Crown:

'Tis hostile Earth you tread; of Hope bereft,
No means of safe Return by Flight are left.
To whom with Count'nance calm, and Soul sedate,
Thus *Turnus*: Then begin; and try thy Fate: 1000

My Message to the Ghost of *Priam* bear,
Tell him a new *Achilles* sent thee there.

A Lance of tough ground-Ash the *Trojan* threw;
Rough in the Rind, and knotted as it grew,
With his full Force he whirl'd it first around; 1005
But the soft yielding Air receiv'd the Wound:

Impe-





Imperial *Juno* turn'd the Course before;
And fix'd the wand'ring Weapon in the Door.

But hope not thou, said *Turnus*, when I strike,
To shun thy Fate, our Force is not alike: 1010

Nor thy Steel temper'd by the *Lemnian* God:

Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood:

And aim'd from high: the full descending Blow

Cleaves the broad Front, and beardless Cheeks in two:

Down sinks the Giant with a thund'ring Sound, 1015

His pond'rous Limbs oppress the trembling Ground;

Blood, Brains, and Foam, gush from the gaping Wound.

Scalp, Face, and Shoulders, the keen Steel divides;

And the shar'd Visage hangs on equal Sides.

The *Trojans* fly from their approaching Fate: 1020

And had the Victor then secur'd the Gate,

And, to his Troops without, unclos'd the Bars;

One lucky Day had ended all his Wars.

But boiling Youth, and blind Desire of Blood,

Push on his Fury, to pursue the Crowd: 1025

Hamstring'd behind unhappy *Gyges* dy'd;

Then *Phalaris* is added to his Side;

The pointed Jav'line from the dead he drew,

And their Friends Arms against their Fellows threw.

Strong *Habys* stands in vain; weak *Phlegys* flies; 1030

Saturnia, still at hand, new Force and Fire supplies.

Then *Halius*, *Prytanis*, *Alexander* fall;

(Ingag'd against the Foes who scal'd the Wall:)

But whom they fear'd without, they found within:

At last, tho' late, by *Lincois* he was seen.

1035

He calls new Succours, and assaults the Prince;

But weak his Force, and vain is their Defence.

Turn'd to the right, his Sword the Heroe drew;

And at one Blow the bold Aggressor flew.

He joints the Neck: And with a Stroke so strong

1040

The Helm flies off; and bears the Head along:

Next him, the Huntsman *Amycus* he kill'd,

In Darts, invenom'd, and in Poison skill'd.

Then *Chytius* fell beneath his fatal Spear,

And *Cretus*, whom the Muses held so dear:

1045

He fought with Courage, and he sung the Fight:

Arms were his Bus'ness, Verses his Delight.

The *Trojan* Chiefs behold, with Rage and Grief,

Their slaughter'd Friends, and hasten their Relief.

Bold *Mnestheus* rallies first the broken Train,

1050

Whom brave *Seresthus*, and his Troop sustain.

To save the living, and revenge the dead:

Against one Warriour's Arms all *Troy* they led.

O, void of Sense and Courage, *Mnestheus* cry'd,

Where can you hope your Coward Heads to hide?

1055

Ah, where beyond these Rampires can you run!

One Man, and in your Camp inclos'd, you shun!

Shal^l

Shall then a single Sword such Slaughter boast,
 And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous Host?
 Forsaking Honour, and renouncing Fame, 1060
 Your Gods, your Country, and your King you shame.

This just Reproach their Virtue does excite,
 They stand, they join, they thicken to the Fight.

Now *Turnus* doubts, and yet disdains to yield;
 But with slow Paces measures back the Field; 1065
 And Inches to the Walls, where *Tyber's* Tide,
 Washing the Camp, defends the weaker Side.
 The more he loses, they advance the more;
 And tread in ev'ry Step he trod before. 1069

They shout, they bear him back, and whom by Might
 They cannot conquer, they oppress with Weight.

As compass'd with a Wood of Spears around,
 The Lordly Lion still maintains his Ground;
 Orins horrible, retires, and turns again;
 Threats his distended Paws, and shakes his Mane; 1075
 He loses while in vain he presses on;

Nor will his Courage let him dare to run:
 So *Turnus* fares, and unresolv'd of Flight,
 Moves tardy back, and just recedes from Fight:
 Yet twice, inrag'd, the Combat he renews, 1080
 Twice breaks, and twice his broken Foes pursues.

But now they swarm; and with fresh Troops supply'd,
 Come rowling on, and rush from ev'ry Side.

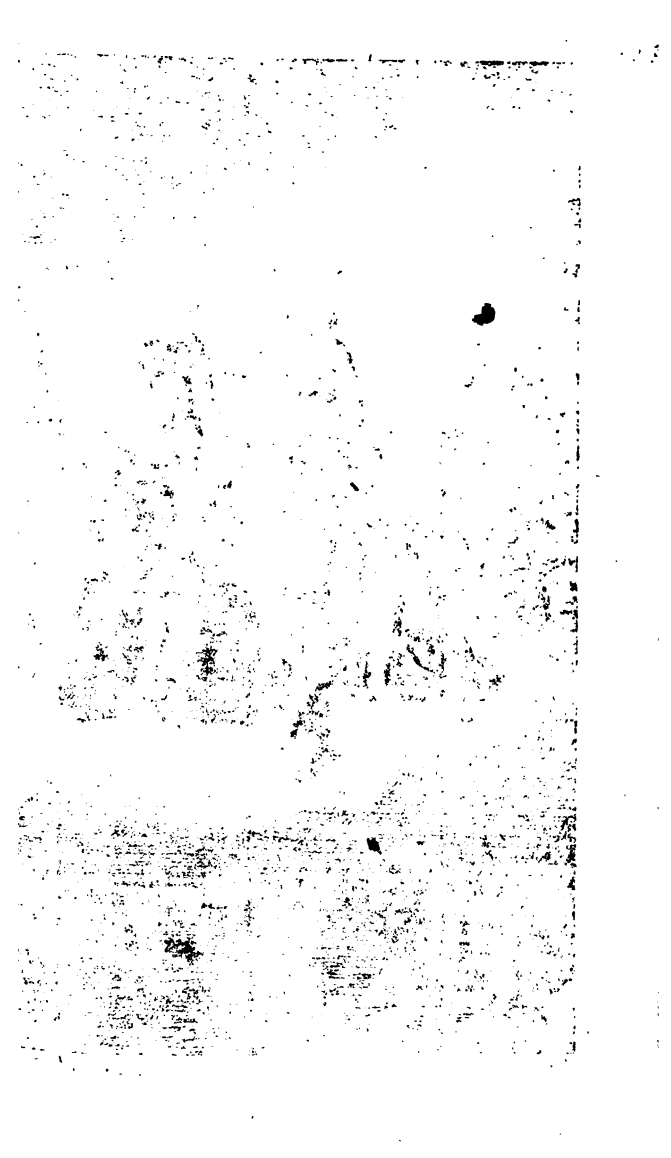
Nor *Juno*, who sustain'd his Arms before,
 Dares with new Strength suffice th' exhausted Store. 1085
 For *Jove*, with four Commands, sent *Iris* down,
 To force th' Invader from the frighted Town.

With Labour spent, no longer can he wield
 The heavy Fauchion, or sustain the Shield:
 O'erwhelm'd with Darts, which from afar they fling,
 The Weapons round his hollow Temples ring: 1091
 His golden Helm gives way: with stony Blows
 Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his Brows.
 His Crest is rash'd away, his ample Shield
 Is falsify'd, and round with Jav'lines fill'd. 1095

The Foe now faint, the *Trojans* overwhelm:
 And *Mnestheus* lays hard Load upon his Helm.
 Sick Sweat succeeds, he drops at ev'ry Pore,
 With driving Dust his Cheeks are pasted o'er.
 Shorter and shorter ev'ry Gasp he takes, 1100
 And vain Efforts, and hurtless Blows he makes.
 Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
 Plung'd in the Flood, and made the Waters fly.
 The yellow God, the welcome Burthen bore,
 And wip'd the Sweat, and wash'd away the Gore: 1105
 Then gently wafts him to the farther Coast;
 And sends him safe to cheer his anxious Host.



The







The Tenth Book of the

Æ N E I • S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calling a Council of the Gods, forbids them to engage in either Party. At Æneas's Return there is a bloody Battel: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is describ'd as an Atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous Youth: The different Actions and Death of these two, are the Subject of a Noble Episode.



THE Gates of Heav'n unfold; Jove summons all

The Gods to Council, in the Common Hall.

Sublimely seated he surveys from far

The Fields, the Camp, the Fortune of the War;

And all th' inferior World: From first to last

The Sov'reign Senate in Degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' Almighty Sire began: Ye Gods,

Natives, or Denizons, of blest Abodes;

From

From whence these Murmurs, and this change of Mind,
This backward Fate from what was first design'd? 10

Why this protracted War? When my Commands
Pronounc'd a Peace, and gave the *Latian* Lands.

What Fear or Hope on either Part divides

Our Heav'ns, and Arms our Pow'rs on diff'rent Sides?

A lawful Time of War at length will come, 15

(Nor need your haste anticipate the Doom,)

When *Carthage* shall contend the World with *Rome*:

Shall force the rigid Rocks, and *Alpine* Chains;

And like a Flood come pouring on the Plains.

Then is your time for Faction and Debate, 20

For partial Favour, and permitted Hate.

Let now your immature Diffusion cease:

Sit quiet, and compose your Souls to Peace.

Thus *Jupiter* in few unfolds the Charge:

But lovely *Venus* thus replies at large. 25

O Pow'r immense, Eternal Energy!

(For to what else Protection can we fly,)

Seest thou the proud *Rutulians*, how they dare

In Fields, unpunish'd, and insult my Care?

How lofty *Turnus* vaunts amidst his Train, 30

In shining Arms triumphant on the Plain?

Ev'n in their Lines and Trenches they contend;

And scarce their Walls the *Trojan* Troops defend:

The Town is fill'd with Slaughter, and o'erflows,
With a red Deluge, their increasing Moats.

35

Aeneas ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a Camp expos'd, without Defence.

This endless Outrage shall they still sustain?

Shall *Troy* renew'd be fore'd, and fir'd again?

A second Siege my banish'd Issue fears,

40

And a new *Diomedes* in Arms appears.

One more audacious Mortal will be found;

And I thy Daughter wait another Wound.

Yet, if with Fates averse, without thy Leave,

The *Latian* Lands my Progeny receive;

35

Bear they the Pains of violated Law,

And thy Protection from their Aid withdraw.

But if the Gods their sure Success foretel,

If those of Heav'n consent with those of Hell,

To promise *Italy*; who dare debate

50

The Pow'r of *Jove*, or fix another Fate?

What shou'd I tell of Tempests on the Main,

Of *Eolus* usurping *Neptune's* Reign?

Of *Iris* sent; with *Bacchanalian* Heat,

T' inspire the Matrons, and destroy the Fleet.

55

Now *Juno* to the *Stygian* Sky descends,

Solicites Hell for Aid, and arms the Fiends,

That new Example wanted yet above:

An Act that well became the Wife of *Jove*.

Aeneas,

Aleto, rais'd by her, with Rage inflames 60
 The peaceful *Bosoras* of the *Latian* Dames.
 Imperial Sway no more exalts my Mind!
 (Such hopes I had indeed, while Heav'n was kind)
 Now let my happier Foes possess my place,
 Whom *Jove* prefers before the *Trojan* Race; 65 }
 And conquer they, whom you with Conquest grace.
 Since you can spare, from all your wide Command:
 No spot of Earth, no hospitable Land,
 Which may my wand'ring Fugitives receive;
 (Since haughty *Juno* will not give you leave) 70
 Then, Father, (if I still may use that Name)
 By ruin'd *Troy*, yet smoking from the Flame,
 I beg you let *Ascanius*, by my Care,
 Be freed from Danger, and dismiss'd the War:
 Inglorious let him live, without a Crown; 75 }
 The Father may be cast on Coasts unknown,
 Struggling with Fate; but let me save the Son.
 Mine is *Cythera*, mine the *Cyprian* Tow'rs;
 In those Recesses, and those sacred Bow'rs,
 Obscurely let him rest; his Right resign 80
 To promis'd Empire, and his *Julian* Line.
 Then *Carthage* may th' *Ausonian* Towns destroy,
 Nor fear the Race of a rejected Boy.
 What profits it my Son, to scape the Fire,
 Arm'd with his Gods, and loaded with his Sire; 85
 To

To pass the Perils of the Seas and Wind ;
Evade the *Greeks*, and leave the War behind ;
To reach th' *Italian* Shores : If after all,
Our second *Pergamus* is doom'd to fall ?
Much better had he curb'd his high Desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd Fires.
To *Simois*' Banks the Fugitives restore,
And give them back to War, and all the Woes before.

90

Deep Indignation swell'd *Saturnia*'s Heart :
And must I own, she said, my secret Smart ?
What with more decency were in silence kept,
And but for this unjust Reproach had slept.
Did God, or Man, your Fav'rite Son advise,
With War unhop'd the *Latians* to surprise ?
By Fate you boast, and by the Gods Decree,
He left his Native Land for *Italy* :
Confess the Truth, by mad *Cassandra*, more
Than Heav'n inspir'd, he sought a foreign Shore ?
Did I persuade to trust his second *Troy*
To the raw Conduct of a beardless Boy ?
With Walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And thro' the Waves a wand'ring Voyage takes ?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The *Tuscan* Aid, and arm a quiet Land ?
Did I or *Iris* give this mad Advice,
Or made the Fool himself the fatal Choice ?

95

100

105

110

You

You think it hard, the *Latians* shou'd destroy
 With Swords your *Trojans*, and with Fires your *Troy*:
 Hard and unjust indeed, for Men to draw
 Their Native Air, nor take a foreign Law: 115
 That *Turnus* is permitted still to live,
 To whom his Birth a God and Goddeſs give:
 But yet 'tis juſt and lawful for your Line,
 To drive their Fields, and Force with Fraud to join.
 Realms, not your own, among your Clans divide, 120
 And from the Bridegroom tear the promis'd Bride:
 Petition, while you publick Arms prepare;
 Pretend a Peace, and yet provoke a War.
 'Twas giv'n to you, your darling Son to ſhrowd,
 To draw the Daſtard from the fighting Crowd; 125
 And for a Man obtend an empty Cloud.
 From ſtamping Fleets you turn'd the Fire away,
 And chang'd the Ships to Daughters of the Sea.
 But 'tis my Crime, the Queen of Heav'n offends,
 If ſhe preſume to ſave her ſuff'ring Friends. 130
 Your Son, not knowing what his Foes decree,
 You ſay is abſent: Abſent let him be.
 Yours is *Cythera*, yours the *Cyprian* Tow'rs;
 The ſoft Receſſes, and the Sacred Bow'rs.
 Why do you then theſe needleſs Arms prepare, 135
 And thus provoke a People-prone to War?

Did I with Fire the *Trojan* Town deface,
 Or hinder from return your exil'd Race?
 Was I the Cause of Mischief, or the Man,
 Whose lawless Lust the fatal War began? 140
 Think on whose Faith th' Adult'rous Youth rely'd;
 Who promis'd, who procur'd the *Spartan* Bride?
 When all th' united States of *Greece* combin'd,
 To purge the World of the perfidious Kind;
 Then was your time to fear the *Trojan* Fate: 145
 Your Quarrels and Complaints are now too late.

Thus *Juno*. Murmurs rise, with mix'd Applause;
 Just as they favour, or dislike the Cause:
 So Winds, when yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,
 In whispers first their tender Voices try: 150
 Then issue on the Main with bellowing rage,
 And Storms to trembling Mariners presage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' Imperial God,
 Who shakes Heav'n's Axles with his awful Nod:
 (When he begins, the silent Senate stand 155
 With Rev'rence, list'ning to the dread Command:
 The Clouds dispel; the Winds their Breath restrain;
 And the hush'd Waves lie flatted on the Main.)

Celestials! Your attentive Ears incline;
 Since, said the God, the *Trojans* must not join 160
 In wish'd Alliance with the *Latian* Line.

Since endless Jarrings, and immortal Hate,
Tend but to discompose our happy State;
The War henceforward be resign'd to Fate.
Each to his proper Fortune stand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.

2
3
165

Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the Lots their Fates decree.
Let these assault; if Fortune be their Friend;
And if she favours those, let those defend:
The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer said;
And shook the sacred Honours of his Head;
Attesting *Styx*, th' inviolable Flood,
And the black Regions of his Brother God:
Trembled the Poles of Heav'n; and Earth confess'd the
This end the Sessions had: The Senate rise,
And to his Palace wait their Sov'raign thro' the Skies.

170

Nod.

176

Mean time, intent upon their Siege, the Foes
Within their Walls the *Trojan* Host inclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry Gate:
Renew the Fires, and urge their happy Fate.

180

Th' *Æneans* wish in vain their wanted Chief,
Hopeless of Flight, more hopeless of Relief;
Thin on the Tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected Crew:
Yet in the face of Danger some there stood:
The two bold Brothers of *Sarpedon's* Blood.

185

Asius

Afius, and *Acmon*: both th' *Affaraci*;

Young *Hamon*, and tho' young, resolv'd to dye.

With these were *Clarus* and *Thymetes* join'd; 190

Tibris and *Castor*, both of *Eycian* Kind.

From *Acmon's* Hands a rowling Stone there came,

So large, it half deserv'd a Mountain's Name!

Strong finew'd was the Youth, and big of Bone,

His Brother *Mnestheus* cou'd not more have done:

Or the great Father of th' intrepid Son. 196

Some Firebrands throw, some flights of Arrows send;

And some with Darts, and some with Stones defend.

Amid the Press appears the beauteous Boy,

The Care of *Venus*, and the Hope of *Troy*,

His lovely Face unarm'd, his Head was bare,

In ringlets o'er his Shoulders hung his Hair.

His Forehead circled with a Diadem;

Distinguish'd from the Crowd he shines a Gem,

Enchas'd in Gold, or Polish'd Iv'ry set, 205

Amidst the meaner foil of sable Jet.

Nor *Ismarus* was wanting to the War,

Directing Ointed Arrows from afar;

And Death with Poison arm'd: In *Lydia* born,

Where plenteous Harvests the fat Fields adorn: 210

Where proud *Pactolus* floats the fruitful Lands,

And leaves a rich manure of Golden Sands.

There

There *Capys*, Author of the *Capuan* Name:

And there was *Mnestheus* too increas'd in Fame: 214

Since *Turnus* from the Camp He cast with shame.

Thus Mortal War was wag'd on either side.

Mean time the Heroe cuts the nightly Tide:

For, anxious, from *Evander* when he went,

He fought the *Tyrrhene* Camp, and *Tarchon's* Tent;

Expos'd the Cause of coming to the Chief; 220

His Name, and Country told, and ask'd Relief:

Propos'd the Terms; his own small Strength declar'd,

What Vengeance proud *Mexentius* had prepar'd:

What *Turnus*, bold and violent, design'd;

Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of Humane-kind, 225

And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:

And to his wholsom Counsel added Pray'r.

Tarchon, without delay, the Treaty signs;

And to the *Trojan* Troops the *Tuscan* joins. 229

They soon set sail; nor now the Fates withstand;

Their Forces trusted with a Foreign Hand.

Æneas leads; upon his Stern appear

Two Lions carv'd, which rising *Ida* Bear:

Ida, to wand'ring *Trojans* ever dear. 235

Under their grateful Shade *Æneas* fate,

Revolving Wars Events, and various Fate,

His left young *Pallas* kept, fix'd to his side,

And oft of Winds enquir'd, and of the Tyde:

Oft of the Stars, and of their wat'ry Way;
And what he suffer'd both by Land and Sea. 240

Now sacred Sisters open all your Spring,
The *Tuscan* Leaders, and their Army sing;
Which follow'd great *Æneas* to the War:
Their Arms, their Numbers, and their Names declare.

A thousand Youths brave *Massicus* obey. 245
Born in the *Tyger*, thro' the foaming Sea;
From *Asium* brought, and *Cosa*, by his Care;
For Arms, light Quivers, Bows, and Shafts they bear.
Fierce *Abas* next, his Men bright Armour wore;
His Stern, *Apollo's* Golden Statue bore. 250

Six hundred *Populonea* sent along,
All skill'd in Martial Exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for Battel *Iluu* joins,
An Isle renown'd for Steel, and unexhausted Mines.

Afllas on his Prow the third appears, 255
Who Heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring Stars:

From offer'd Entrails Prodigies expounds,
And Peals of Thunder, with presaging Sounds.
A thousand Spears in warlike Order stand,
Sent by the *Pisans* under his Command. 260

Fair *Astur* follows in the wat'ry Field,
Proud of his manag'd Horse, and painted Shield.
Gravisca noisom from the neighb'ring Fen,
And his own *Cære* sent three hundred Men:

With

With those which *Mimio's* Fields, and *Pyrgi* gave; 265
All bred in Arms, unanimous and brave.

Thou Muse the Name of *Cinyras* renew ;
And brave *Cupavo* follow'd but by few:
Whose Helm confess'd the Lineage of the Man,
And bore, with Wings display'd, a silver Swan. 270
Love was the fault of his fam'd Ancestry,
Whose Forms, and Fortunes in his Ensigns fly.
For *Cygnus* lov'd unhappy *Phaeton*,
And sung his Loss in Poplar Groves, alone;
Beneath the Sister shades to sooth his Grief: 275
Heav'n heard his Song, and hasten'd his Relief:
And chang'd to snowy Plumes his hoary Hair,
And wing'd his Flight, to chant aloft in Air.
His Son *Cupavo* brush'd the briny Flood:
Upon his Stern a brawny *Centaur* stood, 280
Who heav'd a Rock, and threat'ning still to throw,
With lifted Hands, alarm'd the Seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable Sight,
And row'd their Billows on, to speed his Flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his Native Train, 285
Of hardy Warriors, thro' the wat'ry Plain.
The Son of *Manto*, by the *Tuscan* Stream,
From whence the *Mantuan* Town derives the Name,
An ancient City, but of mix'd Descent,
Three sev'ral Tribes compose the Government. 290

Four Towns are under each; but all obey
The *Mantuan* Laws, and own the *Tuscan* Sway.

Hate to *Mezentius*, arm'd five hundred more,
Whom *Mincius* from his Sire *Benacus* bore; } 294
(*Mincius* with Wreaths of Reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.)

These grave *Asiotes* leads. A hundred sweep,
With stretching Oars at once the glassy deep:
Him, and his Martial Train, the *Triton* bears,
High on his Poop the Sea-green God appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked Shell to sound, } 300
And at the blast the Billows dance around.

A hairy Man above the Waste he shows,
A *Porpoise* Tail beneath his Belly grows;
And ends a Fish: His Breast the Waves divides,
And Froth and Foam augment the murm'ring Tides.

Full thirty Ships transport the chosen Train, } 306
For *Troy's* Relief, and scour the briny Main.

Now was the World forsaken by the Sun,
And *Phæbe* half her nightly Race had run.
The careful Chief, who never clos'd his Eyes, } 310
Himself the Rudder holds, the Sails supplies.

A Choir of *Nereids* meet him on the Flood,
Once his own Gallies, hewn from *Ida's* Wood:
But now as many Nymphs the Sea they sweep,
As rode before tall Vessels on the Deep. } 315

They

They know him from afar; and in a Ring
 Inclose the Ship that bore the *Trojan* King.
Cymodoce, whose Voice excell'd the rest,
 Above the Waves advanc'd her snowy Breast,
 Her right Hand stops the Stern, her left divides 320
 The curling Ocean, and corrects the Tides:
 She spoke for all the Choir; and thus began
 With pleasing Words to warn th' unknowing Man.
 Sleeps our lov'd Lord? O Goddess-born! awake,
 Spread ev'ry Sail, pursue your wat'ry Track; 325
 And haste your Course. Your Navy once were we,
 From *Ida's* Height descending to the Sea:
 Till *Turnus*, as at Anchor fix'd we stood,
 Presum'd to violate our holy Wood.
 Then loos'd from Shore we fled his Fires prophane;
 (Unwillingly we broke our Master's Chain) 331
 And since have fought you thro' the *Tuscan* Main.
 The mighty Mother chang'd our Forms to these,
 And gave us Life Immortal in the Seas.
 But young *Ascanius*, in his Camp distress'd, 335
 By your insulting Foes is hardly press'd.
 Th' *Arcadian* Horsemen, and *Etrurian* Host
 Advance in order on the *Latian* Coast:
 To cut their way the *Daunian* Chief designs,
 Before their Troops can reach the *Trojan* Lines. 340

Thou,

Thou, when the roſie Morn reſtores the Light,
 Firſt arm thy Soldiers for th' enſuing Fight:
 Thy ſelf the fated Sword of *Vulcan* wield,
 And bear aloft th' impenetrable Shield.

To Morrow's Sun; unleſs my Skill be vain,

345

Shall ſee huge Heaps of Foes in Battel ſlain.

Parting, ſhe ſpoke; and with Immortal Force,

Push'd on the Veſſel in her wat'ry Courſe:

(For well ſhe knew the Way) impell'd behind,

The Ship flew forward, and outſtript the Wind.

350

The reſt make up : unknowing of the Cauſe

The Chief admires their Speed, and happy Omens draws.

' Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on Heav'n his Eyes ;

Hear thou, great Mother of the Deities,

With Turrets crown'd, (on *Ida's* holy Hill,

355

Fierce Tygers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy Will.)

Firm thy own Omens, lead us on to fight,

And let thy *Phrygians* conquer in thy right.

He ſaid no more. And now renewing Day

Had chas'd the Shadows of the Night away.

360

He charg'd the Soldiers with preventing Care,

Their Flags to follow, and their Arms prepare ;

Warn'd of th' enſuing Fight, and bad 'em hope the War.

Now, from his lofty Poop, he view'd below

His Camp incompaſs'd, and th' incloſing Foe.

365

His blazing Shield imbrac'd, he held on high;
The Camp receive the Sign, and with loud Shouts reply.
Hope arms their Courage: From their Tow'rs they throw
Their Darts with double Force, and drive the Foe.
Thus, at the Signal giv'n, the Cranes arise 370
Before the stormy South, and blacken all the Skies.

King *Turnus* wonder'd at the Fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the *Trojan* Fleet he view'd:
The Seas with swelling Canvass cover'd o'er;
And the swift Ships descending on the Shore. 375
The *Latians* saw from far, with dazled Eyes,
The radiant Crest that seem'd in Flames to rise,
And dart diffusive Fires around the Field;
And the keen glitt'ring of the Golden Shield. 379

Thus threat'ning Comets, when by Night they rise,
Shoot sanguine Streams, and sadden all the Skies:
So *Sirius*, flashing forth sinister Lights,
Pale human kind with Plagues, and with dry Famine frights.
Yet *Turnus*, with undaunted Mind is bent
To man the Shores, and hinder their Descent: 385
And thus awakes the Courage of his Friends.
What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune sends:
In ardent Arms to meet th'invading Foe:
You find, and find him at Advantage now.
Yours is the Day, you need but only dare: 390
Your Swords will make you Masters of the War.

Your

Your Sires, your Sons, your Houses, and your Lands,
And dearest Wives, are all within your Hands.

Be mindful of the Race from whence you came;
And emulate in Arms your Father's Fame.

395

Now take the Time, while flagg'ring yet they stand
With Feet unfirm; and prepossess the Strand:

Fortune befriends the bold. No more he said,
But ballanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:

Then these elects, the Landing to prevent;

400

And those he leaves to keep the City pent.

Mean time the Trojan sends his Troops ashore:
Some are by Boats expos'd, by Bridges more.

With lab'ring Oars they bear along the Strand,
Where the Tide languishes, and leap a-land.

405

Tarchon observes the Coast with careful Eyes,
And where no Foord he finds, no Water fries,
Nor Billows with unequal Murmur roar,

But smoothly slide along, and swell the Shoar;
That Course he steer'd, and thus he gave command,

Here ply your Oars, and at all hazard land:

411

Force on the Vessel, that her Keel may wound
This hated Soil, and furrow hostile Ground.

Let me securely land, I ask no more,

Then sink my Ships, or shatter on the Shore.

415

This fiery Speech inflames his fearful Friends,
They tug at ev'ry Oar; and ev'ry Stretcher bends:

They run their Ships aground, the Vessels knock,
(Thus forc'd ashore) and tremble with the shock.

Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood,

420

Stuck on a Bank, and beaten by the Flood.

She breaks her Back, the loosen'd Sides give way,

And plunge the *Tuscan* Soldiers in the Sea.

Their broken Oars, and floating Planks withstand

Their Passage, while they labour to the Land;

425

And ebbing Tides bear back upon th' uncertain Sand.

Now *Turnus* leads his Troops, without delay,

Advancing to the Margin of the Sea.

The Trumpets sound: *Æneas* first assail'd

429

The Clowns new rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.

Great *Theron* fell, an Omen of the Fight:

Great *Theron* large of Limbs, of Giant height.

He first in open Fields defy'd the Prince,

But Armour scal'd with Gold was no Defence;

Against the fated Sword, which open'd wide

435

His plated Shield, and pierc'd his naked side.

Next, *Lycas* fell; who, not like others born,

Was from his wretched Mother rip'd and torn:

Sacred, O *Phæbus*! from his Birth to thee,

For his beginning Life from biting Steel was free.

440

Not far from him was *Gyas* laid along,

Of monstrous Bulk; with *Cisseus* fierce and strong:





Vain Bulk and Strength; for when the Chief assail'd.

Nor Valour, nor *Herculean* Arms avail'd;

Nor their fam'd Father, wont in War to go

445

With great *Alcides*, while he toil'd below.

The noisie *Pharos* next receiv'd his Death,

Aeneas writh'd his Dart, and stopp'd his bawling Breath.

Then wretched *Cydon* had receiv'd his Doom,

Who courted *Clytus* in his beardless Bloom,

450

And fought with lust obscene polluted Joys:

The *Trojan* Sword had cur'd his love of Boys,

Had not his sev'n bold Brethren stop'd the Course

Of the fierce Champion, with united Force.

Sev'n Darts are thrown at once, and some rebound

455

From his bright Shield, some on his Helmet sound:

The rest had reach'd him, but his Mother's Care

Prevented those, and turn'd aside in Air.

The Prince then call'd *Achates*, to supply

The Spears, that knew the way to Victory.

460

Those fatal Weapons, which inur'd to Blood,

In *Grecian* Bodies under *Ilium* stood:

Not one of those my Hand shall toss in vain

Against our Foes, on this contended Plain.

He said: Then seiz'd a mighty Spear, and threw;

465

Which, wing'd with Fate, thro' *Maon's* Buckler flew:

Pierc'd all the brazen Plates, and reach'd his Heart:

He stagger'd with intolerable Smart.

Alcanor saw ; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping Hand, his Brother to sustain.

470

A second Spear, which kept the former Course,
From the same Hand, and sent with equal Force,
His right Arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.

Then *Nunitor*, from his dead Brother drew
Th' ill-omen'd Spear, and at the *Trojan* threw:
Preventing Fate directs the Lance avery,

475

Which glancing, only mark'd *Achates* Thigh.

In Pride of Youth the *Sabine Clausus* came,
And from afar, at *Dryas* took his Aim.

480

The Spear flew hissing thro' the middle Space,
And pierc'd his Throat, directed at his Face:

It stop'd at once the Passage of his Wind,

485

And the free Soul to flitting Air resign'd:

His Forehead was the first that struck the Ground ;
Life-blood and Life rush'd mingled thro' the Wound.

He slew three Brothers of the *Borean* Race,
And three, whom *Ismarus*, their Native Place,
Had sent to War, but all the Sons of *Thrace*.

}

Halesus next, the bold *Aurunxi* leads ;

490

The Son of *Neptune* to his Aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his Horse: On either Hand
These fight to keep, and those to win the Land.

With

With mutual Blood th' *Ausonian* Soil is dy'd,
While on its Borders each their Claim decide. 499

As wint'ry Winds contending in the Sky,
With equal force of Luags their Titles try :
They rage, they roar ; the doubtful rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tyde undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield ; 500
They long suspend the Fortune of the Field.
Both Armies thus perform what Courage can:
Foot set to Foot, and mingled Man to Man.

But in another part, th' *Arcadian* Horse,
With ill Success engage the *Latin* Force. 505
For where th' impetuous Torrent rushing down,
Huge craggy Stones, and rooted Trees had thrown:
They left their Coursers, and unus'd to Fight
On Foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with Disdain and Grief, had view'd 510
His Foes pursuing, and his Friends pursu'd ;
Us'd Threatnings mix'd with Pray'rs, his last Resource;
With these to move their Minds, with these to fire their Force.
Which way, Companions! Whither wou'd you run ?
By you your selves, and mighty Battels won ; 516
By my great Sire, by his establish'd Name,
And early promise of my Future Fame;
By my Youth enulous of equal Right,
To share his Honours, shun ignoble Flight. 520

Trust not your Feet, your Hands must hew your way
Thro' yon black Body, and that thick Array:

Tis thro' that forward Path that we must come:

There lies our Way, and that our Passage home.

Nor Pow'rs above, nor Destinies below,

525

Oppress our Arms; with equal Strength we go;

With Mortal Hands to meet a Mortal Foe.

See on what Foot we stand: A scanty Shore;

The Sea behind, our Enemies before:

No Passage left, unless we swim the Main;

Or forcing these, the *Trojan* Trenches gain.

530

This said, he strode with eager haste along,

And bore amidst the thickest of the Throng.

Lagus, the first he met, with Fate to Foe,

Had heav'd a Stone of mighty weight to throw:

Stooping, the Spear descended on his Chin,

535

Just where the Bone distinguish'd either Loin:

It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,

That scarce the Victor forc'd the Steel away.

Hisbon came on; but while he mov'd too slow

To wish'd Revenge, the Prince prevents his Blow:

For warding his at once, at once he press'd;

540

And plung'd the fatal Weapon in his Breast.

Then leud *Anchemolus* he laid in Dust,

Who stain'd his Stepdam's Bed with impious Lust.

And

And after him the *Daunian* Twins were slain,

545

Laris and *Thimbrus*, on the *Latian* Plain:

So wond'rous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,

As caus'd an Error in their Parents Eyes.

Grateful Mistake! but soon the Sword decides

The nice Distinction, and their Fate divides.

550

For *Thimbrus* Head was lop'd: and *Laris* Hand

Dismember'd, fought its owner on the Strand:

The trembling Fingers yet the Fauchion strain,

And threaten still th' intended Stroke in vain.

554

Now, to renew the Charge, th' *Arcadians* came:

Sight of such Acts, and sense of honest Shame,

And Grief, with Anger mix'd, their Minds inflame.

Then, with a casual Blow was *Rhoetus* slain,

Who chanc'd, as *Pallas* threw, to cross the Plain:

The flying Spear was after *Ulus* sent,

560

But *Rhoetus* happen'd on a Death unmeant:

From *Teuthras*, and from *Tyres* while he fled,

The Lance, athwart his Body, laid him dead:

Rowl'd from his Chariot with a Mortal Wound,

And intercepted Fate, he spurn'd the Ground.

565

As, when in Summer, welcome Winds arise,

The watchful Shepherd to the Forest flies,

And fires the midmost Plants; Contagion spreads,

And catching Flames infect the neighb'ring Heads;

Around the Forest flies the furious Blast,
 And all the leafie Nation sinks at last;
 And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o'er the Wast;
 The Pastor pleas'd with his dire Victory,
 Beholds the satiate Flames in Sheets ascend the Sky:
 So *Pallas'* Troops their scatter'd Strength unite; 575
 And pouring on their Foes, their Prince delight.

Halefus came, fierce with desire of Blood,
 (But first collected in his Arms he stood)
 Advancing then, he ply'd the Spear so well,
Ladon, *Demodocus*, and *Pheros* fell: 580
 Around his Head he toss'd his glitt'ring Brand,
 And from *Strymonius* hew'd his better Hand,
 Held up to guard his Throat: Then hurl'd a Stone
 At *Thoon* ample Front, and pierc'd the Bone:
 It struck beneath the space of either Eye, 585
 And Blood, and mingled Brains, together fly.
 Deep skill'd in future Fates, *Halefus* Sire,
 Did with the Youth to lonely Groves retire:
 But when the Father's Mortal Race was run,
 Dire Destiny laid hold upon the Son, 590
 And haul'd him to the War: to find beneath
 Th' *Evandrian* Spear, a memorable Death.

Pallas th' Encounter seeks, but e'er he throws,
 To *Tuscan* *Tyber* thus address'd his Vows:

Q sacred Stream, direct my flying Dart; 595

And give to pass the proud *Halefus* Heart:

His Arms and Spoils thy holy Oak shall bear.

Pleas'd with the Bribe, the God receiv'd his Pray'r.

For while his Shield protects a Friend distress'd,

The Dart came driving on, and pierc'd his Breast. 600

But *Lausus*, no small Portion of the War,

Permits not Panick Fear to reign too far,

Caus'd by the Death of so renown'd a Knight:

But by his own Example cheers the Fight.

Fierce *Abas* first he slew, *Abas*, the Day 605

Of Trojan Hopes, and hind'rance of the Day.

The *Phrygian* Troops escap'd the *Greeks* in vain,

They, and their mix'd Allies, now load the Plain.

To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,

Their Leaders equal, and their Strength the same. 610

The Rear so press'd the Front, they could not wield

Their angry Weapons, to dispute the Field.

Here *Pallas* urges on, and *Lausus* there,

Of equal Youth and Beauty both appear,

But both by Fate forbid to breath their Native Air.

Their Congress in the Field great *Jove* withstands,

Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater Hands.

Mean time *Juturna* warns the *Dawnian* Chief

Of *Lausus*' Danger, urging swift Relief.

With his driv'n Chariot he divides the Crowd, 620
 And making to his Friends, thus calls aloud;
 Let none presume his needless Aid to join;
 Retire, and clear the Field, the Fight is mine:
 To this right Hand is *Pallas* only due:
 Oh were his Father here my just Revenge to view!
 From the forbidden Space his Men retir'd; 626
Pallas, their Awe, and his stern Words admir'd:
 Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,
 Struck with his haughty Meen, and tow'ring Height.
 Then to the King; your empty Vaunts forbear: 630
 Success I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
 Alive or dead, I shall deserve a Name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.
 He said, and to the void advanc'd his Pace;
 Pale Horror sate on each *Arcadian* Face, 635
 Then *Turnus*, from his Chariot leaping light,
 Address'd himself on Foot to single Fight.
 And, as a Lion, when he spies from far
 A Bull, that seems to meditate the War;
 Bending his Neck, and spurning back the Sand, 640
 Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand:
 Imagine eager *Turnus* not more slow,
 To rush from high on his unequal Foe.
 Young *Pallas*, when he saw the Chief advance
 Within due distance of his flying Lance; 645
 Pre-

Prepares to charge him first: Resolv'd to try
If Fortune wou'd his want of Force supply.
And thus to Heav'n and *Hercules* address'd.
Alcides, once on Earth *Evander's* Guest,
His Son adjures you by those Holy Rites, 650
That hospitable Board, those Genial Nights;
Assist my great Attempt to gain this Prize,
And let proud *Turnus* view, with dying Eyes,
His ravish'd Spoils. 'Twas heard, the vain Request;
Alcides mourn'd; and stifled Sighs within his Breast.
Then *Jove*, to sooth his Sorrow, thus began, 656
Short bounds of Life are set to Mortal Man.
'Tis Virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow Span.
So many Sons of Gods in bloody Fight,
Around the Walls of *Troy*, have lost the Light: 660
My own *Sarpedon* fell beneath his Foe.
Nor I, his mighty Sire, cou'd ward the Blow.
Ev'n *Turnus* shortly shall resign his Breath;
And stands already on the Verge of Death.
This said, the God permits the fatal Fight, 666
But from the *Latian* Fields averts his fight.

Now with full Force his Spear young *Pallas* threw;
And having thrown, his shining Fauchion drew:
The Steel just graz'd along the Shoulder Joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing Point. 670

Fierce *Turnus* first to nearer distance drew,
 And poiz'd his pointed Spear before he threw:
 Then, as the winged Weapon whiz'd along;
 See now, said he, whose Arm is better strung.
 The Spear kept on the fatal Course, unstay'd
 By Plates of Iron, which o'er the Shield were laid:
 Thro' folded Brass, and tough Bull-hides it pass'd,
 His Croslet pierc'd, and reach'd his Heart at last.
 In vain the Youth tugs at the broken Wood,
 The Soul comes issuing with the vital Blood:
 He falls; his Arms upon his Body found;
 And with his bloody Teeth he bites the Ground.

675

680

685

690

695

Turnus bestrode the Corps: *Artadius* hear,
 Said he; my Message to your Master bear:
 Such as the Sire deserv'd, the Son I send:
 It costs him dear to be the *Phrygians* Friend.
 The lifeless Body, tell him, I bestow
 Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring Ghost below.
 He said, and trampled down with all the Force
 Of his left Foot, and spurn'd the wretched Corpse:
 Then snatch'd the shining Belt, with Gold inlaid;
 The Belt *Enrytion's* artful Hands had made:
 Where fifty fatal Brides, express'd to fight,
 All, in the compass of one mournful Night,
 Depriv'd their Bridegrooms of returning Light.

In





In an ill Hour insulking *Turnus* tore
 Those Golden Spoils, and in a worse he wore.
 O Mortals! blind in Fate, who never know
 To bear high Fortune, or endure the low!
 The Time shall come, when *Turnus*, but in vain, 700
 Shall with untouch'd the Trophies of the slain:
 Shall with the fatal Belt were far away;
 And curse the dire Remembrance of the Day.

The sad *Arcadians* from th' unhappy Field,
 Bear back the breathless Body on a Shield. 705
 O Grace and Grief of War! at once restor'd
 With Praises to thy Sire, at once deplor'd
 One Day first sent thee to the fighting Field,
 Beheld whole heaps of Foes in Battel kill'd; 710 }
 One Day beheld thee dead, and born upon thy Shield.
 This dismal News, not from uncertain Fame,
 But sad Spectators, to the Heroe came:
 His Friends upon the brink of Ruin stand,
 Unless reliev'd by his victorious Hand.
 He whirls his Sword around, without delay, 715
 And hews through adverse Foes an ample Way;
 To find fierce *Turnus*, of his Conquest proud:
Evander, *Pallas*, all that Friendship ow'd
 To large Deserts, are present to his Eyes;
 His plighted Hand, and hospitable Ties. 720

Four Sons of *Sulmo*, four whom *Ufens* bred,
 He took in Fight; and living Victims led,
 To please the Ghost of *Pallas*, and expire
 A Sacrifice, before his Fun'ral Fire.

But *Magus* next he threw: He stoop'd below 725
 The flying Spear, and shun'd the promis'd Blow.

Then creeping, clasp'd the Hero's Knees, and pray'd:

O young *Iulus*, by thy Father's Shade,

Spare my Life, and send me back to see

My longing Sire, and tender Progeny. 730

A lofty House I have, and Wealth untold,

Silver Ingots, and in Bars of Gold:

All these, and Sums besides, which see no Day,

He Ransom of this one poor Life shall pay.

I survive, shall *Troy* the less prevail? 735

A single Soul's too light to turn the Scale.

He said. The Heroe sternly thus reply'd:

By Bars, and Ingots, and the Sums beside,

Save for thy Childrens Lot. Thy *Turnus* broke

All Rules of War, by one relentless Stroke, 740

When *Pallas* fell: So deems, nor deems alone,

By Father's Shadow, but my living Son.

Thus having said, of kind Remorse bereft,

He seiz'd his Helm, and drag'd him with his left:

Then with his right Hand, while his Neck he wreath'd,

Up to the Hilt his shining Fauchion sheath'd. 745

Apollo's

Apollo's Priest, Harmonides, was near,

His holy Fillets on his Front appear;

Glitt'ring in Arms he shone amidst the Crowd;

Much of his God, more of his Purple proud:

750

Him the fierce *Trojan* follow'd thro' the Field;

The holy Coward fell: and forc'd to yield,

The Prince stood o'er the Priest; and at one Blow,

Sent him an Off'ring to the Shades below.

His Arms *Seresthus* on his Shoulders bears,

755

Design'd a Trophee to the God of Wars.

Vulcanian Caculus renews the Fight;

And *Umbro* born upon the Mountain's Height.

The Champion cheers his Troops t' encounter those;

And seeks Revenge himself on other Foes.

760

At *Anxur's* Shield he drove, and at the Blow,

Both Shield and Arm to Ground together go.

Anxur had boasted much of magick Charms,

And thought he wore impenetrable Arms;

So made by mutter'd Spells: And from the Spheres,

765

Had Life secur'd, in vain, for length of Years.

Then *Tarquitus* the Field in Triumph trod;

A Nymph his Mother, and his Sire a God.

Exulting in bright Arms he braves the Prince;

With his portended Lance he makes defence:

770

Bears back his feeble Foe; then pressing on,

Arrests his better Hand, and drags him down.

Stands

Stands o'er the prostrate Wretch, and as he lay,
 Vain Tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
 Mows off his Head, the Trunk a Moment stood,
 Then sunk, and rowl'd along the Sand in Blood.

775

The vengeful Victor thus upbraid's the slain ;
 Lye there, proud Man, unpity'd on the Plain :
 Lye there, inglorious, and without a Tomb,
 Far from thy Mother, and thy Native Home :
 Expos'd to savage Beasts, and Birds of Prey ;
 Or thrown for Food to Monsters of the Sea,

789

On *Lycas* and *Anteus* next he ran,
 Two Chiefs of *Thynus*, and who led his Van.
 They fled for Fear ; with these he chas'd along,
Camers the yellow look'd, and *Nume* strong,
 Both great in Arms, and both were fair, and young :
Camers was Son to *Vulcan*, lately slain ;
 In Wealth surpassing all the *Latian* Traits,
 And in *Amycla* fix'd his silent easie Reign.

785

790

And as *Ægeon*, when with Heav'n he strove,
 Stood opposite in Arms to mighty *Jove* ;
 Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,
 Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar :
 At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,
 And Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires :
 In his right Hand as many Swords he wields,
 And takes the Thunder on as many Shields :

795

With

With Strength like his the *Trojan* Heroe stood, 799 }
 And soon the Fields with falling Corps were strow'd,
 When once his Fauchion found the Taste of Blood. }

With Fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
 Against *Nipheus*, whom four Coursers drew.
 They when they see the fiery Chief advance,
 And pushing at their Chests his pointed Lance; 807
 Wheel'd with so swift a Motion, mad with Fear,
 They drew their Master headlong from the Chair:
 They stare, they start, nor stop their Course, before
 They bear the bounding Chariot to the Shore,

Now *Lucagus*, and *Liger* fear the Plains, 810 }
 With two white Steeds, but *Liger* holds the Reins,
 And *Lucagus* the lofty Seat maintains, }
 Bold Brethren both, the former war'd in Air
 His flaming Sword; *Æneas* couch'd his Spear,
 Unus'd to Threats, and more unus'd to Fear. 815 }

Then *Liger* thus. Thy Confidence is vain
 To scape from hence, as from the *Trojan* Plain:
 Nor these the Steeds which *Diomedes* bestrode,
 Nor this the Chariot where *Achilles* rode:
 Nor *Venus*' Veil is here, nor *Neptune*'s Shield: 820
 Thy fatal Hour is come; and this the Field.
 Thus *Liger* vainly vaunts: The *Trojan* Peer
 Return'd his Answer with his flying Spear,

As *Lucagus* to lash his Horses bends,
 Prone to the Wheels, and his left Foot protends, 825
 Prepar'd for Fight, the Fatal Dart arrives,
 And thro' the Border of his Buckler drives ;
 Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his Groin ; the deadly Wound,
 Cast from his Chariot, rowl'd him on the Ground.
 Whom thus the Chief upbraids with scornful Spight : 830
 Blame not the Slowness of your Steeds in flight ;
 Vain Shadows did not force their swift Retreat :
 But you your self forsake your empty Seat.
 He said, and seiz'd at once the loos'd Rein,
 (For *Liger* lay already on the Plain 835
 By the same Shock) then stretching out his Hands,
 The Recreant thus his wretched Life demands :
 Now by thy self, O more than mortal Man !
 By her and him from whom thy Breath began,
 Who form'd thee thus Divine, I beg thee spare 840
 This forfeit Life, and hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r.
 Thus much he spoke, and more he wou'd have said,
 But the stern Herbe turn'd aside his Head,
 And cut him short. I hear another Man,
 You talk'd not thus before the Fight began ; 845
 Now take your turn : and, as a Brother shou'd,
 Attend your Brother to the *Stygian* Flood :
 Then thro' his Breast, his fatal Sword he sent,
 And the Soul issu'd at the gaping Vent.

As Storms the Skies, and Torrents tear the Ground, 850

Thus rag'd the Prince, and scatter'd Deaths around :

At length *Ascanius*, and the *Trojan* Train,

Broke from the Camp, so long besieg'd in vain.

Mean time the King of Gods and Mortal Man,

Held Conf'rence with his Queen, and thus began: 855

My Sister-Goddeſs, and well-pleaſing Wife,

Still think you *Venus*' Aid ſupports the Strife;

Suſtains her *Trojans*, or themſelves alone,

With inborn Valour force their Fortune on?

How fierce in Fight, with Courage undecay'd? 860

Judge if ſuch Warriors want immortal Aid.

To whom the Goddeſs with the charming Eyes,

Soft in her Tone ſubmiſſively replies.

Why, O my Sov'reign Lord, whoſe Frown I fear,

And cannot, unconcern'd, your Anger bear; 865

Why urge you thus my Grief? When if I ſtill,

(As once I was) were Miſtreſs of your Will:

From your Almighty Pow'r, your pleaſing Wife

Might gain the Grace of length'ning *Turnus*' Life:

Securely ſnatch him from the fatal Fight, 870

And give him to his aged Father's Sight.

Now let him periſh, ſince you hold it good,

And glut the *Trojans* with his pious Blood.

Yet from our Lineage he derives his Name,

And in the fourth Degree, from God *Pilumnus* came: 875

Yet

Yet he devoutly pays you Rites Divine,
And offers daily Incense at your Shrine,

Then shortly thus the Sov'reign God reply'd;
Since in my Pow'r and Goodness you confide;
If for a little Space, a lengthen'd Span,
You beg Reprieve for this expiring Man :

I grant you leave to take your *Turnus* hence,
From Instant Fate, and can so far dispense.

But if some secret Meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd Youth from destin'd Death: 885
Or if a farther Thought you entertain,
To change the Fates; you feed your Hopes in vain.

To whom the Goddess thus, with weeping Eyes,
And what if that Request your Tongue denies,
Your Heart shou'd grant? and not a short Reprieve, 890
But length of certain Life to *Turnus* give.

Now speedy Death attends the guiltless Youth,
If my presaging Soul divines with Truth.

Which, O! I wish might err thro' causeless Fears,
And you, (for you have Pow'r) prolong his Years: 895

Thus having said, invol'd in Clouds, she flies,
And drives a Storm before her thro' the Skies.

Swift she descends, alighting on the Plain,
Where the fierce Foes a dubious Fight maintain.

Of Air condens'd, a Spectre soon she made, 900
And what *Æneas* was, such seem'd the Shade.

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with *Dardan* Arms, the Phantom bore
His Head aloft, a Plumy Crest he wore:

This Hand appear'd a shining Sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated Shield:

905

With manly Meen He stalk'd along the Ground;
Nor wanted Voice bely'd, nor vaunting Sound.

(Thus haunting Ghosts appear to waking Sight,
Or dreadful Visions in our Dreams by Night.)

The Spectre seems the *Dannian* Chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty Sword in Air:

910

At this advancing *Turnus* hurl'd his Spear;

The Phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for Fear.

Deluded *Turnus* thought the *Trojan* fled,

And with vain Hopes his haughty Fancy fed.

915

Whither, O Coward, (thus he calls aloud,

Nor found he spoke to Wind, and chas'd a Cloud;)

Why thus forsake your Bride? Receive from me

The fated Land you sought so long by Sea.

He said, and brandishing at once his Blade,

920

With eager Pace pursu'd the flying Shade.

By chance a Ship was fasten'd to the Shore,

Which from old *Cleisium* King *Osinus* bore:

The Plank was ready laid for safe ascent;

For Shelter there the trembling Shadow bent:

925

And skip'd, and sculk'd, and under Hatches went.

Exulting *Turnus*, with regardless Haste.

Ascends the Plank, and to the Gally pass'd:

Scarce had he reach'd the Prow, *Saturnia's* Hand

The Haulsers cuts, and sheers the Ship from Land. 930

With Wind in Poop, the Vessel ploughs the Sea,

And measures back with speed her former Way.

Mean time *Aeneas* seeks his absent Foe,

And sends his slaughter'd Troops to Shades below.

The guileful Phantom now forsook the Shroud, 935

And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a Cloud.

Too late young *Turnus* the Delusion found,

Far on the Sea, still making from the Ground.

Then thanks for a Life redeem'd by Shame;

With Sense of Honour stung, and forfeit Fame, 940

Fearful besides of what in Fight had pass'd,

His Hands, and haggard Eyes to Heav'n he cast.

O *Jove!* he cry'd, for what Offence have I

Deserv'd to bear this endless Infamy:

Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I born, 945

How, and with what Reproach shall I return?

Shall ever I behold the *Latian* Plain,

Or see *Laurentum's* lofty Tow'rs again?

What will they say of their deserting Chief?

The War was mine, I fly from their Relief: 950

I led to Slaughter, and in Slaughter leave;

And ev'n from hence their dying Groans receive.

Here

Here over-match'd in Fight, in Heaps they lye,
 There scatter'd o'er the Fields ignobly fly.
 Gape wide, O Earth! and draw me down alive, 955
 Or, oh ye pitying Winds, a Wretch relieve;
 On Sands or Shelves the splitting Vessel drive:
 Or set me Shipwrack'd on some desert Shore,
 Where no *Rutulian* Eyes may see me more:
 Unknown to Friends, or Foes, or conscious Fame, 960
 Lest she shou'd follow, and my Flight proclaim.

Thus *Turnus* rav'd, and various Fates revolv'd,
 The Choice was doubtful, but the Death resolv'd.
 And now the Sword, and now the Sea took place:
 That to revenge, and this to purge Disgrace. 965
 Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy Main,
 By stretch of Arms the distant Shore to gain:
 Thrice he the Sword assay'd, and thrice the Flood;
 But *Juno* mov'd with Fury both withstood:
 And thrice repress'd his Rage: strong Gales supply'd, 970
 And push'd the Vessel o'er the swelling Tide.
 At length she leads him on his Native Shores,
 And to his Father's longing Arms restores.

Mean time, by *Jove's* Impulse, *Mezentius* arm'd:
 Succeeding *Turnus*, with his Ardor warm'd 975
 His fainting Friends, reproach'd their shameful Flight,
 Repell'd the Victors, and renew'd the Fight.

Against their King the *Tuscan* Troops conspire,
 Such is their Hate, and such their fierce Desire
 Of wish'd Revenge: On him, and him alone, 980
 All Hands employ'd, and all their Darts are thrown.
 He, like a solid Rock by Seas inclos'd,
 To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd;
 From his proud Summit looking down, disdains
 Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains. 985

Beneath his Feet fell haughty *Hebrus* dead,
 Then *Latagus*; and *Palmus* as he fled:
 At *Latagus* a weighty Stone he flung,
 His Face was flatted, and his Helmet rung.
 But *Palmus* from behind receives his Wound, 990
 Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the Ground:
 His Crest and Armour from his Body torn,
 Thy Shoulders, *Lausus*, and thy Head adorn.
Eneas and *Mymas*, both of *Troy*, he slew,
Mymas his Birth from fair *Theano* drew: 995
 Born on that fatal Night, when, big with Fire,
 The Queen produc'd young *Paris* to his Sire.
 But *Paris* in the *Phrygian* Fields was slain,
 Unthinking *Mymas* on the *Latian* Plain.

And as a savage Boar on Mountains bred, 1000
 With forest Mast, and fatning Marshes fed;
 When once he sees himself in Toils inclos'd,
 By Huntsmen and their eager Hounds oppos'd:

He

He whets his Tusks, and turns, and dares the War:
 Th'Invaders dart their Jav'lins from afar; 1007
 All keep aloof, and safely shout around,
 But none presumes to give a nearer Wound.
 He frets and froths, erects his bristled Hide,
 And shakes a Grove of Lances from his Side:
 Not otherwise the Troops, with Hate inspir'd, 1010
 And just Revenge, against the Tyrant fir'd;
 Their Darts with Clamour at a distance drive:
 And only keep the languish'd War alive.

From *Coritus* came *Acron* to the Fight,
 Who left his Spouse betroth'd, and unconsummate Night.
Mexentius sees him thro' the Squadrons ride, 1016
 Proud of the Purple Favours of his Bride.
 Then, as a hungry Lion, who beholds
 A Gamefom Goat, who frisks about the Folds;
 Or beamy Stag' that grazes on the Plain: 1020
 He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane;
 He grins, and opens wide his greedy Jaws,
 The Prey lyes panting underneath his Paws:
 He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
 With unchew'd Morsels, while he churns the Gore: 1025
 So proud *Mexentius* rushes on his Foes,
 And first unhappy *Acron* overthrows:
 Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy Ground,
 The Lance besmear'd with Blood, lies broken in the Wound.

Then with Disdain the haughty Victor view'd 1030
Orcades flying, nor the Wretch pursu'd:
 Nor thought the Dastard's Back deserv'd a Wound,
 But running gain'd th' Advantage of the Ground.
 Then turning short, he met him Face to Face,
 To give his Victory the better Grace. 1037
Orcades falls, in equal Fight oppress'd:
Mexentius fix'd his Foot upon his Breast,
 And rested Lance: And thus aloud he cries,
 Lo here the Champion of my Rebels lies.
 The Fields around with *Io Pæon* ring, 1040
 And Peals of Shouts applaud the conqu'ring King.
 At this the vanquish'd, with his dying Breath,
 Thus faintly spoke, and prophes'd in Death:
 Nor thou, proud Man, unpunish'd shalt remain;
 Like Death attends thee on this fatal Plain. 1045
 Then, sourly smiling, thus the King reply'd.
 For what belongs to me let, *Jove* provide:
 But dye thou first, whatever Chance ensue:
 He said, and from the Wound the Weapon drew:
 A hov'ring Mist came swimming o'er his Sight, 1050
 And seal'd his Eyes in everlasting Night.

By *Cadicus*, *Alcathous* was slain;
Sacrator laid *Hydaspes* on the Plain:
Orses the strong to greater Strength must yield:
 He, with *Parthonus*, were by *Rapo* kill'd. 1055
 Then

Then brave *Massapus Ericetes* slew,
 Whom from *Lycæon's* Blood his Lineage drew.
 But from his headstrong Horse his Fate he found,
 Who threw his Master as he made a bound,
 The chief alighting, stuck him to the Ground.
 Then *Clonius* Hand to Hand, on Foot assails,
 The *Trojan* sinks, and *Nepesune's* Son prevails.

1060

Agis the *Lycian* stepping forth with Pride,
 To single Fight the boldest *Ræ* defy'd.

Whom *Tuscan Valerius* by Force o'ercame,
 And not bely'd his mighty Father's Fame.

1065

Salus to Death the great *Antronius* sent,

But the same Fate the Victor underwent:

Slain by *Nealces'* Hand, well skill'd to throw

The flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow.

1070

Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance;

By turns they quit their Ground, by turns advance:

Victors, and vanquish'd, in the various Field,

Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield,

The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife,

1075

And mourn the Miseries of Human Life.

Above the rest two Goddesses appear

Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, *Juno* there:

Amidst the Crowd Infernal *Atè* shakes

Her Scourge aloft, and Crest of hissing Snakes.

1080

Once more the proud *Mexentius* with Disdain,
 Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain:
 Where tow'ring in the midmost Ranks he stood,
 Like tall *Orion* stalking o'er the Flood:

When with his brawny Breast he cuts the Waves, 1085
 His Shoulders scarce the topmost Billow laves.

Or like a Mountain-Ash, whose Roots are spread,
 Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his Head.

The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from afar,
 And dauntless undertook the doubtful War. 1090

Collected in his Strength, and like a Rock,
 Poiz'd on his Base, *Mexentius* stood the Shock.

He stood, and measuring first with careful Eyes,
 The space his Spear cou'd reach; aloud he cries:
 My strong right Hand, and Sword, assist my Stroke;
 (Those only Gods *Mexentius* will invoke) 1096

His Armour from the *Trojan* Pirate torn,
 By my triumphant *Lausus* shall be worn.

He said, and with his utmost Force he threw
 The massy Spear, which, hissing as it flew, 1100

Reach'd the Coelestial Shield that stop'd the Course;
 But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken Force

Took a new Bent obliquely, and betwixt
 The Side and Bowels fam'd *Anthores* fix'd.



1910-11-10



Authores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides' Friend, and Brother of the War:
 Till tir'd with Toils, fair *Italy* he chose,
 And in *Evander*'s Palace sought Repose:
 Now falling by another's Wound, his Eyes
 He casts to Heav'n, on *Argos* thinks, and dyes. 1105

The pious *Trojan* then his Jav'lin sent,
 The Shield gave way: Thro' treble Plates it went
 Of solid Brass, of Linnen trebly rowl'd,
 And three Bull-hides which round the Buckler rowl'd.
 All these it pass'd, resistless in the Course, 1115
 Transpierc'd his Thigh, and spent its dying Force.
 The gaping Wound gush'd out a Crimson Flood;
 The *Trojan*, glad with Sight of hostile Blood,
 His Fauchion drew, to closer Fight address'd,
 And with new Force his fainting Foe oppress'd. 1120

His Father's Petil *Lausus* view'd with Grief,
 He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his Relief.
 And here, Heroick Youth, 'tis here I must
 To thy immortal Memory be just;
 And sing an Act so noble and so new, 1125
 Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
 Pain'd with his Wound, and useles for the Fight,
 The Father sought to save himself by Flight:
 Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the Spear along,
 Which pierc'd his Thigh, and in his Buckler hung. 1130

The pious Youth, resolv'd on Death, below
The lifted Sword, springs forth to face the Foe;
Protects his Parent; and prevents the Blow.

Shouts of Applause ran ringing thro' the Field,

To see the Son the vanquish'd Father shield:

1135

All fir'd with gen'rous Indignation strive;

And with a Storm of Darts, at distance drive

The *Trojan* Chief: who held at Bay from far,

On his *Vulcanian* Orb sustain'd the War.

As when thick Hail comes ratling in the Wind,

1140

The Plowman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind,

For Shelter to the neighb'ring Covert fly;

Or, hous'd, or safe in hollow Caverns lye:

But that o'erblown, 'when Heav'n above 'em smiles,

Return to Travel, and renew their Toils:

1145

Æneus thus o'erwhelm'd on ev'ry side,

The storm of Darts, undaunted, did abide;

And thus to *Lausus* loud with friendly Threatning cry'd.

Why wilt thou rush to certain Death, and rage

In rash Attempts, beyond thy tender Age,

1150

Betray'd by pious Love? Nor thus forborn

The Youth desists, but with insulting Scorn

Provokes the ling'ring Prince: Whose Patience tir'd,

Gave Place, and all his Breast with Fury fir'd.

For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd Sheers;

1155

And lifted high the flaming Sword appears.

Which

Which full descending, with a frightful Sway,
Thro' Shield and Corset forc'd th' impetuous Way,
And bury'd deep in his fair Bosom lay.

The purple Streams thro' the thin Armour strove, 1160
And drench'd th' imbroider'd Coat his Mother wove:
And Life at length forsook his heaving Heart,
Loath from so sweet a Mansion to depart.

But when, with Blood, and Paleness all o'erspread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead; 1165
He griev'd, he wept, the Sight an Image brought
Of his own filial Love; a sadly pleasing Thought.
Then stretch'd his Hand to hold him up, and said,
Poor hapless Youth! what Praises can be paid
To Love so great, to such transcendent Store 1170
Of early Worth, and sure Prefage of more?
Accept whate'er *Æneas* can afford,
Untouch'd thy Arms, untaken be thy Sword:
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain. 1175

Thy Body on thy Parents I bestow,
To rest thy Soul, at least if Shadows know,
Or have a Sense of human Things below.
There to thy Fellow-Ghosts with Glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas*' Hand I fell. 1180

With this his distant Friends he beckons near,
 Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear:
 Himself assists to lift him from the Ground, [Wound.
 With clotted Locks, and Blood that well'd from out the

Mean time his Father, now no Father, stood, 1185

And wash'd his Wounds by *Tyber's* yellow Flood:

Oppress'd with Anguish, panting, and o'erspent,

His fainting Limbs against an Oak he leant.

[A Bough his Brazen Helmet did sustain,

His heavier Arms lay scatter'd on the Plain: 1190

A chosen Train of Youth around him stand,

His drooping Head was rested on his Hand:

His grisly Beard his pensive Bosom sought,

And all on *Lausus* ran his restless Thought.

Careful, concern'd his Danger to prevent, 1195

He much enquir'd, and many a Message sent

To warn him from the Field: Alas! in vain,

Behold his mournful Followers bear him slain:

O'er his broad Shield still gush'd the yawning Wound,

And drew a bloody Trail along the Ground, 1200

Far off he heard their Cries, far off divin'd

The dire Event with a foreboding Mind.

With Dust he sprinkled first his hoary Head,

Then both his lifted Hands to Heav'n he spread;

Last the dear Corps embracing, thus he said. 1205

What

What Joys, alas ! cou'd this frail Being give,
 That I have been so covetous to live?
 To see my Son, and such a Son, resign
 His Life a Ransom for preserving mine?
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost? 1210
 How much too dear has that Redemption cost !
 'Tis now my bitter Banishment I feel;
 This is a Wound too deep for Time to heal.
 My Guilt thy growing Virtues did defame;
 My Blackness blotted thy unblemish'd Name. 1215
 Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
 For foul Misdeeds, were Punishments too mild:
 I ow'd my People these, and from their Hate,
 With less Resentment cou'd have born my Fate.
 And yet I live, and yet sustain the Sight 1220
 Of hated Men, and of more hated Light :
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from Ground
 His fainting Limbs that stagger'd with his Wound.
 Yet with a Mind resolv'd, and unappal'd
 With Pains or Perils, for his Courser call'd: 1225
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress,
 With daily Care, and mounted with Success;
 His Aid in Arms, his Ornament in Peace. }
 Soothing his Courage with a gentle Stroke,
 The Steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke. 1230

O *Rhabus*, we have liv'd too long for me,
 (If Life and Long were Terms that cou'd agree):
 This Day thou either shalt bring back the Head,
 And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead:
 This Day thou either shalt revenge my Woe 1235
 For murder'd *Lanſus*, on his cruel Foe;
 Or if inexorable Fate deny
 Our Conquest, with thy conquer'd Master dye:
 For after such a Lord, I rest secure, 1239
 Thou wilt no foreign Reins, or *Trojan* Load endure.
 He said: and straight th' officious Courser kneels
 To take his wonted Weight. His Plands he fills
 With pointed Jav'lins: On His Head he lac'd
 His glitt'ring Helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With waving Horse-hair, nodding from afar; 1245
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring Steed amidst the War.
 Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief, to Madness wrought,
 Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
 Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,
 Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast. 1250
 Then loud he call'd *Æneas* thrice by Name,
 The loud repeated Voice to glad *Æneas* came.
 Great *Jove*, he said, and the far-shooting God,
 Inspire thy Mind to make thy Challenge good.
 He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of Fear, 1255
 And threaten'd with his long portended Spear.

To

To whom *Mexentius* thus. Thy Vaunts are vain,
My *Lausus* lies extended on the Plain:

He's lost! thy Conquest is already won,

The wretched Sire is murder'd in the Son.

1260

Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods defy,

Forbear thy Threats, my Bus'ness is to dye;

But first receive this parting Legacy.

He said: And streight a whirling Dart he sent:

Another after, and another went.

1265

Round in a spacious Ring he rides the Field;

And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield:

Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas* wheel'd,

Turn'd as he turn'd; the Golden Orb withstood

The Strokes, and bore about an Iron Wood.

1270

Impatient of Delay, and weary grown,

Still to defend, and to defend alone:

To wrench the Darts which in his Buckler light,

Urg'd, and o'er-labour'd in unequal Fight:

At length resolv'd, he throws with all his Force,

1275

Full at the Temples of the Warrior Horse.

Just where the Stroke was aim'd, th' unerring Spear

Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either Ear.

Seiz'd with unwonted Pain, surpriz'd with Fright,

The wounded Steed curvets; and, rais'd upright,

128

Lights on his Feet before: His Hoofs behind

Spring up in Air aloft, and lash the Wind.

Down

Down comes the Rider headlong from his height,
 His Horse came after with unweildy weight:
 And flound'ring forward, pitching on his Head, 1285
 His Lord's incumber'd Shoulder overlaid.

From either Host the mingled Shouts, and Cries,
 Of *Trojans* and *Rutulians* rend the Skies:
Æneas hast'ning, wav'd his fatal Sword
 High o'er his Head, with this reproachful Word, 1290
 Now, where are now thy Vaunts, the fierce Disdain
 Of proud *Moxentius*, and the lofty Strain?

Strugling, and wildly staring on the Skies,
 With scarce recover'd Sight, he thus replies.
 Why these insulting Words, this waste of Breath,
 To Souls undaunted, and secure of Death? 1296

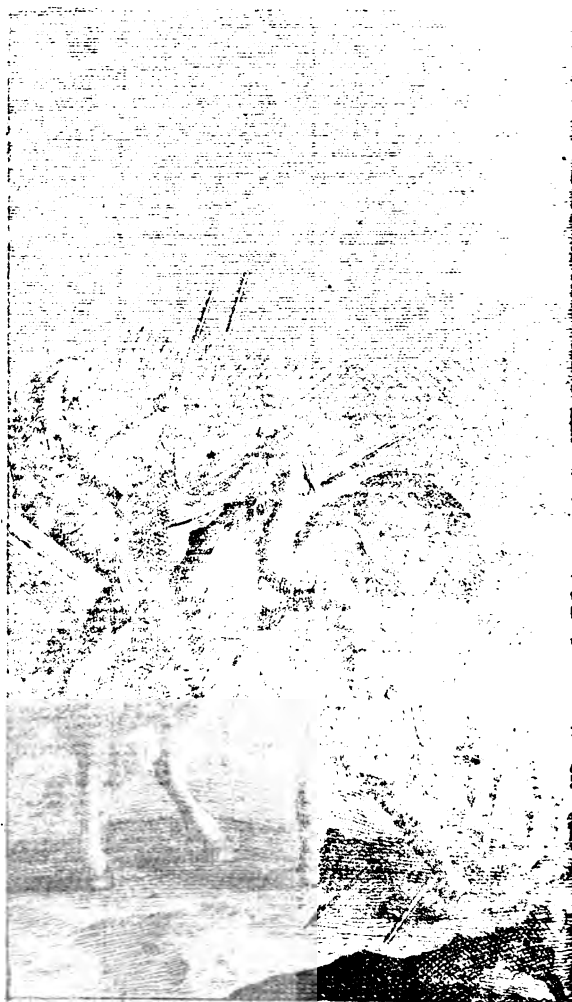
'Tis no Dishonour for the Brave to dye,
 Nor came I here with hope of Victory:
 Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design:
 As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine. 1300

My dying Son contracted no such Band;
 The Gift is hateful from his Murd'rer's Hand.
 For this, this only Favour let me sue,
 If Pity can to conquer'd Foes be due;
 Refuse if not: But let my Body have 1305

The last Retreat of Human Kind, a Grave.
 Too well I know th' insulting People's Hates
 Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate:

This





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This Refuge for my poor Remains provide,
And lay my much lov'd *Lausus* by my side:]
He said, and to the Sword his Throat apply'd.
The Crimson Stream distain'd his Arms around,
And the disdainful Soul came rushing thro' the Wound.

1310 }





The Eleventh Book of the

Æ N E I S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a Trophy of the Spoils of Mezentius ; grants a Truce for burying the dead ; and sends home the Body of Pallas with great Solemnity. Latinus calls a Council to propose Offers of Peace to Æneas, which occasions great Animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances : In the mean time there is a sharp Engagement of the Horse ; wherein Camilla signalizes her self ; is kill'd : And the Latine Troops are entirely defeated.

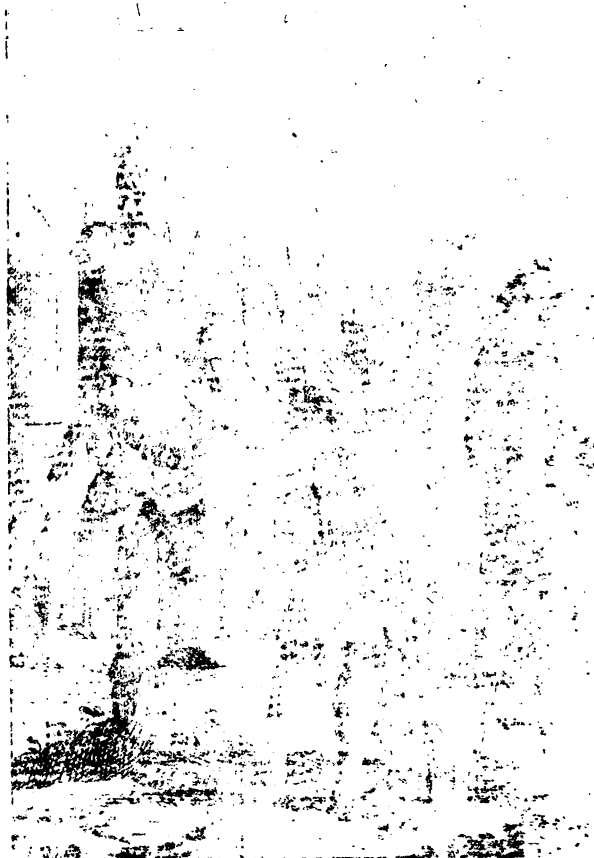


CARCE had the roſie Morning rais'd her Head
Above the Waves, and left her wat'ry Bed ;
The Pious Chief, whom double Cares at-
tend

For his unbury'd Souldiers, and his Friend :
Yet firſt to Heav'n perform'd a Victor's Vows ;
He bar'd an ancient Oak of all her Boughs :

Then





of 9 work glo

in 1900

Then on a rising Ground the Trunk he plac'd;
Which with the Spoils of his' dead Foe he grac'd.
The Coat of Arms by proud *Mexentius* worn,
Now on a naked Snag in Triumph born,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A Trophy sacred to the God of War.

Above his Arms; fix'd on the leafless Wood,
Appear'd his Plumy Crest, besmear'd with Blood;
His brazen Buckler on the left was seen;

Trunchions of shiver'd Lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his Corslet, bor'd;
And to the Neck was ty'd his unavailing Sword.

A Crowd of Chiefs inclose the Godlike Man:

Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began.

Our Toils, my Friends, are crown'd with sure Success:

The greater Part perform'd, atchieve the less.

Now follow chearful to the trembling Town;

Press but an Entrance, and presume it won.

Fear is no more: For fierce *Mexentius* lies,

As the first Fruits of War, a Sacrifice.

Turnus shall fall extended on the Plain;

And in this Omen is already slain.

Prepar'd in Arms, pursue your happy Chance;

That none unwarn'd may plead his Ignorance:

And I, at Heav'n's appointed Hour, may find

Your warlike Ensigns waving in the Wind.

Mean time the Rites and Fun'ral Pumps prepare,
 Due to your dead Companions of the War:
 The last Respect the living can bestow, 35
 To shield their Shadows from Contempt below.
 That conquer'd Earth be theirs for which they fought;
 And which for us with their own Blood they bought.
 But first the Corps of our unhappy Friend,
 To the sad City of *Evander* send: 40
 Who not inglorious in his Age's bloom
 Was hurry'd hence by too severe a Doom.

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his Way,
 Where, new in Death, lamented *Pallas* lay:
Acates watch'd the Corps; whose Youth deserv'd 45
 The Father's Trust, and now the Son he serv'd
 With equal Faith, but less auspicious Care:
 Th' Attendants of the slain his Sorrow share.
 A Troop of *Trojans* mix'd with these appear,
 And mourning Matrons with dishevell'd Hair. 50
 Soon as the Prince appears, they raise a Cry;
 All beat their Breasts, and Echoes rend the Sky.
 They rear his drooping Forehead from the Ground;
 But when *Æneas* view'd the grisly Wound
 Which *Pallas* in his Manly Bosom bore, 55
 And the fair Flesh distain'd with Purple Gore:
 First, melting into Tears, the pious Man.
 Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began.

Unhappy Youth! When Fortune gave the rest
 Of my full Wishes, she refus'd the best! 60
 She came; but brought not thee along; to bless
 My longing Eyes, and share in my Success:
 She grudg'd thy safe Return, the Triumphs due
 To prosp'rous Valour, in the publick View.
 Not thus I promis'd, when thy Father lent 65
 Thy needless Succour with a sad Consent;
 Embrac'd me parting for th' *Ætnean* Land,
 And sent me to possess a large Command.
 He warn'd, and from his own Experience told,
 Our Foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold: 70
 And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
 Rich Odours on his loaded Altars burn;
 While we, with vain officious Pomp, prepare
 To send him back his Portion of the War;
 A bloody breathless Body: which can owe 75
 No farther Debt, but to the Pow'rs below.
 The wretched Father, e'er his Race is run,
 Shall view the Fun'ral Honours of his Son.
 These are my Triumphs of the *Latian* War;
 Fruits of my plighted Faith, and boasted Care: 80
 And yet, unhappy Sire, thou shalt not see
 A Son, whose Death disgrac'd his Ancestry:
 Thou shalt not blush, old Man, however griev'd;
 Thy *Pallas* no dishonest Wound receiv'd.

He

He dy'd no Death to make thee with, too late, 85
 Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful Fate.
 But what a Champion has th' *Ausonian* Coast,
 And what a Friend hast thou, *Aeneas*, lost!

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the Word around,
 To raise the breathless Body from the Ground; 90
 And chose a thousand Horse, the flow'r of all
 His warlike Troops, to wait the Funeral:
 To bear him back, and share *Evander's* Grief;
 (A well becoming, but a weak Relief)
 Of Oaken Twigs they twist an easie Bier; 95
 Then on their Shoulders the sad Burden rear,
 The Body on this Rural Horse is born,
 Strew'd Leaves and Funeral Greens the Bier adorn.
 All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r,
 New crop'd by Virgin Hands, to dress the Bow'r; 100
 Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
 No more to Mother Earth or the green Stem shall owe.
 The two fair Vests, of wond'rous Work and Cost,
 Of Purple woven, and with Gold emboss'd,
 For Ornament the *Trojan* Heroe brought, 105
 Which with her Hands *Sidonian Dido* wrought.
 One Vest array'd the Corps, and one they spread
 O'er his clos'd Eyes, and wrap'd around his Head:
 That when the yellow Hair in Flame shou'd fall,
 The catching Fire might burn the Golden Caul. 110

Besides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel slain,
 When he descended on the *Latian* Plain:
 Arms, Trappings, Horses, by the Herse are led
 In long Array, (th' Atchievements of the Dead).
 Then, pinion'd with their Hands behind, appear 115
 Th' unhappy Captives, marching in the Rear:
 Appointed Off'rings in the Victor's Name,
 To sprinkle with their Blood, the Fun'ral Flame.
 Inferior Trophies by the Chiefs are born;
 Gantlets and Helms, their loaded Hands adorn; 120
 And fair Inscriptions fix'd, and Titles read
 Of *Latian* Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.

Acetes on his Pupil's Corps attends,
 With feeble Steps, supported by his Friends:
 Pausing at every Pace, in Sorrow drown'd, 125
 Betwixt their Arms he sinks upon the Ground.
 Where grov'ling, while he lies in deep Despair,
 He beats his Breast, and rands his hoary Hair.
 The Champion's Chariot next is seen to sowl,
 Besmear'd with hostile Blood, and honourably foul.
 To close the Pomp, *Æthen*, the Steed of State, 131
 Is led, the Fun'ral of his Lord to wait.
 Stripp'd of his Trappings, with a sullen Pace
 He walks, and the big Tears run: rowling down his Face.
 The Lance of *Pallas*, and the Crimson Crest, 135
 Are born behind; the Victor seiz'd the rest.

The

The March begins: The Trumpets hoarsly found,
The Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.

Thus while the *Trojan* and *Arcadian* Horse,

To *Pallantean* Tow'rs direct their Course,

140

In long Procession rank'd; the Pious Chief

Stop'd in the Rear, and gave a vent to Grief.

The publick Care, he said, which War attends

Diverts our present Woes, at least suspends:

Peace with the *Manes* of great *Pallas* dwell;

145

Hail holy Relicks, and a last farewell!

He said no more, but inly though he mourn'd,

Restrain'd his Tears, and to the Camp return'd.

Now Suppliants, from *Laurentum* sent, demand

A Truce, with Olive Branches in their Hand.

150

Obtest his Clemency, and from the Plain

Beg leave to draw the Bodies of their slain.

They plead, that none those common Rites deny

To conquer'd Foes, that in fair Battel dye.

All cause of Hate was ended in their Death;

155

Nor cou'd he War with Bodies void of Breath.

A King, they hop'd, wou'd hear a King's Request:

Whose Son he once was call'd, and once his Guest.

Their Suit, which was too just to be deny'd,

The Heroe grants, and farther thus reply'd:

160

O *Latian* Princes, how severe a Fate

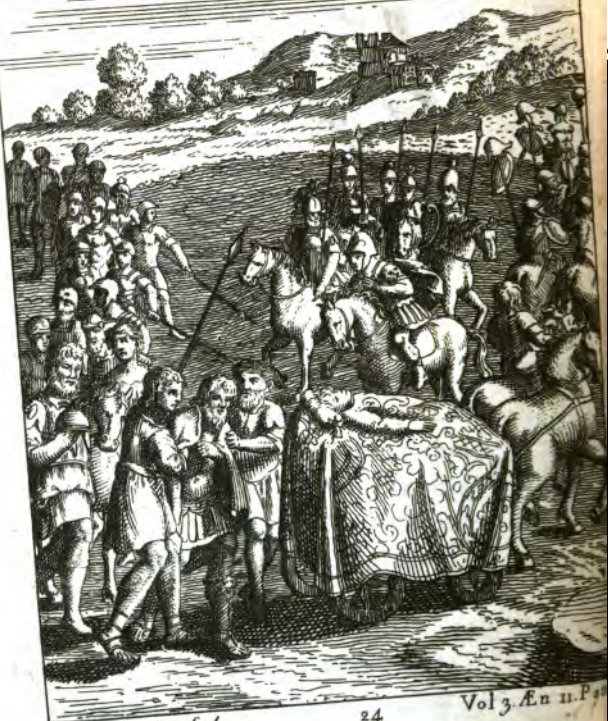
In causeless Quarrels has involv'd your State!

And

And arm'd against an unoffending Man,
Who sought your Friendship e'er the War began!
You beg a Truce, which I wou'd gladly give, 165
Not only for the slain, but those who live.
I came not hither but by Heav'n's Command,
And sent by Fate to share the *Latian* Land.
Ner wage I Wars unjust; your King deny'd
My proffer'd Friendship, and my promis'd Bride. 170
Left me for *Turnus*; *Turnus* then should try
His Cause in Arms, to Conquer or to Dye.
My Right and his are in dispute: the slain
Fell without Fault, our Quarrel to maintain.
In equal Arms let us alone contend; 175
And let him vanquish, whom his Fates befriend.
This is the way, so tell him, to possess
The Royal Virgin, and restore the Peace.
Bear this my Message back; with ample leave
That your slain Friends may Fun'ral Rights receive.
Thus having said, th' Embassadors amaz'd, 181
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd:
Drances, their Chief, who harbour'd in his Breast
Long hate to *Turnus*, as his Foe profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the Godlike Man, 185
With graceful Action bowing, thus began.
Auspicious Prince, in Arms a mighty Name,
But yet whose Actions far transcend your Fame;
Wou'd

'Wou'd I your Justice or your Force express,
 Thought can but equal; and all Words are less: 190
 Your Answer we shall thankfully relate,
 And Favours granted to the *Latian* State:
 If wish'd Success our Labour shall attend,
 Think Peace concluded, and the King your Friend:
 Let *Turnus* leave the Realm to your Command; 195
 And seek Alliance in some other Land:
 Build you the City which your Fates assign;
 We shall be proud in the great Work to join.
 Thus *Drances*; and his Words so well persuade
 The rest empower'd, that soon a Truce is made. 200
 Twelve Days the Term allow'd: and during those,
Latians and *Trojans*, now no longer Foes,
 Mix'd in the Woods, for Fun'ral Piles prepare,
 To fell the Timber, and forget the War.
 Loud Axes thro' the groaning Groves resound: 205
 Oak, Mountain Ash, and Poplar, spread the Ground:
 Firs fall from high: and some the Trunks receive,
 In Loaden Wains, with Wedges some they cleave.
 And now the fatal News, by Fame is blown
 Thro' the short Circuit of th' *Arcadian* Town, 210
 Of *Pallas* slain: By Fame, which just before
 His Triumphs on distended Pinions bore.
 Rushing from out the Gate, the People stand,
 Each with a Fun'ral Flambeau in his Hand:





Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:

215

The Fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,

That cast a fullen Splendor on their Friends,

(The marching Troop which their dead Prince attends.)

Both Parties meet: they raise a doleful Cry:

The Matrons from the Walls with shrieks reply; 220

And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted Sky.

The Town is fill'd with Tumult and with Tears;

Till the loud Clamours reach *Evander's* Ears:

Forgetful of his State, he runs along,

With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the Throng: 225

Falls on the Corps, and groaning there he lies,

With silent Grief that speaks but at his Eyes:

Short Sighs and Sobs succeed; till Sorrow breaks

A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

O *Pallas*! thou hast fail'd thy plighted Word! 230

To fight with Caution, not to tempt the Sword,

I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew

What Perils youthful Ardour wou'd pursue:

That boiling Blood wou'd carry thee too far;

Young as thou wert in Dangers, raw to War! 235

O curst Essay of Arms, disastrous Doom,

Prelude of bloody Fields, and Fights to come!

Hard Elements of inauspicious War,

Vain Vows to Heav'n, and unavailing Care!

Thrice happy thou, dear Partner of my Bed,

240

Whose holy Soul the Stroke of Fortune fled:

Præcious of Ills, and leaving me behind,

To drink the dregs of Life by Fate assign'd.

Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gon;

My *Pallas* late set out, but reach'd too soon.

245

If for my League against th' *Ausonian* State,

Amidst their Weapons I had found my Fate,

(Deserv'd from them) then I had been return'd

A breathless Victor, and my Son had mourn'd.

Yet will I not my *Trojan* Friend upbraid,

250

Nor grudge th' Alliance I so gladly made.

'Twas not his Fault my *Pallas* fell so young,

But my own Crime for having liv'd too long.

Yet, since the Gods had destin'd him to dye,

At least he led the way to Victory:

255

First for his Friends he won the fatal Shore,

And sent whole Herds of slaughter'd Foes before:

A Death too great, too glorious to deplore.

Nor will I add new Honours to thy Grave;

Content with those the *Trojan* Heroes gave.

260

That Funeral Pomp thy *Phrygian* Friends design'd;

In which the *Tuscan* Chiefs, and Army join'd:

Great Spoils, and Trophies gain'd by thee, they bear:

Then let thy own Atchievements be thy share.

Even thou, O *Turnus*, hadst a Trophy stood, 265
 Whose mighty Trunk had better grac'd the Wood,
 If *Pallas* had arriv'd, with equal length
 Of Years, to match thy Bulk with equal Strength.
 But why, unhappy Man, dost thou detain
 These Troops, to view the Tears thou shedst in vain!
 Go, Friends, this Message to your Lord relate; 271
 Tell him, that if I bear my bitter Fate,
 And after *Pallas'* Death, live ling'ring on,
 'Tis to behold his Vengeance for my Son.
 I stay for *Turnus*; whose devoted Head 275
 Is owing to the living and the dead:
 My Son and I expect it from his Hand;
 'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
 Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
 To greet my *Pallas* with such News below. 280
 The Morn had now dispell'd the Shades of Night;
 Restoring Toils, when she restor'd the Light:
 The *Trojan* King, and *Tuscan* Chief, command
 To raise the Piles, along the winding Strand:
 Their Friends convey the dead to Fun'ral Fires; 285
 Black smould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires;
 The Light of Heav'n is cheak'd, and the new Day retires.
 Then thrice around the kindled Piles they go:
 (For ancient Custom had ordain'd it so)

Thrice Horse and Foot about the Fires are led, 290

And thrice with loud Laments they hail the dead.

Tears trickling down their Breasts bedew the Ground;

And Drums and Trumpets mix their mournful Sound.

Amid the blaze, their Pious Brethren throw

The Spoils, in Battel taken from the Foe; 295

Helms, Bitts emboss'd, and Swords of shining Steel,

One casts a Target, one a Chariot Wheel:

Some to their Fellows their own Arms restore:

The Fauchions which in luckless Fight they bore:

Their Bucklers pierc'd, their Darts bestow'd in vain,

And shiver'd Lances gather'd from the Plain. 300

Whole Herds of offer'd Bulls about the Fire,

And bristled Boars, and woolly Sheep expire.

Around the Piles a careful Troop attends,

To watch the wasting Flames, and weep their burning [Friends.

Ling'ring along the Shore, till dewy Night 306

New decks the Face of Heav'n with starry Light.

The conquer'd *Lusians*, with like Pious Care,

Piles without Number for their Dead prepare;

Part, in the Places where they fell, are laid; 310

And part are to the neighb'ring Fields convey'd.

The Corps of Kings, and Captains of Renown,

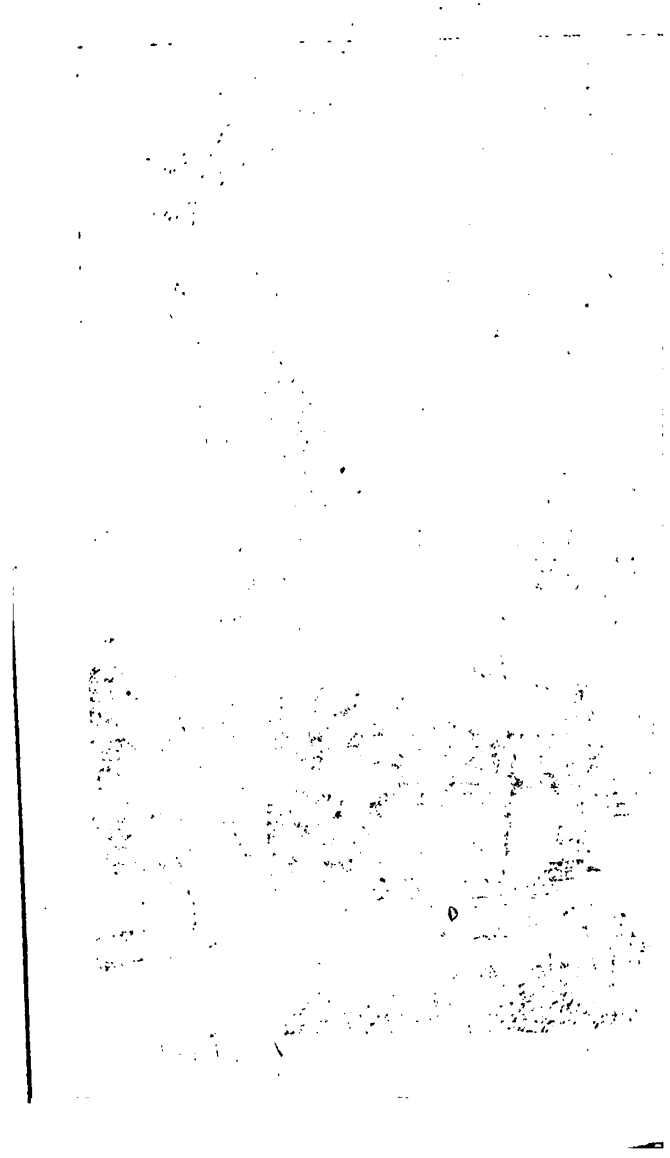
Born off in State, are bury'd in the Town:

The rest unhonour'd, and without a Name, 315

Are cast a common heap to feed the Flame.

The





Trojans and *Latians* vie with like desires
To make the Field of Battel shine with Fires;
And the promiscuous Blaze to Heav'n aspires.

}

Now had the Morning thrice renew'd the Light;
And thrice dispell'd the Shadows of the Night; 320
When those who round the wasted Fires remain,
Perform the last sad Office to the slain:
They rake the yet warm Ashes, from below;
These, and the Bones unburn'd, in Earth bestow:
These Relicks with their Country Rites they grace;
And raise a Mount of Turf to mark the place. 326

But in the Palace of the King, appears
A Scene more solemn, and a Pomp of Tears.
Maids, Matrons, Widows, mix their common Moans:
Orphans their Sires, and Sires lament their Sons. 330
All in that Universal Sorrow share,
And curse the Cause of this unhappy War.
A broken League, a Bride unjustly sought,
A Crown usurp'd, which with their Blood is bought!
These are the Crimes, with which they load the Name
Of *Turnus*, and on him alone exclaim. 336

Let him, who Lords it o'er th' *Ausonian* Land,
Engage the *Trojan* Heroe Hand to Hand:
His is the Gain, our Lot is but to serve:
'Tis just, the Sway he seeks, he shou'd deserve. 340

This *Drances* aggravates; and adds, with spight,
His Foe expects, and dares him to the Fight.

Nor *Turnus* wants a Party, to support
His Cause and Credit, in the *Latian* Court.

His former Acts secure his present Fame; 345
And the Queen shades him with her mighty Name.

While thus their factious Minds with fury burn;
The Legates from th' *Ætolian* Prince return:
Sad News they bring, that after all the Cost,
And Care employ'd, their Embassy is lost: 350

That *Diomede* refus'd his Aid in War;
Unmov'd with Presents, and as deaf to Pray'r.
Some new Alliance must elsewhere be sought;
Or Peace with *Troy* on hard Conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in Sorrow, finds too late 355
A Foreign Son is pointed out by Fate:
And till *Æneas* shall *Lavinia* wed,
The Wrath of Heav'n is how'ring o'er his Head.
The Gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their Titles in the Field were try'd: 360

Witness the fresh Laments, and Fun'ral Tears undry'd.

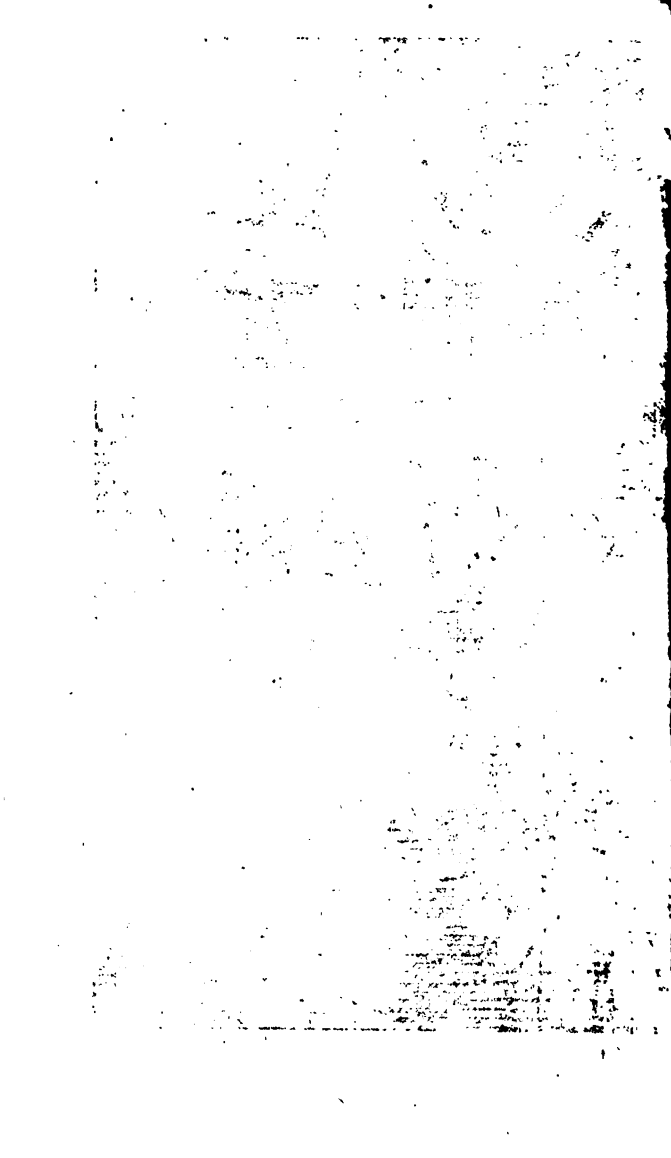
Thus, full of anxious Thought, he summons all
The *Latian* Senate to the Council Hall:

The Princes come, commanded by their Head,
And crowd the Paths that to the Palace lead. 365









Supream in Pow'r, and reverenc'd for his Years,
 He takes the Throne, and in the midst appears :
 Majestically sad, he sits in State,
 And bids his Envoys their Success relate.

When *Venus* began, the murmuring Sound 370
 Was hush'd, and sacred Silence reign'd around.

We have, said he, perform'd your high Command;
 And pass'd with Peril a long Tract of Land:

We reach'd the Place desir'd, with Wonder fill'd,
 The *Grecian* Tents, and rising Tow'rs beheld. 375

Great *Diomed* has compass'd round with Walls
 The City, which *Argyripa* he calls;
 From his own *Argos* nam'd: We touch'd, with Joy,
 The Royal Hand that raz'd unhappy *Troy*.

When introduc'd, our Presents first we bring, 380
 Then crave an instant Audience from the King:

His Leave obtain'd, our Native Soil we name;
 And tell th' important Cause for which we came.
 Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;

Then, with soft Accents, and a pleasing Look, 385
 Made this return. *Ausonian* Race, of old

Renown'd for Peace, and for an Age of Gold;
 What Madness has your alter'd Minds possess'd,
 To change for War hereditary Rest?

Sollicit Arms unknown, and tempt the Sword, 390
 (A needless Ill your Ancestors abhorr'd.)

We, (for my self I speak, and all the Name
 Of *Grecians*, who to *Troy's* Destruction came;)

Omitting those who were in Battel slain,
 Or born by rowling *Simois* to the Main: 395

Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
 The Prize of Honour which in Arms he fought.
 Some doom'd to Death, and some in Exile driv'n,
 Out-casts, abandon'd by the Care of Heav'n:
 So, worn, so wretched, so despis'd a Crew, 400
 As ev'n old *Priam* might with Pity view.
 Witness the Vessels by *Minerva* tofs'd
 In Storms, the vengeful *Capharean* Coast;
 Th' *Eubean* Rocks' The Prince, whose Brother led
 Our Armies to revenge his injur'd Bed, 405
 In *Egypt* lost; *Ulysses*, with his Men,
 Have seen *Charybdis*, and the *Cyclops* Den:
 Why shou'd I name *Idomeneus*, in vain
 Restor'd to Sceptres, and expell'd again?
 Or young *Achilles* by his Rival slain? 410
 Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost Name
 Of all the *Greeks*, and most renown'd by Fame,
 The proud Revenger of another's Wife,
 Yet by his own Adult'ress lost his Life:
 Fell at his Threshold, and the Spoils of *Troy*, 415
 The foul Polluters of his Bed enjoy.

The Gods have envy'd me the sweets of Life,
 My much lov'd Country, and my more lov'd Wife:
 Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the Sky
 Transform'd to Birds, my lost Companions fly: 410
 Hor'ring about the Coasts they make their Moan;
 And cuff the Cliffs with Pinions not their own.
 What squalid Spectres, in the dead of Night,
 Break my short Sleep, and skim before my Sight!
 I might have promis'd to my self those Harms, 425
 Mad as I was, when I with Mortal Arms
 Presum'd against Immortal Pow'rs to move,
 And violate with Wounds the Queen of Love..
 Such Arms, this Hand shall never more employ;
 No Hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy. 430
 I war not with its Dust; nor am I glad
 To think of past Events, or good or bad.
 Your Presents I return: What e'er you bring
 To buy my Friendship, send the Trojan King.
 We met in fight, I know him to my Cost; 435
 With what a whirling force his Lance he toss'd:
 Heav'n's what a spring was in his Arm, to throw:
 How high he held his Shield, and rose at ev'ry Blow!
 Had Troy produc'd two more, his Match in Might,
 They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight: 440
 Th' Invasion of the Greeks had been return'd:
 Our Empire wasted, and our Cities burn'd.

The long Defence the Trojan People made,
 The War protracted, and the Siege delay'd,
 Were due to *Hector's* and this Heroe's Hand;
 Both brave alike, and equal in Command:

445

Æneas not inferior in the Field,
 In pious Rev'rence to the Gods excell'd,
 Make Peace, ye *Latians*, and avoid with Care
 Th' impending Dangers of a fatal War.
 He said no more; but with this cold Excuse,
 Refus'd th' Alliance, and advis'd a Truce.

450

Thus *Venus* concluded his Report.

A Jarring Murmur fill'd the factious Court:
 As when a Torrent roars with rapid force,
 And dashes o'er the Stones that stop the Course;
 The Flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
 Roars horrible along th' uneasy race:
 White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around:
 The Rocky Shores rebellow to the sound.

455

460

The Murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty Throne
 The King invoc'd the Gods, and thus began.
 I wish, ye *Latins*, what we now debate
 Had been resolv'd before it was too late:
 Much better had it been for you and me,
 Unforc'd by this our last Necessity,

465

To have been earlier wise; than now to call
 A Council, when the Foe surrounds the Wall.

O Citizens ! we wage unequal War,
With Men, not only Heav'n's peculiar Care,
But Heav'n's own Race : unconquer'd in the Field,
Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What Hopes you had in *Diomedes*, lay down :
Our Hopes must center on our selves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well ; nor need my Words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource ; laid flat by Fate,
Factions within, a Foe without the Gate ;
Not but I grant, that all perform'd their Parts,
With manly Force, and with undaunted Hearts :
With our united Strength the War we wag'd ;
With equal Numbers, equal Arms engag'd :
You see th' Event——Now hear what I propose,
To save our Friends, and satisfy our Foes :
A Tract of Land the *Latins* have possess'd
Along the *Tyber*, stretching to the West,
Which now *Rutulians* and *Auruncans* till :
And their mix'd Cattle graze the fruitful Hill ;
Those Mountains fill'd with Firrs, that lower Land,
If you consent, the *Trojan* shall Command ;
Call'd into part of what is ours ; and there,
On terms agreed, the common Country share.
There let them build, and settle if they please ;
Unless they chuse once more to cross the Seas,

470

475

480

485

490

E

In search of Seats remote of *Italy*;

495

And from unwelcome Inmates set us free.

Then twice ten Gallies let us build with Speed,

Or twice as many more, if more they need;

Materials are at Hand: a well-grown Wood

Runs equal with the Margin of the Flood:

500

Let them the Number, and the Form assign;

The Care and Cost of all the Stores be mine.

To treat the Peace, a hundred Senators

Shall be commission'd hence with ample Pow'rs;

504

With Olive crown'd: the Presents they shall bear,

A Purple Robe, a Royal Iv'ry Chair;

And all the marks of Sway that *Latian* Monarchs wear;

And Sums of Gold. Among your selves debate

This great Affair, and save the sinking State.

Then *Drances* took the word; who grudg'd, long since,

The rising Glories of the *Dacian* Prince.

511

Factionous and rich, bold at the Council Board,

But cautious in the Field, he shun'd the Sword;

A close Caballer, and Tongue-valiant Lord.

Noble his Mother was, and near the Throne,

515

But what his Father's Parentage, unknown.

He rose, and took th' Advantage of the Times,

To load young *Turnus* with invidious Crimes.

Such Truths, O King, said he, your Words contain,

As strike the Sense, and all Replies are vain,

520

Nor

Nor are your Loyal Subjects now to seek
 What common Needs require; but fear to speak.
 Let him give leave of Speech, that haughty Man,
 Whose Pride this un auspicious War began:
 For whose Ambition (let me dare to say,
 Fear set apart, tho' Death is in my Way)
 The Plains of *Latium* run with Blood around;
 So many valiant Heroes bite the Ground:
 Dejected Grief in ev'ry Face appears;
 A Town in Mourning, and a Land in Tears.
 While he th' undoubted Author of our Harms,
 The Man who menaces the Gods with Arms,
 Yet after all his Boasts, forsook the Fight,
 And sought his Safety in ignoble Flight.

525

530

Now, best of Kings, since you propose to send
 Such bounteous Presents to your *Trojan* Friend;
 Add yet a greater at our joint Request,
 One which he values more than all the rest;
 Give him the fair *Lavinia* for his Bride:
 With that Alliance let the League be ty'd:
 And for the bleeding Land a lasting Peace provide.
 Let Insolence no longer awe the Throne,
 But with a Father's Right bestow your own.
 For this Maligner of the gen'ral Good,
 If still we fear his Force, he must be woo'd:

535

540

545

His

His haughty Godhead we with Pray'rs implore,
Your Scepter to release, and our just Rights restore.

O cursed Cause of all our Ills, must we

Wage Wars unjust, and fall in Fight for thee!

What Right hast thou to rule the *Latian* State;

550

And send us out to meet our certain Fate?

'Tis a destructive War; from *Turnus*' Hand

Our Peace and publick Safety we demand.

Let the fair Bride to the brave Chief remain;

If not, the Peace without the Pledge is vain.

555

Turnus, I know you think me not your Friend,

Nor will I much with your Belief contend:

I beg your Greatness not to give the Law

In other Realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.

Pity your own, or pity our Estate;

560

Nor twist our Fortunes with your sinking Fate.

Your Int'rest is the War shou'd never cease;

But we have felt enough, to wish the Peace:

A Land exhausted to the last remains,

Depopulated Towns, and driven Plains.

565

Yet, if Desire of Fame, and Thirst of Pow'r,

A Beauteous Princess, with a Crown in Dow'r,

So fire your Mind, in Arms assert your Right;

And meet your Foe, who dares you to the Fight.

Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;

570

We, but the Slaves who mount you to the Throne:

A base ignoble Crowd, without a Name;

Unwept, unworthy of the Fun'ral Flame:

By Duty bound to forfeit each his Life,

That *Thermus* may possess a Royal Wife.

575

Permit not, Mighty Man, so mean a Crew

Shou'd share such Triumphs; and detain from you

The Post of Honour, your undoubted Due:

Rather alone your matchless Forces employ:

To merit, what alone you must enjoy.

580

These Words, so full of Malice, mix'd with Art,

Inflam'd with Rage the youthful Hero's Heart.

Then groaning from the bottom of his Breast,

He heav'd for Wind, and thus his Wrath express'd.

You, *Dracones*, never want a Stream of Wounds,

585

Then, when the Publick Need requires our Swords.

First in the Council-hall to steer the State;

And ever foremost in a Tongue debate.

While our strong Walls secure us from the Foe,

E'er yet with Blood our Ditches overflow:

590

But let the potent Orator declaim,

And with the Brand of Coward blot my Name;

Free Leave is giv'n him, when his fatal Hand

Has cover'd with more Corps the sanguine Strand;

And high as mine his towering Trophies stand.

595

If any Doubt remains who dares the most,

Let us decide it at the *Bojann* cast:

And

And issue both a-breast, where Honour calls;
 Foes are not far to seek without the Walls.
 Unless his noisy Tongue can only fight; 600
 And Feet were giv'n him but to speed his Flight.
 I beaten from the Field? I forc'd away?
 Who, but so known a Dastard, dares to say?
 Had he but ev'n beheld the Fight, his Eyes
 Had witness'd for me what his Tongue denies: 605
 What Heaps of *Trojans* by this Hand were slain,
 And how the bloody *Tyber* swell'd the Main.
 All saw, but he, th' *Arcadian* Troops retire,
 In scatter'd Squadrons, and their Prince expire.
 The Giant-Brothers, in their Camp have found, 610
 I was not forc'd with ease to quit my Ground.
 Not such the *Trojans* try'd me, when inclos'd,
 I singly their united Arms oppos'd:
 First forc'd an Entrance thro' their thick Array;
 Then, glutted with their Slaughter, freed my Way. 615
 'Tis a destructive War? So let it be,
 But to the *Phrygian* Pirate, and to thee.
 Mean time proceed to fill the People's Ears
 With false Reports, their Minds with panick Fears:
 Extol the Strength of a twice-conquer'd Race, 620
 Our Foes encourage, and our Friends debase.
 Believe thy Fables, and the *Trojan* Town
 Triumphant stands, the *Grecians* are o'erthrown:

Suppliant at *Hector's* Feet *Achilles* lyes;

And *Diomedes* from fierce *Aeneas* flies.

625

Say rapid *Ausidus* with awful Dread

Runs backward from the Sea, and hides his Head,

When the Great *Trojan* on his Bank appears:

For that's as true as thy dissembled Fears

Of my Revenge: Dismiss that Vanity,

630

Thou, *Dracones*, art below a Death from me.

Let that vile Soul in that vile Body rest;

The Lodging is well worthy of the Guest.

Now, Royal Father, to the present State

Of our Affairs, and of this high Debate;

635

If in your Arms thus early you diffide,

And think your Fortune is already try'd;

If one Defeat has brought us down so low;

As never more in Fields to meet the Foe;

Then I conclude for Peace: 'Tis time to treat,

640

And lye like Vassals at the Victor's Feet.

But oh, if any ancient Blood remains,

One Drop of all our Fathers in our Veins:

That Man wou'd I prefer before the rest,

Who dar'd his Death with an undaunted Breast;

645

Who comely fell by no dishonest Wound,

To shun that Sight; and dying gnaw'd the Ground.

But if we still have fresh Recruits in store,

If our Confederates can afford us more;

If

If the contended Field we bravely fought; 650
 And not a bloodless Victory was bought:
 Their Losses equall'd ours; and for their slain,
 With equal Fires they fill'd the shining Plain;
 Why thus unforc'd shou'd we so tamely yield;
 And e'er the Trumpet sounds, resign the Field? 655
 Good unexpected, Evils unforeseen,
 Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene:
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again;
 Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
 If *Diomede* refuse his Aid to lend, 660
 The great *Messapus* yet remains our Friend:
Tolumnius, who foretels Events, is ours;
 Th' *Italian* Chiefs, and Princes, join their Pow'rs:
 Nor least in Number, nor in Name the last,
 Your own brave Subjects have our Cause embrac'd. 665
 Above the rest, the *Vulscian Amazon*
 Contains an Army in her self alone:
 And heads a Squadron, terrible to Sight,
 With glitt'ring Shields, in Brazen Armour bright.
 Yet if the Foe a single Fight demand, 670
 And I alone the Publick Peace withstand;
 If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
 Nor find a Hand to Victory unus'd.
 This new *Achilles*, let him take the Field,
 With fated Armour, and *Phoebian* Shields; 675
 For

For you, my Royal Father, and my Fame,
 I, *Turnus*, not the least of all my Name,
 Devote my Soul. He calls me hand to hand,
 And I alone will answer his Demand.

Drances shall rest secure, and neither share 680
 The Danger, nor divide the Prize of War.

While they debate; nor these nor those will yield;
Aeneas draws his Forces to the Field:

And moves his Camp. The Scouts with flying speed
 Return, and thro' the frighted City spread 685
 Th' unpleasing News, the *Trojans* are descry'd,
 In Battel marching by the River side;

And bending to the Town. They take th' Alarm,
 Some tremble, some are bold, all in Confusion arm.

Th' impetuous Youth press forward to the Field; 690
 They clash the Sword, and clatter on the Shield:

The fearful Matrons raise a screaming Cry;
 Old feeble Men with fainter Groans reply:

A jarring Sound results, and mingles in the Sky.

Like that of Swans remurm'ring to the Floods; 695
 Or Birds of diff'ring kinds in hollow Woods.

Turnus th' Occasion takes, and cries aloud,

Talk on, ye quaint Haranguers of the Crowd:

Declaim in Praise of Peace, when Danger calls;

And the fierce Foes in Arms approach the Walls. 700

He said, and turning short, with speedy Pace,
 Casts back a scornful Glance, and quits the Place.

Thou, *Volusus*, the *Volsian* Troops command:
 To mount; and lead thy self our *Ardean* Band.

Messapus, and *Catillus*, post your Force 705

Along the Fields, to charge the *Trojan* Horse.

Some guard the Passes, others man the Wall;

Drawn up in Arms, the rest attend my Call.

They swarm from ev'ry Quarter of the Town;

And with disorder'd Haste the Rampires crown. 710

Good old *Latinus*, when he saw, too late,

The gath'ring Storm, just breaking on the State,

Dismiss'd the Council, till a fitter Time,

And own'd his easy Temper as his Crime:

Who, forc'd against his Reason, had comply'd 715

To break the Treaty for the promis'd Bride.

Some help to sink new Trenches, others aid

To ram the Stones, or raise the Palisade.

Hoarse Trumpets sound th' Alarm: Around the Walls

Runs a distracted Crew, whom their last Labour calls.

A sad Procession in the Streets is seen, 720

Of Matrons that attend the Mother Queen:

High in her Chair she sits, and at her Side,

With down-cast Eyes appears the fatal Bride.

They mount the Cliff, where *Pallas'* Temple stands; 725

Pray'rs in their Mouths, and Presents in their Hands:

With

With Censers, first they fume the sacred Shrine;
Then in this common Supplication join.

O Patroness of Arms, unspotted Maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy *Latins* Aid:

730

Break short the Pirat's Lance; pronounce his Fate,
And lay the *Phrygian* low before the Gate.

Now *Turnus* arms for Fight: His Back and Breast,
Well-temper'd Steel, and scaly Brass invest:

The Cuishes, which his brawny Thighs infold,
Are mingled Metal damask'd o'er with Gold.

735

His faithful Fauchion sits upon his Side;
Nor Casque, nor Crest, his manly Features hide:

But bare to view amid surrounding Friends,
With Godlike Grace, he from the Tow'r descends.

740

Exulting in his Strength, he seems to dare
His absent Rival, and to promise War.

Freed from his Keepers, thus with broken Reins,
The wanton Courser prances o'er the Plains:

Or in the Pride of Youth o'erleaps the Mounds:
And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds.

745

Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known Flood,
To quench his Thirst, and cool his fiery Blood:

He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain,

And o'er his Shoulder flows his waving Mane:

750

He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high;
Before his ample Chest the frothy Waters fly.

Soon

Soon as the Prince appears without the Gate,
 The *Volsians*, and their Virgin-Leader, wait
 His last Commands. Then with a graceful Meen, 755
 Lights from her lofty Steed, the Warrior-Queen:
 Her Squadron imitates, and each descends;
 Whose common Sute *Camilla* thus commends.
 If Sense of Honour, if a Soul secure
 Of inborn Worth, that can all Tests endure, 760
 Can promise ought; or on it self rely,
 Greatly to dare, to conquer, or to dye:
 Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
 The *Tyrrhene* Troops, and promise their Defeat.
 Ours be the Danger, ours the sole Renown; 765
 You, Gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the Town.
Turnus a while stood mute, with glad Surprise,
 And on the fierce Virago fix'd his Eyes:
 Then thus return'd: O Grace of *Italy*,
 With what becoming Thanks can I reply! 770
 Not only Words lye lab'ring in my Breast;
 But Thought it self is by thy Praise oppress.
 Yet rob me not of all, but let me join
 My Toils, my Hazard, and my Fame, with thine.
 The *Trojans*, (not in Stratagem unskill'd,) 775
 Sends his light Horse before to scour the Field:
 Himself, thro' steep Ascents, and thorny Brakes,
 A larger Compass to the City takes.

This

This News my Scouts confirm: And I prepare
 To foil his Gunning, and his Force to dare: 780
 With chosen Foot his Passage to forelay:
 And place an Ambush in the winding Way.
 Thou, with thy *Volsicians*, face the *Thyrcan* Horfe:
 The brave *Messapus* shall thy Troops inforce;
 With those of *Tibur*; and the *Latian* Band: 785
 Subjected all to thy Supream Command.

This said, he warns *Messapus* to the War:
 Then ev'ry Chief exhorts, with equal Care.
 All thus encourag'd, his own Troops he joins,
 And hastes to prosecute his deep Designs. 790

Inclos'd with Hills, the winding Valley lies,
 By Nature form'd for Fraud, and fitted for Surprise:
 A narrow Track, by human Steps untrod,
 Leads, thro' perplexing Thorns, to this obscure Abode.
 High o'er the Vale a steepy Mountain stands;
 Whence the surveying Sight the neather Ground commands.
 The Top is level: an offensive Seat
 Of War; and from the War a safe Retreat.
 For, on the right and left, is room to press
 The Foes at hand, or from afar distress: 800
 To drive 'em headlong downward; and to pour,
 On their descending Backs, a stony Show'r.
 Thither Young *Turnus* took the well-known Way;
 Possess'd the Pass, and in blind Ambush lay.

Mean time, *Latonian Phœbe* from the Skies, 805
 Beheld th'approaching War with hateful Eyes,
 And call'd the light-foot *Opis* to her Aid,
 Her most belov'd, and ever-trusty Maid.
 Then with a Sigh began: *Camilla* goes
 To meet her Death, amidst her fatal Foes. 810
 The Nymph I lov'd of all my Mortal Train;
 Invested with *Diana's* Arms, in vain.
 Nor is my Kindness for the Virgin, new,
 'Twas born with Her, and with her Years it grew:
 Her Father *Metabus*, when forc'd away 815
 From old *Priverham*, for Tyrannick Sway;
 Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing Foes,
 This tender Babe, Companion of his Woes.
Camilla was her Mother; but he drown'd,
 One hissing Letter in a softer Sound, 820
 And call'd *Camilla*. Thro' the Woods he flies;
 Wrap'd in his Robe the Royal Infant lies.
 His Foes in Sight, he mends his weary pace;
 With Shouts and Clamours they pursue the Chace.
 The Banks of *Amasene* at length he gains; 825
 The raging Flood his farther Flight restrains:
 Rais'd o'er the Borders with unusual Rains.
 Prepar'd to plunge into the Stream, He fears:
 Not for himself, but for the Charge he bears.

Anxious

Anxious he stops a while; and thinks in haste;

830

Then, desp'rate in Distress, resolves at last.

A knotty Lance of well-boil'd Oak he bore;

The middle part with Cork he cover'd o'er:

He clos'd the Child within the hollow Space;

With Twigs of bending Osier bound the Case.

835

Then pois'd the Spear, heavy with human Weight;

And thus invoc'd my Favour for the Freight.

Accept, great Goddess of the Woods, he said,

Sent by her Sire, this dedicated Maid:

Thro' Air she flies a Suppliant to thy Shrine;

840

And the first Weapons that she knows, are thine.

He said; and with full Force the Spear he threw:

Above the founding Waves *Camilla* flew.

Then, press'd by Foes, he stemm'd the stormy Tide;

And gain'd, by stress of Arms, the farther Side.

845

His fasten'd Spear he pull'd from out the Ground;

And, Victor of his Vows, his Infant Nymph unboud.

Nor after that, in Towns which Walls inclose,

Wou'd trust his hunted Life amidst his Foes.

But rough, in open Air he chose to lye:

850

Earth was his Couch, his Cov'ring was the Sky.

On Hills unshorn, or in a desert Den,

He shunn'd the dire Society of Men.

A Shepherd's solitary Life he led:

His Daughter with the Milk of Mares he fed

855

The Dugs of Bears, and ev'ry salvage Beast,
 He drew, and thro' her Lips the Liquor press'd.
 The little *Amazons* cou'd scarcely go,
 He loads her with a Quiver and a Bow:
 And, that she might her stagg'ring Steps command, 840
 He with a slender Jav'lin fills her Hand:
 Her flowing Hair no golden Fillet bound;
 Nor swept her trailing Robe the dusty Ground.
 Instead of these, a Tyger's Hide o'erspread
 Her Back and Shoulders, fasten'd to her Head. 865
 The flying Dart she first attempts to fling;
 And round her tender Temples toss'd the Sling:
 Then, as her Strength with Years increas'd, began
 To pierce aloft in Air the soaring Swan:
 And from the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane. }
 The *Tuscan* Matrons with each other vy'd, 871
 To bless their Rival Sons with such a Bride:
 But she disdains their Love; to share with none
 The Silvan Shades, and vow'd Virginity.
 And oh! I wish, contented with my Cares 875
 Of Salvage Spoils, she had not fought the Wars:
 Then had she been of my Celestial Train;
 And shunn'd the Fate that dooms her to be slain.
 But since, opposing Heav'n's Decree, she goes
 To find her Death among forbidden Foes; 880

Haste with these Arms, and take thy speedy Flight,
Where, with the Gods averse, the *Latins* fight:

This Bow to thee, this Quiver, I bequeath,

This chosen Arrow to revenge her Death:

By whate'er Hand *Camilla* shall be slain,

Or of the *Trojan*, or *Italian* Train,

Let him not pass unpunish'd from the Plain.

Then, in a hollow Cloud, my self will aid,

To bear the breathless Body of my Maid:

Unspoil'd shall be her Arms, and unprophan'd

Her holy Limbs with any human Hand:

And in a Marble Tomb laid in her Native Land.

She said: The faithful Nymph descends from high
With rapid Flight, and cuts the sounding Sky;

Black Clouds and stormy Winds around her Body fly.

By this, the *Trojan* and the *Tuscan* Horse,

Drawn up in Squadrons, with united Force,

Approach the Walls; the sprightly Couriers bound;

Press forward on their Bits, and shift their Ground:

Shields, Arms, and Spears, flash horribly from far; 900

And the Fields glitter with a waving War.

Oppos'd to these, come on with furious Force

Messapus, *Coras*, and the *Latian* Horse;

These in the Body plac'd; on either hand

Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair *Camilla's* Band.

885

890

896

900

905

Advancing in a Line, they couch their Spears;
And less and less the middle Space appears.

Thick Smoke obscures the Field: And scarce are seen
The neighing Coursers, and the shouting Men.

In distance of their Darts they stop their Course; 910

Then Man to Man they rush, and Horse to Horse.

The Face of Heav'n their flying Jav'lins hide;

And Deaths unseen are dealt on either side.

Tyrrhenus, and *Acontes*, void of Fear,

By metled Coursers born in full Career, 915

Meet first oppos'd: and, with a mighty Shock,

Their Horses Heads against each other knock.

Far from his Steed is fierce *Acontes* cast;

As with an Engin's Force, or Lightning's Blast: }

He rows along in Blood, and breaths his last. 920 }

The *Latin* Squadrons take a sudden Fright;

And sling their Shields behind, to save their Backs in flight.

Spurring at Speed to their own Walls they drew;

Close in the Rear the *Tuscan* Troops pursue:

And urge their Flight. *Afyllas* leads the Chase; 925

Till seiz'd with Shame they wheel about and face:

Receive their Foes, and raise a threat'ning Cry.

The *Tuscans* take their turn to fear and fly.

So swelling Surges, with a thund'ring Roar,

Driv'n on each others Backs, insult the Shoar; 930

Bound o'er the Rocks, incroach upon the Land;

And far upon the Beach eject the Sand.

Then backward with a Swing, they take their Way;

Repuls'd from upper Ground, and seek their Mother-Sea:

With equal hurry quit th' invaded Shore; 935

And swallow back the Sand, and Stones they spew'd before:

Twice were the *Tuscan* Master of the Field,

Twice by the *Latins*, in their turn repell'd.

At last at length, to the third Charge they ran,

Both Hosts resolv'd, and mingled Man to Man: 940

Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are strow'd

With falling Bodies, and are drunk with Blood:

Arms, Horses, Men, on heaps together lye:

Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.

Orsilochnis, who durst not press too near 945

Strong *Remulus*, at distance drove his Spear;

And struck the Steel beneath his Horse's Ear:

The fiery Steed, impatient of the Wound,

Curvets, and springing upward with a Bound,

His hopeless Lord cast backward on the Ground. 950

Caillus pierc'd *Iolas* first; then drew

His reeking Lance, and at *Herminius* threw:

The mighty Champion of the *Tuscan* Crew.

His Neck and Throat unarm'd, his Head was bare,

But shaded with a length of yellow Hair: 955

Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
 A spacious Mark for Swords, and for the flying Dart:
 A-cross the Shoulders came the feather'd Wound;
 Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the Ground.

The Sands with steaming Blood are sanguine dy'd; 960
 And Death, with Honour, fought on either side.

Refittless thro' the War, *Camilla* rode;
 In Danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with Blood.
 One side was bare for her exerted Breast;
 One Shoulder with her painted Quiver press'd. 965

Now from afar her fatal Jav'lines play;
 Now with her Axe's Edge she hews her Way:
Diana's Arms upon her Shoulder sound;
 And when, too closely press'd, she quits the Ground;
 From her bent Bow she sends a backward Wound. 970

Her Maids, in Martial Pomp, on either side
Larina, *Tulla*, fierce *Tarpeia* ride;
Italians all: in Peace, their Queen's Delight:
 In War, the bold Companions of the Fight.

So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old, 975
 When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows roarl'd;
 Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,
 When *Theseus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen.
 Such to the Field *Penthesilea* led,
 From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled: 980

With

With such, return'd Triumphant from the War;
 Her Mail: with Ories attend the lofty Carr:
 They clash with manly Force their Moony Shields;
 With Female Shouts resound the Phrygian Fields.

Who foremost, and who last, Heroick Maid, 985
 On the cold Earth were by thy Courage laid?

Thy Spear, of Mountain-Ash, *Ramnius* first,
 With Fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:
 A purple Stream came spouting from the Wound;
 Bath'd in his Blood he lies, and bites the Ground. 990

Lyris and *Pegasus* at once the flow;
 The former, as the slacken'd Reins he drew,
 Of his faint Steed: the latter, as he stretch'd
 His Arm to prop his Friend, the Jav'lin reach'd.
 By the same Weapon, sent from the same Hand, 995
 Both fall together, and both spurn the Sand.

Minastus next is added to the slain:
 The rest in Rout she follows o'er the Plain:

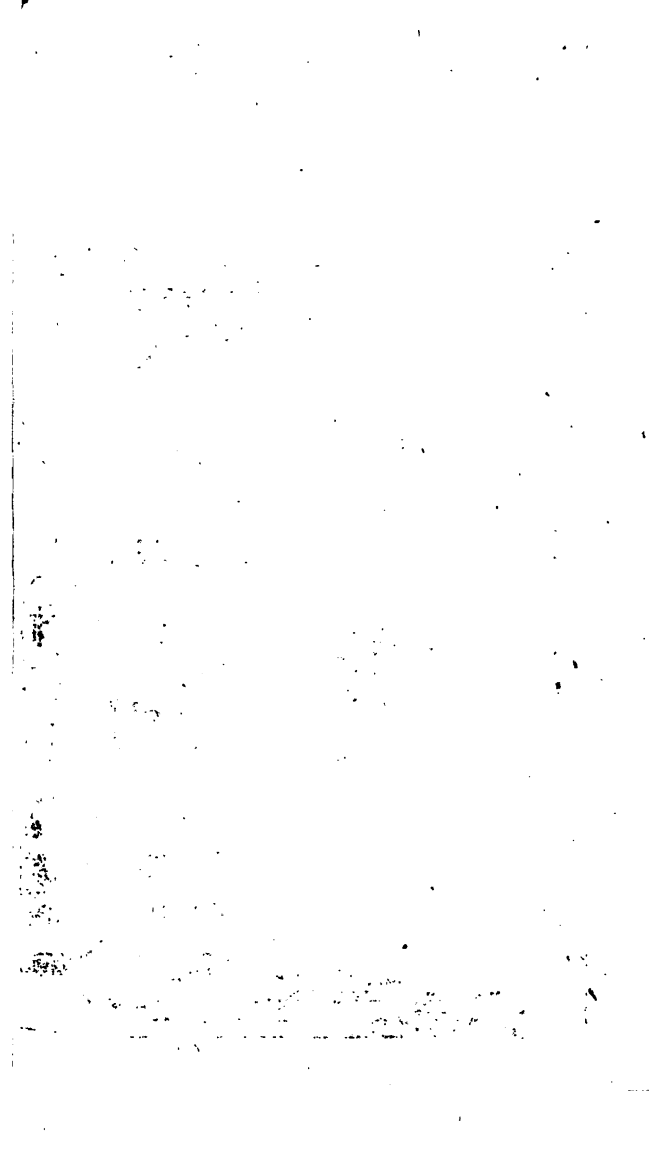
Tereus, *Harpalicus*, *Dumaphon*,
 And *Chromys*, at full Speed her Fury shun. 1000
 Of all her deadly Darts, not one she lost;
 Each was attended with a Trojan Ghost.

Young *Ornithus* bestrode a Hunter Steed,
 Swift for the Chase, and of *Aspeline* Breed:
 Him, from afar, she spy'd in Arms unknown; 1005
 O'er his broad Back an Oxe's Hide was thrown:

His Helm a Wolf, whose gaping Jaws were spread
 A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grinn'd around his Head,
 He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong;
 And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the Throng.
 Him soon she singled from the flying Train, 1011
 And slew with Ease: Then thus insults the slain.
 Vain Hunter, didst thou think thro' Woods to chase
 The savage Herd, a vile and trembling Race?
 Here cease thy Vaunts, and own my Victory; 1015
 A Woman-Warrior was too strong for thee.
 Yet if the Ghosts demand the Conqu'ror's Name,
 Confessing great *Camilla*, save thy Shame.
 Then *Butes*, and *Orsilochus* she slew,
 The bulkiest Bodies of the Trojan Crew. 1020
 But *Butes* Breast to Breast: the Spear descends
 Above the Gorget, where his Helmet ends,
 And o'er the Shield which his left Side defends. }
Orsilochus and she, their Coursers ply;
 He seems to follow, and she seems to fly. 1025
 But in a narrower Ring she makes the Race;
 And then he flies, and she pursues the Chase.
 Gath'ring at length on her deluded Foe,
 She swings her Ax, and rises at the Blow:
 Full on the Helm behind, with such a Sway 1030
 The Weapon falls, the riven Steel gives way:









He groans, he rears, he sues in vain for Grace;
 Brains, mingled with his Blood, besmear his Face.

Astonish'd *Æneas* just arrives by chance,

To see his Fall, nor farther dares advance:

1035.

But fixing on the horrid Maid his Eye,

He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly.

Yet like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,

(At least while Fortune favour'd his Deceit)

Cries out aloud, what Courage have you shown,

1040.

Who trust your Courser's Strength, and not your own?

Forego the Vantage of your Horse, alight,

And then on equal Terms begin the Fight:

It shall be seen, weak Woman, what you can,

When, Foot to Foot, you combat with a Man.

1045.

He said: She glows with Anger and Disdain,

Dismounts with speed to dare him on the Plain;

And leaves her Horse at large among her Train.

With her drawn Sword defies him to the Field;

And marching, lifts aloft her Maiden Shield:

1050.

The Youth, who thought his Cunning did succeed,

Reins round his Horse, and urges all his Speed,

Adds the Remembrance of the Spur, and hides

The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides.

Vain Fool, and Coward, said the lofty Maid,

1055.

Caught in the Train, which thou thy self hast laid!

On others practise thy *Ligurian* Arts;
Thin Stratagems, and Tricks of little Hearts
Are lost on me. Nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting Lies to thy fallacious Sire. 1060

At this, so fast her flying Feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his Horse's Head:
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the Rein,
And laid the Boaster growling on the Plain.
Not with more ease the Falcon from above,
Trusses, in midde Air, the trembling Dove:
Then plumes the Prey, in her strong Pounces bound;
The Feathers foul with Blood come tumbling to the ground.

Now mighty *Jove*, from his superior Height,
With his broad Eye surveys th' unequal Fight. 1070
He fires the Breast of *Turcion* with Disdain;
And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd Plain.
Betwixt the broken Ranks the *Tuscan* rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides:
Recalls each Leader, by his Name, from Flight; 1075
Renews their Ardour, and restores the Fight.
What Panick Fear has seiz'd your Souls, O Shame,
O Brand perpetual of th' *Etrurian* Name;
Cowards incurable, a Woman's Hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble Band! 1080
Now cast away the Sword, and quit the Shield:
What use of Weapons which you dare not wield?

Not

Not thus you fly your Female Foes, by Night,
 Nor shun the Feast, when the full Bowls invite:
 When to fat Off'rings the glad *Aeger* calls;
 And the shrill Horn-pipe sounds to *Bacchante*.
 These are your study'd Cares; your lewd Delight
 Swift to debauch, but slow to Manly Fight.
 Thus having said, he spurs amid the Foes;
 Not managing the Life he meant to lose.
 The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
 In his strong Gripe: and clasp'd around the Waste:
 'Twas *Pemulus*, whom from his Horse he tore,
 And (laid athwart his own,) in Triumph bore.
 Loud Shouts ensue: The *Latins* turn their Eyes,
 And view th' unusual Sight with vast Surprise.
 The fiery *Tarshon*, flying o'er the Plains,
 Press'd in his Arms the pond'rous Prey sustains:
 Then with his shorten'd Spear, explores around
 His jointed Arms, to fix a deadly Wound.
 Nor less the Captive struggles for his Life;
 He writhes his Body to prolong the Strife:
 And, fencing for his naked Throat, exerts
 His utmost Vigour, and the Point averts.

So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,
 And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky;
 Fast'ning his crooked Talons on the Prey:
 The Prisoner hisses thro' the liquid Way,

Resists

Resists the Royal Hawk, and tho' oppress'd,
 She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest: 1110
 Turn'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale;
 And shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.
 Against the Victor all Defence is weak;
 Th'imperial Bird still plies her with his Beak:
 He tears her Bowels, and her Breast he gores; 1115
 Then claps his Pinions, and securely soars.

Thus, thro' the midst of circling Enemies,
 Strong *Tarchon* snatch'd, and bore away his Prize:
 The *Tyrrhene* Troops, that shrunk before, now press
 The *Latins*, and presume the like Success. 1120

Then *Arms*, doom'd to Death, his Arts essay'd
 To murder, unesp'y'd, the *Volsian* Maid:
 This way, and that his winding Course he bends;
 And wheresoe'er she turns, her Steps attends.
 When she retires victorious from the Chase, 1125
 He wheels about with Care, and shifts his Place:
 When rushing on, she seeks her Foes in Fight,
 He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in Sight:
 He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry Way
 Unseen to kill, and safely to betray. 1130

Chlorus, the Priest of *Cybele*, from far,
 Glitt'ring in *Phrygian* Arms amidst the War,
 Was by the Virgin view'd: The Steed he press'd
 Was proud with Trappings, and his brawny Chest

With

With Scales of gilded Braſs was cover'd o're:

1139

A Robe of *Tyrian* Dye the Rider wore:

With deadly Wounds he gau'd the diſtant Fee;

Gneſſian his Shafts, and *Lycian* was his Bow:

A golden Helm his Front, and Head ſurrounds;

A gilded Quiver from his Shoulder ſounds.

1140

Gold, weav'd with Linnen, on his Thighs he wore:

With Flowers of Needlework diſtinguiſh'd o're:

With Golden Buckles bound, and gather'd up before.

Him, the fierce Maid beheld with ardent Eyes;

Fond and Ambitious of ſo rich a Prize:

1145

Or that the Temple might his Trophies hold,

Or elſe to ſhine her ſelf in *Trojan* Gold:

Blind in her haſte, ſhe chafes him alone,

And ſeeks his Life, regardless of her own.

This lucky Moment the ſly Traitor choſe:

1150

Then, ſtarting from his Ambuſh up he roſe,

And threw, but firſt to Heav'n addreſs'd his Vows.

O Patron of *Saracte*, high Abodes,

Phœbus the Ruling Pow'r among the Gods;

Whom firſt we ſerve, whole Woods of unctuous Pine

Are fell'd for thee, and to thy Glory ſhine;

1156

By thee protect'd, with our naked Soles,

Thro' Flames unſing'd we march, and tread the kindled

[Coals:

Give me, propitious Pow'r, to waſh away

The Stains of this diſhonourable Day:

1160

Nor

Nor Spoils, nor Triumph, from the Foe I claim;
 But with my future Actions trust my Fame.
 Let me, by Death, this Female Plague overcome;
 And from the Field return inglorious home.

Apollo heard, and granting half his Pray'r, 1165
 Shuffled in Winds the rest, and toss'd in empty Air.
 He gives the Death desir'd; his safe Return,
 By Southern Tempests to the Seas is born.

Now, when the Jav'lin whiz'd along the Skies,
 Both Armies on Camilla turn'd their Eyes, 1170
 Directed by the Sound: of either Host,
 Th' unhappy Virgin, tho' concern'd the most,
 Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
 On Golden Spoils, and on her Prey intent:
 Till in her Lap the winged Weapon stood 1175
 Infix'd; and deeply drunk the purple Blood.
 Her sad Attendants hasten to sustain
 Their dying Lady drooping on the Plain.
 Far from their sight the trembling Arms flies,
 With beating Heart, and Fear confus'd with Joys;
 Nor dares he farther to pursue his Blow; 1181
 Or even to bear the sight of his expiring Foe.

As when the Wolf has torn a Bullock's Hide,
 At unawares; or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side:
 Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies, 1185
 And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs:

So,

So, speeding once, the Wretch no more attends;
 But spurring forward hurls among his Friends.
 She wrench'd the jav'ling with her dying Hands;
 But wedg'd within her Breast the Weapon stands: 1190
 The Wood she draws, the fiery Point remains,
 She staggers in her Seat, with agonizing Pains:
 A gathering Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes;
 And from her Cheeks the rose Colour flies.
 Then, turns to her, whom, of her Female Train, 1195
 She trusted most, and thus she speaks with Pain.
Acca, 'tis past! He swims before my sight,
 Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
 Bear my last Words to *Turris*, fly with speed,
 And bid him timely to my Charge succeed: 1200
 Repel the *Trojans*, and the Town relieve:
 Farewel; and in this Kiss my parting Breath receive.
 She said; and sliding, sunk upon the Plain;
 Dying, her open'd Hand forsakes the Rein; 1205
 Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
 Her Mind the Passage from her Body frees.
 She drops her Sword, she nods her plamy Crest;
 Her drooping Head declining on her Breast:
 In the last Sigh her struggling Soul expires; 1209
 And murmur'ing with Disdain, to *Stygian* Sounds retires.
 A Shout, that struck the Golden Stars, ensu'd:
 Despair and Rage, and languish'd Fight renew'd.

The *Trojan* Troops, and *Tuscan* in a Line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd *Arcadians* join.

But *Cynthia's* Maid, high seated, from afar

1215

Surveys the Field, and fortune of the War:

Unmov'd a while, till prostrate on the Plain,

Wet'ring in Blood, she sees *Camilla* slain;

And round her Corps, of Friends and Foes a fighting

[Train.]

Then, from the bottom of her Breast, she drew

1220

A mournful Sigh, and these sad Words ensue:

Too dear a Fine, ah much lamented Maid,

For warring with the *Trojans*, thou hast paid!

Nor ought avail'd, in this unhappy Strife,

Diana's sacred Arms, to save thy Life.

1225

Yet unreveng'd thy Goddess will not leave

Her *Vot'ry's* Death, nor with vain Sorrow grieve.

Branded the Wretch, and be his Name abhorr'd;

But after Ages shall thy Praise record.

Th' inglorious Coward soon shall press the Plain;

1230

Thus vows thy Queen, and thus the Fates ordain.

High o'er the Field, there stood a hilly Mound;

Sacred the Place, and spread with Oaks around;

Where, in a Marble Tomb, *Dercennus* lay,

1235

A King that once in *Latium* bore the Sway.

The-beauteous *Opis* thither bent her flight,

To mark the Traitor *Arms*, from the height.

Him,

Him, in refulgent Arms she soon esp'y'd,
 Swoln with Success, and loudly thus she cry'd.
 Thy backward steps, vain Boaster, are too late; 1240
 Turn, like a Man at length, and meet thy Fate.
 Charg'd with my Message to *Camilla* go;
 And say I sent thee to the Shades below;
 An Honour undeserv'd from *Cynthia's* Bow. }

She said: and from her Quiver chose with speed!
 The winged Shaft, destin'd for the Deed: 4126
 Then, to the stubborn Eugh her strength apply'd;
 Till the far distant Horns approach'd on either side.
 The Bow-string touch'd her Breast, so strong she drew;
 Whizzing in Air the fatal Arrow flew. 1250

A once the twanging Bow, and sounding Dart
 The Traitor heard, and felt the Point within his Heart.
 Him, beating with his Heels, in pangs of Death,
 His flying Friends to foreign Fields bequeath.
 The Conqu'ring Damsel, with expanded Wings, 1255
 The welcome Message to her Mistress brings.

Their Leader lost, the *Volsceans* quit the Field;
 And, unsustain'd, the Chiefs of *Turnus* yield.
 The frighted Soldiers, when their Captains fly,
 More on their Speed than on their Strength rely. 1260
 Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down;
 And spur their Horses headlong to the Town.

Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,
 Not once they turn; but take their Wounds behind.
 These drop the Shield, and these the Lance forego; 1265
 Or on their Shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow,
 The Hoofs of Horses with a rattling sound,
 Beat short, and thick, and shake the rotten Ground:
 Black Clouds of Dust come rowling in the Sky,
 And o'er the darken'd Walls, and Rampires fly. 1270
 The trembling Matrons, from their lofty Stands,
 Rend Heav'n with Female Shrieks; and wring their Hands.
 All pressing on, Pursuers and pursu'd,
 Are crush'd in Crowds, a mingled Multitude;
 Some happy few escape: the Throng too late, 1275
 Rush on for Entrance, till they choke the Gate,
 Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched Sire
 Looks on, and sees his helpless Son expire.
 Then, in a fright, the folding Gates they close;
 But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes. 1280
 The vanquish'd cry, the Victors loudly shout;
 'Tis Terror all within, and Slaughter all without.
 Blind in their Fear, they bounce against the Wall,
 Or to the Moats pursu'd, precipitate their fall.
 The *Latin* Virgins, valiant with despair, 1285
 Arm'd on the Towers the common Danger share;
 So much of Zeal their Country's Cause inspir'd;
 So much *Camilla's* great Example fir'd.

Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw ;
With imitated Darts to gaul the Foe. 1290

Their Lives; for Godlike freedom they bequeath;
And crowd each other to be first in death.

Mean time to *Turnus*, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tydings, came th' Unhappy Maid.

The *Volsians* overthrown, *Camilla* kill'd, 1295

The Foes entirely Masters of the Field,
Like a resistless Flood, come rowling on:

The Cry goes off the Plain, and thickens to the Town.

Inflam'd with Rage, (for so the Furies fire
The *Dæmon's* Breast, and so the Fates require,) 1300

He leaves the hilly Pass, the Woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the Plain:

Scarce was he gone, when to the Streights, now head
From secret Foes, the *Trojan* Troops succeed.

Thro' the black Forrest, and the ferny Brake, 1305
Unknowingly secure, their Way they take.

From the rough Mountains to the Plain descend;
And there, in Order drawn, their Line extend.

Both Armies, now, in open Fields are seen:

Nor far the distance of the Space between. 1310

Both to the City bend: *Æneas* sees,

Thro' smoking Fields, his hast'ning Enemies.

And *Turnus* views the *Trojans* in Array,

And hears th' approaching Horses proudly neigh.

Soon had their Hosts in bloody Battel join'd;

1315

But Westward to the Sea the Sun declin'd.

Intrench'd before the Town, both Armies lye :

While Night with sable Wings involves the Sky.



The



The Twelfth Book of the

Æ N E I S.

The A R G U M E N T.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single Combat : Articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas : He is miraculously cur'd by Venus, forces Turnus to a Duel, and concludes the Poem with his Death.

W H E N Turnus saw the Latins leave the Field ;
Their Armies broken, and their Courage
quell'd ;

Himself become the Mark of publick Spight,
His Honour question'd for the promis'd Fight :

The more he was with Vūlgar Hate oppress'd,

The more his Fury boil'd within his Breast :

He rowz'd his Vigour for the late Debate ;

rais'd his haughty Soul, to meet his Fate.

; when the Swains the Libyan Lion chase,

makes a sūr Retreat, nor mends his Pace ;

10

But

But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
 The Lordly Beast returns with double Pride:
 He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain;
 His Sides he lashes, and erects his Mane.
 So ~~Trojan~~ fares; his Eye-balls flash with Fire,
 Thro' his wide Nestrils Clouds of Smoke expire.

15

Trembling with Rage, around the Court he ran;
 At length approach'd the King, and thus began.

No more Excuses or Delays: I stand
 In Arms prepar'd to Combat, Hand to Hand,
 This base Defenter of his Native Land.

20

The *Trojan*, by his Word, is bound to take
 The same Conditions which himself did make.

Renew the Truce, the solemn Rites prepare;
 And to my single Virtue trust the War.

25

The *Latians* unconcern'd shall see the Fight;

This Arm unaided shall assert your Right:

Then, if my prostrate Body press the Plain,

To him the Crown, and beauteous Bride remain.

To whom the King sedately thus reply'd;

30

Brave Youth, the more your Valour has been try'd,

The more becomes it us, with due Respect

To weigh the chance of War, which you neglect.

You want not Wealth, or a successive Throne,

Or Cities, which your Arms have made your own;

35

My

My Towns and Treasures are at your Command;
 And stor'd with blooming Beauties is my Land:
Laurentum more than one *Laavinia* sees,

Unmarry'd, fair, of Noble Families.

Now let me speak; and you with Patience hear,

40

Things which perhaps may grate a Lover's Ear:

But sound Advice, proceeding from a Heart

Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent Art.

'The Gods, by Signs, have manifestly shown,

No Prince, *Italian* born, should heir my Throne:

45

Oft have our Augurs, in Prediction skill'd,

And oft our Priests, a Foreign Son reveal'd.

Yet, won by Worth, that cannot be withstood,

Brib'd by my Kindness to my kindred Blood,

Urg'd by my Wife, who wou'd not be deny'd,

50

I promis'd my *Laavinia* for your Bride;

Her from her plighted Lord by force I took ;

All ties of Treaties, and of Honour broke:

On your Account I wag'd an impious War,

With what Success 'tis needless to declare;

55

I and my Subjects feel; and you have had your Share.

Twice vanquish'd, while in bloody Fields we strive,

Scarce in our Walls, we keep our Hopes alive:

The rowling Flood runs warm with human Gore;

The Bones of *Latins* glance the neighb'ring Shore:

60

Why

Why put I not an end to this Debate,
 Still unresolv'd, and still a Slave to Fate?
 If *Turnus's* Death a lasting Peace can give,
 Why shou'd I not procure it, whilst you live.
 Shou'd I to doubtful Arms your Youth betray, 65
 What wou'd my Kinsmen, the *Rutulians*, say?
 And shou'd you fall in Fight, (which Heav'n defend)
 How curse the Cause, which hasten'd to his end,
 The Daughter's Lover, and the Father's Friend?
 Weigh in your Mind, the various Chance of War, 70
 Pity your Parent's Age; and ease his Care.

Such balmy Words he pour'd, but all in vain;
 The proffer'd Med'cine but provok'd the Pain.
 The wrathful Youth disdaining the Relief,
 With intermitting Sobs, thus vents his Grief, 75
 The Care, O best of Fathers, which you take
 For my Concerns, at my Desire forsake.
 Permit me not to languish out my Days;
 But make the best exchange of Life for Praise.
 This Arm, this Lance, can well dispute the Prize; 80
 And the Blood follows, where the Weapon flies;
 His Goddess's Mother is not near, to shrowd
 The flying Coward with an empty Cloud.

But now the Queen, who fear'd for *Turnus's* Life,
 And leath'd the hard Conditions of the Strife, 85

Held him by Force; and, dying in his Death,
 In these sad Accents gave her Sorrow breath.
 O *Turnus*, I adjure thee by these Tears;
 And what-e'er price *Amata's* Honour bears
 Within thy Breast, since thou art all my hope,
 My sickly Mind's repose, my sinking Age's prop;
 Since on the Safety of thy Life alone
 Depends *Latinus*, and the *Latian* Throne:
 Refuse me not this one, this only Pray'r;
 To wave the Combat, and pursue the War.
 Whatever Chance attends this fatal Strife,
 Think it includes in thine *Amata's* Life.
 I cannot live a Slave; or see my Throne
 Usurp'd by Strangers, or a *Trojan* Son.

90

95

At this, a Flood of Tears *Lavinia* shed;
 A crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'erspread,
 Varying her Cheeks by turns, with white and red.
 The driving Colours, never at a stay,
 Run here and there; and flush, and fade away.
 Delightful change! thus *Indian* Ivory shows,
 Which with the bordering Paint of Purple glows;
 Or Lillies damask'd by the neighb'ring Rose.
 The Lover gaz'd, and burning with desire,
 The more he look'd, the more he fed the Fire:
 Revenge, and jealous Rage, and secret Spight,
 Rowl in his Breast, and rowze him to the Fight.

100

105

110

Then fixing on the Queen his ardent Eyes,
Firm to his first Intent, he thus replies.

O Mother, do not by your Tears prepare
Such boding Omens, and prejudge the War. 115
Resolv'd on Fight, I am no longer free
To shun my Death, if Heav'n my Death decree.

Then turning to the Herald, thus pursues;
Go, greet the *Trojan* with ungrateful News,
Denounce from me, that when to-Morrow's Light 120
Shall gild the Heav'ns, he need not urge the Fight:
The *Trojan* and *Rutulian* Troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual Blood, the *Latian* Shore:
Our single Swords the Quarrel shall decide,
And to the Victor be the beauteous Bride. 125

He said, and striding on, with speedy Pace,
He sought his Coursers of the *Thracian* Race.
At his Approach, they toss their Heads on high;
And proudly neighing, promise Victory.
The Sires of these *Oribia* sent from far, 130
To grace *Pilumnus*, when he went to War.
The drifts of *Thracian* Snows were scarce so white,
Nor Northern Winds in fleetness match'd their Flight.
Officious Grooms stand ready by his Side; 134
And some with Combs their flowing Manes divide,
And others stroke their Chests, and gently sooth their
Pride. }

He

He sheath'd his Limbs in Arms; a temper'd Mass
Of golden Metal those, and Mountain Brass.

Then to his Head his glitt'ring Helm he ty'd;
And girt his faithful Fauchion to his Side.

140

In his *Ætnean* Forge, the God of Fire
That Fauchion labour'd for the Hero's Sire:

Immortal Keeness on the Blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the *Stygian* Flood.

Prop'd on a Pillar, which the Ceiling bore,
Was plac'd the Lance *Auruncan Actor* wore;

145

Which with such Force he brandish'd in his Hand,
The tough Ash trembled like an Osier Wand.

Then cry'd, O pond'rous Spoil of *Actor* slain,
And never yet by *Turnus* tofs'd in vain,

150

Fail not this Day thy wonted Force: but go,
Sent by his Hand, to pierce the *Trojan* Foe:

Give me to tear his Corslet from his Breast,
And from that Eunuch Head, to rend the Crest:

Drag'd in the Dust, his frizled Hair to soil,

155

Hot from the vexing Ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant Oil.

Thus while he raves, from his wide Nostrils flies
A fiery Steam, and Sparkles from his Eyes.

So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's fight;
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:

160

He tries his goring Horns against a Tree;
And meditates his absent Enemy:

He pushes at the Winds, he digs the Strand
With his black Hoofs, and spurns the yellow Sand.

Nor less the *Trojan*, in his *Lemnian* Arms, 165
To future Fight his Manly Courage warms:
He whets his Fury, and with Joy prepares,
To terminate at once the ling'ring Wars.
To cheer his Chiefs, and tender Son, relates
What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the Fates. 170
Then to the *Latian* King he sends, to cease
The Rage of Arms, and ratifie the Peace.

The Morn ensuing from the Mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the Skies with rosie Light;
Th' *Ethereal* Coursers bounding from the Sea, 175
From out their flaming Nostrils breath'd the Day:
When now the *Trojan* and *Rutulian* Guard,
In friendly Labour join'd, the List prepar'd.
Beneath the Walls, they measure out the Space; 179
Then sacred Altars rear, on sods of Grass; [placed
Where, with Religious Rites, their common Gods they
In purest white, the Priests their Heads attire,
And living Waters bear, and holy Fire:
And o'er their Linnen Hoods, and shaded Hair,
Long twisted Wreaths of sacred Vervain wear. 185

In Order issuing from the Town, appears
The *Latin* Legion, arm'd with pointed Spears;

And

And from the Fields, advancing on a Line,
 The *Trojan* and the *Tuscan* Forces join:
 Their various Arms afford a pleasing Sight: 190
 A peaceful Train they seem, in Peace prepar'd for Fight.

Betwixt the Ranks the proud Commanders ride,
 Glitt'ring with Gold, and Vests in Purple dy'd.
 Here *Mæstheus*, Author of the *Mæmian* Line,
 And there *Messapus* born of Seed Divine. 195
 The Sign is giv'n, and round the list'd Space,
 Each Man in order fills his proper Place.
 Reclining on their ample Shields, they stand;
 And fix their pointed Lances in the Sand.
 Now, studious of the fight, a num'rous Throng 200
 Of either Sex promiscuous, old and young,
 Swarm from the Town: by those who rest behind,
 The Gates and Walls, and Houses tops are lin'd.

Mean time the Queen of Heav'n beheld the fight,
 With Eyes unpleas'd, from Mount *Albano's* height: 205
 (Since call'd *Albano*, by succeeding Fame,
 But then an empty Hill, without a Name.)
 She thence survey'd the Field, the *Trojan* Pow'rs,
 The *Latian* Squadrons, and *Laurentine* Tow'rs,
 Then thus the Goddess of the Skies bespake, 210
 With Sighs and Tears, the Goddess of the Lake;
 King *Turnus'* Sister, once a lovely Maid,
 E'er to the Lust of lawless *Jove* betray'd,

Compress'd by Force, but by the grateful God,
 New made the *Nais* of the neighb'ring Flood. 215

O Nymph, the Pride of living Lakes, said she,
 O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
 Long hast thou known, nor need I to record
 The wanton fallies of my wand'ring Lord:
 Of ev'ry *Latian* fair, whom *Jove* mis-led, 220

To mount by Stealth my violated Bed,
 To thee alone I grudg'd not his Embrace;
 But gave a part of Heav'n, and an unenvy'd Place.
 Now learn from me, thy near approaching Grief,
 Nor think my Wishes want to thy Relief. 225

While Fortune favour'd, nor Heav'n's King deny'd,
 To lend my Succour to the *Latian* side,
 I sav'd thy Brother, and the sinking State:
 But now he struggles with unequal Fate;
 And goes with Gods averse, o'ermatch'd in Might, 230
 To meet inevitable Death-in Fight:
 Nor must I break the Truce, nor can sustain the fight. }

Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present Aid supply;
 It well becomes a Sister's Care to try.

At this the lovely Nymph, with Grief oppress'd, 235
 Thrice tore her Hair, and beat her comely Breast.
 To whom *Saturnia* thus; Thy Tears are late;
 Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd from Fate:

New Tumults kindle, violate the Truce;
 Who knows what changeful Fortune may produce? 240
 'Tis not a Crime t' attempt what I decree,
 Or if it were, discharge the Crime on me.
 She said, and, sailing on the winged Wind,
 Left the sad Nymph suspended in her Mind.

And now in Pomp the peaceful Kings appear: 245
 Four Steeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear:
 Twelve golden Beams around his Temples play,
 To mark his Lineage from the God of Day.
 Two snowy Coursers *Turnus*' Chariot yoke,
 And in his Hand two Maffy Spears he shook: 250
 Then issu'd from the Camp, in Arms Divine,
Aeneas, Author of the *Roman* Line:

And by his side *Ascanius* took his Place,
 The second Hope of *Rome*'s Immortal Race.
 Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend Priest appears; 255
 And Off'rings to the flaming Altars bears;
 A Porket, and a Lamb, that never suffer'd Shears.

Then, to the rising Sun he turns his Eyes,
 And strews the Beasts, design'd for Sacrifice,
 With Salt, and Meal: with like officious Care 260
 He marks their Foreheads, and he clips their Hair.
 Betwixt their Horns the purple Wine he sheds,
 With the same gen'rous Juice the Flame he feeds.

Æneas then unsheath'd his shining Sword,
 And thus with pious Pray'rs the Gods ador'd. 265
 All-seeing Sun, and thou *Ansonian* Soil,
 For which I have sustain'd so long a Toil,
 Thou King of Heav'n, and thou the Queen of Air,
 (Propitious now, and reconcil'd by Pray'r,)
 Thou God of War, whose unresist'd Sway 270
 The Labours and Events of Arms obey;
 Ye living Fountains, and ye running Floods,
 All Pow'rs of Ocean, all Etherial Gods,
 Hear, and bear Record: if I fall in Field,
 Or Recreant in the Fight, to *Turnus* yield, 275
 My *Trojans* shall increase *Evander's* Town;
Ascanius shall renounce th' *Ansonian* Crown:
 All Claims, all Questions of Debate shall cease;
 Nor he, nor they, with Force infringe the Peace.
 But if my juster Arms prevail in Fight, 280
 As sure they shall, if I divine aright,
 My *Trojans* shall not o'er th' *Italians* Reign;
 Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain:
 Join'd in their Laws, their Lands, and their Abodes;
 I ask but Altars for my weary Gods. 285
 The Care of those religious Rites be mine;
 The Crown to King *Latinus* I resign;
 His be the Sov'reign Sway. Nor will I share
 His Pow'r in Peace, or his Command in War.

For me, my Friends another Town shall frame, 290
And bless the rising Tow'rs, with fair *Lavinia's* Name.

Thus he. Then with erected Eyes and Hands,
The *Latian* King before his Altar stands.
By the same Heav'n, said he, and Earth, and Main,
And all the Pow'rs, that all the three contain; 295

By Hell below, and by that upper God,
Whose Thunder signs the Peace, who seals it with his Nod:
So let *Laterna's* double Offspring hear,

And double fronted *Janus*, what I swear ;
I touch the sacred Altars, touch the Flames, 300
And all these Pow'rs attest, and all their Names:

Whatever Chance befall on either Side,
No term of time this Union shall divide:
No Force, no Fortune, shall my Vows unbind,
Or shake the steadfast Tenour of my Mind: 305

Not tho' the circling Seas shou'd break their Bound,
O'erflow the Shores, or sap the solid Ground ;
Not tho' the Lamps of Heav'n their Spheres forsake,
Har'd down, and hissing in the neather Lake :

Ev'n as this Royal Sceptre, (for he bore 310
A Sceptre in his Hand) shall never more
Shoot out in Branches, or renew the Birth ;

(An Orphan now, cut from the Mother Earth
By the keen Axe, dishonour'd of its Hair,
And cas'd in Brass, for *Latian* Kings to bear.) 315

When thus in publick view the Peace was ty'd
 With solemn Vows, and sworn on either side,
 All Dues perform'd which holy Rites require;
 The Victim Beasts are slain before the Fire:
 The trembling Entrails from their Bodies torn, 320
 And to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers born.

Already the *Rutulians* deem their Man
 O'ermatch'd in Arms, before the Fight began.
 First rising Fears are whisper'd thro' the Crowd;
 Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud. 325
 Now side to side, they measure with their Eyes
 The Champions bulk, their Sinews, and their Sife:
 The nearer they approach, the more is known
 Th' apparent Disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in publick fight 330
 Conscious of Fate, desponding of the Fight.
 Slowly he moves; and at his Altar stands
 With Eyes dejected, and with trembling Hands:
 And while he mutters undistinguish'd Pray'rs,
 A livid deadness in his Cheeks appears. 335

With anxious Pleasure when *Juturna* view'd
 Th' increasing Fright of the mad Multitude,
 When their short Sighs, and thickning Sobs she heard,
 And found their ready Minds for Change prepar'd;
 Dissembling her immortal Form, she took 340
Camertus' Meen, his Habit, and his Look,

A Chief of ancient Blood: in Arms well known
Was his great Sirè, and he, his greater Son.

His Shape assum'd, amid the Ranks she ran,
And humouring their first Motions, thus began. 345

For shame, *Rutulians*, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single Fight?

Can we, before the Face of Heav'n, confess
Our Courage colder, or our Numbers less?

View all the *Trojan* Host, th' *Arcadian* Band; 350

And *Tuscan* Army; count 'em as they stand:

Undaunted to the Battel if we go,

Scarce ev'ry second Man will share a Foe.

Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal Strife

Shall lose, with Honour, his devoted Life: 355

Or change it rather for immortal Fame,

Succeeding to the Gods, from whence he came:

But you, a servile, and inglorious Band,

For Foreign Lords shall sow your Native Land:

Those fruitful Fields, your fighting Fathers gain'd, 360

Which have so long their lazy Sons sustain'd.

With Words like these, she carry'd her Design;

A rising Murmur runs along the Line.

Then ev'n the City Troops, and *Lations*, tir'd

With tedious War, seem with new Souls inspir'd: 365

Their Champion's Fate with Pity they lament;

And of the League, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the Goddess to foment the Rage
 With lying Wonders, and a false Prefage:
 But adds a Sign, which, present to their Eyes, 370
 Inspires new Courage, and a glad Surprise.
 For, sudden, in the fiery Tracts above,
 Appears in Pomp th' Imperial Bird of Jove:
 A plump of Fowl he spies, that swim the Lakes;
 And o'er their Heads his sounding Pinions shakes. 375
 Then stooping on the fairest of the Train,
 In his strong Talons truss'd a silver Swan.
 Th' *Italians* wonder at th' unusual sight;
 But while he lags, and labours in his flight,
 Behold the Dastard Fowl return anew; 380
 And with united force the Foe pursue:
 Clam'rous around the Royal Hawk they fly;
 And thick'ning in a Cloud, o'ershade the Sky.
 They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy Course;
 Nor can th' incumber'd Bird sustain their Force: 385
 But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous Prey;
 And, lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way.

Th' *Ausonian* Bands with Shouts salute the Sight:
 Eager of Action, and demand the Fight.
 Then King *Tolumnius*, vers'd in Augurs Arts, 390
 Cries out, and thus his boasted Skill imparts.
 At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd;
 This, this is what my frequent Vows requir'd.

Ye Gods, I take your Omen, and obey:

Advance, my Friends, and charge, I lead the Way. 395

These are the Foreign Foes, whose impious Band,

Like that rapacious Bird, infest our Land:

But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to Sea

By Strength united, and forego the Prey:

Your timely Succour to your Country bring; 400

Haste to the Rescue; and redeem your King.

He said: And pressing onward, thro' the Crew,

Pois'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw.

The winged Weapon, whistling in the Wind,

Came driving on, nor miss'd the Mark design'd. 405

At once the Cornel rattled in the Skies;

At once tumultuous Shouts and Clamours rise.

Nine Brothers in a goodly Band there stood,

Born of *Arcadian* mix'd with *Tuscan* Blood:

Gylippus' Sons: the fatal Jav'lin flew, 410

Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly Crew.

A Passage thro' the jointed Arms it found,

Just where the Belt was to the Body bound;

And struck the gentle Youth, extended on the Ground. }

Then fir'd with pious Rage, the gen'rous Train 415

Run madly forward to revenge the slain.

And some with eager Haste their Jav'lins throw;

And some with Sword in hand assault the Foe.

The wish'd Insult the *Latine* Troops embrace;
 And meet their Ardour in the middle Space: 420
 The *Trojans*, *Tuscans*, and *Arcadian* Line,
 With equal Courage obviate their Design.
 Peace leaves the violated Fields; and Hate
 Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate.
 With impious Haste their Altars are o'erturn'd, 425
 'The Sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.
 Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
 And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky:
 Brands from the Fire, are missive Weapons made;
 With Chargers, Bowls, and all the Priestly Trade. 430
Latinus frighted, hastens from the Fray,
 And bears his unregarded Gods away.
 These on their Horses vault, those yoke the Car;
 The rest with Swords on high, run headlong to the War.
Messapus, eager to confound the Peace, 435
 Spurr'd his hot Courser thro' the fighting Press,
 At King *Aulestes*; by his Purple known
 A *Tuscan* Prince, and by his Regal Crown:
 And with a Shock encount'ring, bore him down. }
 Backward he fell; and as his Fate design'd, 440
 The Ruins of an Altar were behind:
 There pitching on his Shoulders, and his Head,
 Amid the scatt'ring Fires he lay supinely spread.

The beamy Spear descending from above,
 His Cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his Body drove.
 Then, with a scornful Smile, the Victor cries;
 The Gods have found a fitter Sacrifice.

445

Greedy of Spoils, th' *Italians* strip the dead
 Of his rich Armour; and uncrown his Head.

Priest *Chorineus* arm'd his better Hand,
 From his own Altar, with a blazing Brand:

450

And, as *Ebusus* with a thund'ring Pace
 Advanc'd to Battel, dash'd it on his Face:

His bristly Beard shines out with sudden Fires,
 The crackling Crop a noisom Scent expires.

455

Following the Blow, he seiz'd his curling Crown
 With his left Hand; his other cast him down.

The prostrate Body with his Knees he press'd;
 And plung'd his holy Ponyard in his Breast.

While *Podalirius*, with his Sword, pursu'd
 The Shepherd *Alfus* thro' the flying Crowd,
 Swiftly he turns; and aims a deadly Blow,
 Full on the Front of his unwary Foe.

460

The broad Axe enters with a crashing Sound,
 And cleaves the Chin, with one continu'd Wound: 465

Warm Blood, and mingled Brains, besmear his Arms a-
 An Iron Sleep his stupid Eyes oppress'd, [round.

And seal'd their heavy Lids in endless Rest.

But

But good *Æneas* rush'd amid the Bands.

Here was his Head, and naked were his Hands,

470

In Sign of Truce: Then thus he cries aloud,

What sudden Rage, what new Desire of Blood

Inflames your alter'd Minds? O *Trojans* cease

From impious Arms, nor violate the Peace.

By Human Sanctions, and by Laws Divine,

475

The Terms are all agreed, the War is mine.

Dismiss your Fears, and let the Fight ensue;

This Hand alone shall right the Gods and you:

Our injur'd Altars, and their broken Vow,

To this avenging Sword the faithless *Turnus* owe.

480

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of Defence,

A winged Arrow struck the pious Prince.

But whether from some human Hand it came,

Or Hostile God, is left unknown by Fame:

No human Hand, or hostile God was found.

485

To boast the Triumph of so base a Wound.

When *Turnus* saw the *Trojan* quit the Plain,

His Chiefs dismay'd, his Troops a fainting Train:

Th'unhop'd Event his heighten'd Soul inspires,

At once his Arms and Coursers he requires.

490

Then, with a Leap, his lofty Chariot gains,

And with a ready Hand assumes the Reins.

He drives impetuous, and where-e'er he goes,

He leaves behind a Lane of slaughter'd Foes.

These

These his Lance reaches, over those he rows
 His rapid Car, and crushes out their Souls :
 In vain the Vanquish'd fly; the Victor sends
 The dead Mens Weapons at their living Friends.

495

Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus*' freezing Flood
 The God of Battels, in his angry Mood,

500

Clashing his Sword against his brazen Shield,
 Lets loose the Reins, and scours along the Field:
 Before the Wind his fiery Coursers fly,

Groans the sad Earth, resounds the rattling Sky.

Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,

505

Dire Faces, and deform'd, surround the Car;

Friends of the God, and Followers of the War.

}

With Fury not unlike, nor less Disdain,

Exulting *Turnus* flies along the Plain:

His smoaking Horses, at their utmost Speed,

510

He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead.

Their Fetlocks run with Blood; and when they bound,

The Gore, and gathering Dust, are dash'd around,

Thamyras and *Pholus*, Masters of the War,

He kill'd at hand, but *Sablonus* far:

515

From far the Sons of *Irbeneas* he flew,

Glaucus, and *Lades*, of the *Lynceus* Caves:

Both taught to fight on Foot, in Battel join'd,

Or mount the Courser that out-strips the Wind.

Mean time *Eumedes*, vaunting in the Field, 520
 New fir'd the *Trojans*, and their Foes repell'd.
 This Son of *Dolon* bore his Grandfire's Name;
 But emulated more his Father's Fame.
 His guileful Father, sent a nightly Spy,
 The *Grecian* Camp and Order to descry: 525
 Hard Enterprize, and well he might require
Achilles' Carr, and Horses for his Hire?
 But, met upon the Scout, th' *Esolian* Prince
 In Death bestow'd a juster Recompence.

Fierce *Turnus* view'd the *Trojan* from afar; 530
 And lanch'd his Jav'lin from his lofty Carr:
 Then lightly leaping down pursu'd the Blow,
 And, pressing with his Foot, his prostrate Foe,
 Wrench'd from his feeble Hold the shining Sword;
 And plung'd it in the Bosom of its Lord. 535
 Possess, said he, the Fruit of all thy Pains,
 And measure, at thy length, our *Latian* Plains.
 Thus are my Foes rewarded by my Hand,
 Thus may they build their Town, and thus enjoy the Land.

Then *Dares*, *Butes*, *Sybaris* he slew, 540
 Whom o'er his Neck the sound'ring Courser threw.
 As when loud *Boreas* with his blust'ring Train,
 Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main;
 Where-e'er he flies, he drives the Rack before;
 And rowls the Billows on th' *Ægean* Shore: 545

So where resistless *Turnus* takes his Course,
 The scatter'd Squadrons bend before his Force:
 His Crest of Horses Hair is blown behind,
 By adverse Air; and rustles in the Wind.

This, haughty *Phægeus* saw with high-Disdain, 550
 And as the Chariot rowl'd along the Plain,
 Light from the Ground he leapt, and seiz'd the Rein.
 Thus hung in Air, he still retain'd his Hold;
 The Coursers frighted, and their Course control'd.
 The Lance of *Turnus* reach'd him as he hung, 555
 And pierc'd his plated Arms; but pass'd along,
 And only raz'd the Skin: he turn'd, and held
 Against his threat'ning Foe his ample Shield:
 Then call'd for Aid: But while he cry'd in vain,
 The Chariot bore him backward on the Plain. 560
 He lies revers'd; the Victor-King descends,
 And strikes so justly where his Helmet ends,
 He lops the Head. The *Latian* Fields are drunk
 With Streams that issue from the bleeding Trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the *Trojans* yield, 565
 The wounded Prince is forc'd to leave the Field:
 Strong *Mnestheus*, and *Achates* often try'd,
 And young *Ascanius*, weeping by his Side,
 Conduct him to his Tent: Scarce can he rear
 His Limbs from Earth, supported on his Spear. 570

Resolv'd in Mind, regardless of the Smart,
 He tugs with both his Hands, and breaks the Dart.
 The Steel remains. No readier way he found
 To draw the Weapon, than t' enlarge the Wound.
 Eager of Fight, impatient of Delay,
 He begs; and his unwilling Friends obey.

575

Iapis was at hand to prove his Art,
 Whose blooming Youth so fir'd *Apollo's* Heart,
 That for his Love he proffer'd to bestow
 His tuneful Harp, and his unerring Bow:
 The pious Youth, more studious how to save
 His aged Sir, now sinking to the Grave,
 Preferr'd the pow'r of Plants, and silent Praise
 Of healing Arts, before *Phœbeian* Bays.

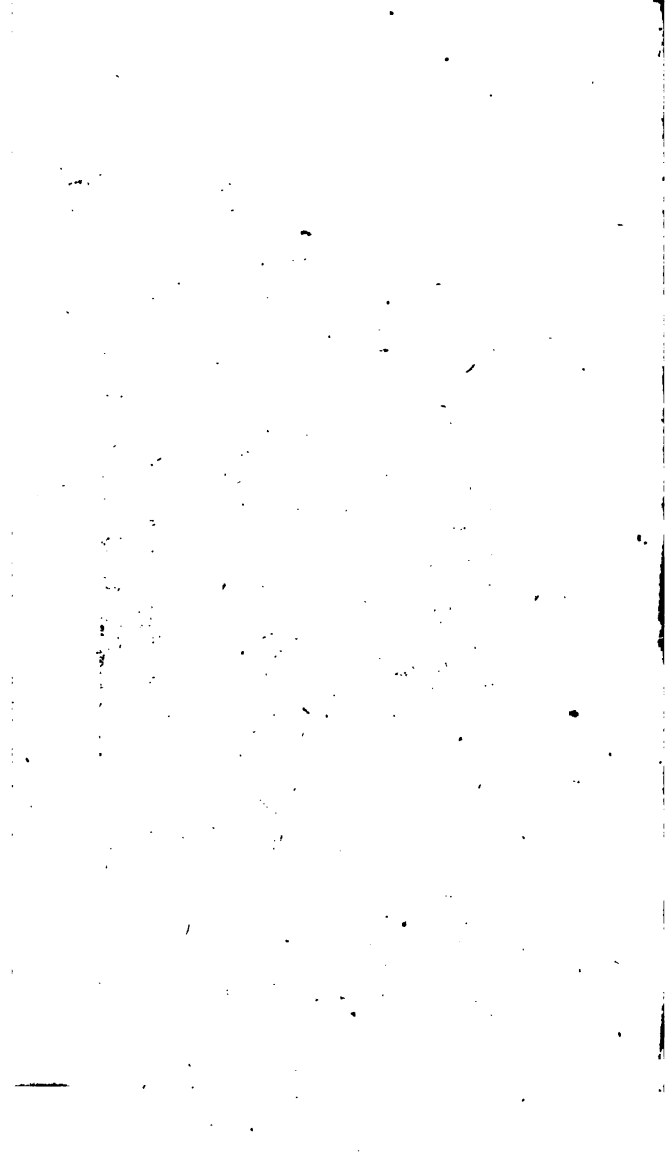
580

Prop'd on his Lance the pensive Heroe stood.
 And heard, and saw unmov'd, the mourning Crowd.
 The fam'd Physician tucks his Robes around
 With ready Hands, and hastens to the Wound.
 With gentle Touches he performs his part,
 This way and that, solliciting the Dart,
 And exercises all his Heav'nly Art.
 All softning Simples, known of Sov'rain Use
 He presses out, and pours their noble Juice;
 These first infus'd, to lenify the Pain.
 He tugs with Pincers, but he tugs in vain.

585

Then





Then to the Patron of his Art he pray'd;

The Patron of his Art refus'd his Aid.

Mean time the War approaches to the Tents;

Th' Allarm grows hotter, and the Noise augments:

The driving Dust proclaims the Danger near,

And first their Friends, and then their Foes appear;

Their Friends retreat, their Foes pursue the Rear.

The Camp is fill'd with Terror and Affright,

The hissing Shafts within the Trench alight:

An undistinguish'd Noise ascends the Sky;

The Shouts of those who kill, and Groans of those who dye.

But now the Goddess-Mother, mov'd with Grief,

And pierc'd with Pity, hastens her Relief.

A Branch of healing *Dittany* she brought,

Which in the *Cretan* Fields with Care she sought:

Rough is the Stem, which wooly Leaves surround;

The Leaves with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs with Purple crown'd:

Well known to wounded Goats; a sure Relief

To draw the pointed Steel, and ease the Grief.

This *Venus* brings, in Clouds involv'd; and brews

Th' extracted Liquor with *Ambrosian* Dews,

And od'rous *Panacee*: Unseen she stands,

Temp'ring the Mixture with her Heav'nly Hands:

And pours it in a Bowl, already crown'd

With Juice of medic'nal Herbs prepar'd to bathe the Wound.

The Leech, unknowing of superior Art,
Which aids the Cure, with this foment the Part;
And in a Moment ceas'd the raging Smart.

621 }
}

Stanch'd is the Blood, and in the Bottom stands:

The Steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender Hands, 625

Moves up, and follows of its own Accord;

And Health and Vigour are at once restor'd.

Iapis first perceiv'd the closing Wound;

And first the Footsteps of a God he found.

Arms, Arms, he cries, the Sword and Shield prepare, 630

And send the willing Chief, renew'd to War.

This is no mortal Work, no Cure of mine,

Nor Art's Effect, but done by Hands Divine:

Some God our Gen'ral to the Battel sends;

Some God preserves his Life for greater Ends. 635

The Heroe arms in haste: His Hands infold
His Thighs with Cuishes of refulgent Gold:

Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the Field,

That Hand sustaining the Coelestial Shield,

This grips the Lance; and with such Vigour shakes, 640

That to the Rest the beamy Weapon quakes.

Then, with a close Embrace he strain'd his Son;

And kissing thro' his Helmet, thus begun.

My Son, from my Example learn the War,

In Camps to suffer, and in Fields to dare:

But happier Chance than mine attend thy Care.

645 }
}

This

This Day my Hand thy tender Age shall shield,
And crown with Honours of the conquer'd Field:
Thou, when thy ripper Years shall send thee forth,
To Toils of War, be mindful of my Worth: 650
Assert thy Birthright; and in Arms be known,
For *Hector's* Nephew, and *Æneas'* Son.

He said; and, striding, issu'd on the Plain;
Anteus, and *Mnestheus*, and a num'rous Train
Attend his Steps: The rest their Weapons take, 655
And crowding to the Field, the Camp forsake.
A Cloud of blinding Dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their Feet the trembling Ground.

Now *Turnus*, posted on a Hill, from far
Beheld the Progress of the moving War: 660
With him the *Latins* view'd the cover'd Plains;
And the chill Blood ran backward in their Veins.

Juturna saw th' advancing Troops appear;
And heard the hostile Sound, and fled for Fear.
Æneas leads; and draws a sweeping Train, 665
Clos'd in their Ranks, and pouring on the Plain.

As when a Whirlwind rushing to the Shore,
From the mid Ocean, drives the Waves before:
The painful Hind, with heavy Heart foresees
The flatted Fields, and Slaughter of the Trees; 670

With such impetuous Rage the Prince appears,
Before his doubled Front; nor less Destruction bears.

And

And now both Armies shock, in open Field;

Ogyris is by strong *Thymbræus* kill'd.

Archetius, *Ufens*, *Epulon*, are slain;

675

(All fam'd in Arms, and of the *Latian* Train;)

By *Gyas*, *Mnestheus*, and *Achates*' Hand:

The fatal Augur falls, by whose Command

The Truce was broken, and whose Lance embroil'd

With *Trojan* Blood, th' unhappy Fight renew'd.

680

Loud Shouts and Clamours rend the liquid Sky;

And o'er the Field the frighted *Latins* fly.

The Prince disdains the Dastards to pursue,

Nor moves to meet in Arms the fighting few:

Turnus alone, amidst the dusky Plain,

685

He seeks, and to the Combat calls in vain.

Juturna heard, and seiz'd with mortal Fear,

Forc'd from the Beam her Brother's Charioteer;

Assumes his Shape, his Armour, and his Mien;

And like *Mestizus*, in his Seat is seen.

690

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies;

O'er empty Courts, and under Arches flies:

Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,

To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food:

So drives the rapid Goddess o'er the Plains;

695

The smoking Horses run with loos'd Reins.

She steers a various Course among the Foes;

Now here, now there, her conqu'ring Brother shows:

Now

Now with a straight, now with a wheeling Flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single Fight. 700

Aeneas, fir'd with Fury, breaks the Crowd,
And seeks his Foe, and calls by Name aloud:
He runs within a narrower Ring, and tries
To stop the Chariot, but the Chariot flies.
If he but gain a Glimps, *Juturna* fears, 705
And far away the *Danuvius* Heroe bears.

What shou'd he do! nor Arts nor Arms avail;
And various Cares in vain his Mind assail.
The great *Messapus* thund'ring thro' the Field,
In his left Hand two pointed Jav'lins held; 710
Encount'ring on the Prince, one Dart he drew,
And with unerring Aim, and utmost Vigour threw.

Aeneas saw it come, and stooping low
Beneath his Buckler, shun'd the threat'ning Blow.
The Weapon hiss'd above his Head, and tore 715
The waving Plume, which on his Helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile Act, and fir'd with spight,
That flying *Turnus* still declin'd the Fight;
The Prince, whose Piety had long repell'd
His inborn Ardour, now invades the Field: 720
Invokes the Pow'rs of violated Peace,
Their Rites, and injur'd Altars to redress:
Then, to his Rage abandoning the Rein,
With Blood and slaughter'd Bodies fills the Plain.

What God can tell, what Numbers can display 725
 The various Labours of that fatal Day!
 What Chiefs, and Champions fell on either side,
 In Combat slain, or by what Deaths they dy'd?
 Whom *Turnus*, whom the *Trojan* Herce kill'd:
 Who shar'd the Fame, and Fortune of the Field? 730
Jove, cou'dst thou view, and not avert thy Sight,
 Two jairing Nations join'd in cruel Fight,
 Who Leagues of lasting Love so shortly shall unite!

Æneas first *Rutulian* *Sucre* found,
 Whose Valour made the *Trojans* quit their Ground: 735
 Betwixt his Ribs the Jav'lin drove so just,
 It reach'd his Heart, nor needs a second Thrust.
 Now *Turnus*, at two Blows, two Brethren slew;
 First from his Horse fierce *Amysus* he threw;
 Then leaping on the Ground, on Foot assail'd 740
Diores, and in equal Fight prevail'd.
 Their lifeless Trunks he leaves upon the Place;
 Their Heads distilling Gore, his Chariot grace.

Three cold on Earth the *Trojan* Heroe threw;
 Whom without respite at one Charge he slew: 745
Cethegus, *Tanaïs*, *Tagus*, fell oppress'd,
 And sad *Onythes*, added to the rest;
 Of *Theban* Blood, whom *Peridia* bore.

Turnus, two Brothers from the *Lycian* Shore,

And

And from *Apollo's* Fane to Battel sent,
O'erthrew, nor *Phœbus* cou'd their Fate prevent.
Peaceful *Menates* after these he kill'd,

750

Who long had shunn'd the Dangers of the Field:

On *Lerna's* Lake a silent Life he led,

And with his Nets and Angle earn'd his Bread.

755

Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,

But wisely from th' infectious World withdrew.

Poor was his House; his Father's painful Hand

Discharg'd his Rent, and plough'd another's Land.

As Flames among the lofty Woods are thrown,

760

On diff'rent Sides, and both by Winds are blown

The Laurels crackle in the sputt'ring Fire;

The frighted Silvans from their Shades retire:

Or as two neighb'ring Torrents fall from high,

Rapid they run; the foamy Waters fry:

765

They rowl to Sea, with unresisted Force,

And down the Rocks precipitate their Course:

Not with less Rage the Rival Heroes take

Their diff'rent Ways; nor less Destruction make.

With Spears afar, with Swords at hand they strike;

770

And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.

Like them, their dauntless Men maintain the Field,

And Hearts are pierc'd unknowing how to yield:

They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound;

And Heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground.

775

Murranus, boasting of his Blood, that springs
 From a long Royal Race of *Latian* Kings,
 Is by the *Trojan* from his Chariot thrown,
 Crush'd with the Weight of an unweildy Stone:
 Betwixt the Wheels he fell; the Wheels that bore 780
 His living Load, his dying Body tore.

His starting Steeds, to shun the glitt'ring Sword,
 Paw down his trampled Limbs, forgetful of their Lord.

Fierce *Hyllus* threaten'd high; and Face to Face
 Affronted *Turnus* in the middle Space: 785

The Prince encounter'd him in full Career,
 And at his Temples aim'd the deadly Spear:

So fatally the flying Weapon sped,
 That thro' his Brazen Helm it pierc'd his Head.

Nor *Cisseus* cou'dst thou scape from *Turnus'* Hand, 790
 In vain the strongest of th' *Arcadian* Band:

Nor to *Cupentus* cou'd his Gods afford
 Availing Aid against th' *Ænean* Sword:

Which to his naked Heart pursu'd the Course:
 Nor cou'd his plated Shield sustain the Force. 795

Iolas fell, whom not the *Grecian* Pow'rs,
 Nor great Subverter of the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
 Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n prolong'd his Date:
 But who can pass the Bounds prefix'd by Fate?
 In high *Lyrnessus*, and in *Troy*, he held 800
 Two Palaces, and was from each expell'd:

Of all the mighty Man, the last Remains
A little Spot of Foreign Earth contains.

And now both Hosts their broken Troops unite,
Inequal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight. 805

Serephus, and undaunted *Mnestheus* join
The *Trojan*, *Tuscan*, and *Arcadian* Line:

Sea-born *Messapus*, with *Atinas*, heads

The *Latin* Squadrons, and to Battel leads.

They strike, they push, they throng the scanty Space;
Resolv'd on Death, impatient of Disgrace; 811

And where one falls, another fills his Place.

The *Cyprian* Goddess now inspires her Son
To leave th' unfinish'd Fight, and storm the Town.

For while he rows his Eyes around the Plain, 815

In quest of *Turnus*, whom he seeks in vain,

He views th' unguarded City from afar,

In careless Quiet, and secure of War:

Occasion offers, and excites his Mind,

To dare beyond the Task he first design'd. 820

Resolv'd, he calls his Chiefs: they leave the Fight;

Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring Height:

The crowding Troops about their Gen'ral stand,

All under Arms, and wait his high Command.

Then thus the lofty Prince: Hear and obey, 825

Ye *Trojan* Bands, without the least Delay!

Jove is with us, and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost Vigour, and our Speed.
Your instant Arms against the Town prepare;
The Source of Mischief, and the Seat of War. 830
This Day the *Latian* Tow'rs, that mate the Sky,
Shall level with the Plain in Ashes lye:
The People shall be Slaves; unless in Time
They kneel for Pardon, and repent their Crime.
Twice have our Foes been vanquish'd on the Plain; 835
Then shall I wait till *Turnus* will be slain?
Your Force against the perjur'd City bend:
There it began, and there the War shall end.
The Peace profan'd our rightful Arms requires:
Cleanse the polluted Place with purging Fires. 840
He finish'd; and one Soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a Wedge, the Foot approach the Wall.
Without the Town, an unprovided Train
Of gaping, gazing Citizens are slain.
Some Firebrands, others scaling Ladders bear; 845
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The Flames now lanch'd, the feather'd Arrows fly,
The Clouds of missive Arms obscure the Sky.
Advancing to the Front, the Heroe stands,
And stretching out to Heav'n his pious Hands, 850
Attests the Gods, asserts his Innocence,
Upbraids with Breach of Faith th' *Ausonian* Prince:

De-

Declares the Royal Honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the Rites of holy Peace profan'd.

Dissenting Clamours in the Town arise ; 855
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One Part for Peace, and one for War contends:
Some wou'd exclude their Foes, and some admit their Friends.

The helpless King is hurry'd in the Throng;
And whate'er Tide prevails, is born along. 860

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,
Invades the Bees with suffocating Smoke,
They run around, or labour on their Wings,
Disus'd to Flight; and shoot their sleepy Stings;
To shun the bitter Fumes, in vain they try; 865
Black Vapours, issuing from the Vent, involve the Sky.

But Fate, and envious Fortune, now prepare
To plunge the *Latins* in the last Despair.
The Queen, who saw the Foes invade the Town;
And Brands on Tops of burning Houses thrown; 870
Cast round her Eyes, distracted with her Fear;
No Troops of *Turnus* in the Field appear.

Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain:
And then concludes the Royal Youth is slain.
Mad with her Anguish, impotent to bear 875
The mighty Grief, she loaths the vital Air.
She calls her self the Cause of all this Ill,
And owns the dire Effects of her ungovern'd Will:

She raves against the Gods, she beats her Breast,
 She tears with both her Hands her Purple Vest. 886
 Then round a Beam a-running Noose she ty'd;
 And, fasten'd by the Neck, obscenely dy'd.

Soon as the fatal News by Fame was blown,
 And to her Dames, and to her Daughter known;
 The sad *Lavinia* rends her yellow Hair, 885 }
 And rose Cheeks; the rest her Sorrow share:
 With Shrieks the Palace rings, and Madness of Despair. }
 The spreading Rumour fills the Publick Place;
 Confusion, Fear, Distraction, and Disgrace,
 And silent Shame are seen in ev'ry Face. 890 }

Latinus tears his Garments as he goes,
 Both for his publick, and his private Woer:
 With Filth his venerable Beard besmears,
 And sordid Dust deforms his Silver Hairs.
 And much he blames the Softness of his Mind, 895 }
 Obnoxious to the Charms of Woman-kind, }
 And soon reduc'd to change, what he so well design'd:
 To break the solemn League so long desir'd,
 Nor finish what his Fates, and those of *Troy* requir'd.

Now *Turnus* reels aloof o'er empty Plains, 900
 And here and there some stragling Foes he gleams,
 His flying Couriers please him less and less,
 Asham'd of easie Fight, and cheap Success.

Thus

Thus half contented, anxious in his Mind,
 The distant Cries come driving in the Wind: 905
 Shouts from the Walls, but Shouts in Murmurs drown'd;
 A jarring Mixture, and a boding Sound.
 Alas, said he, what mean these dismal Cries,
 What doleful Clamours from the Town arise?
 Confus'd he stops, and backward pulls the Reins: 910
 She, who the Driver's Office now sustains,
 Replies; Neglect, my Lord, these new Alarms;
 Here fight, and urge the Fortune of your Arms:
 There want not others to defend the Wall:
 If by your Rival's Hand th' *Italians* fall, 915
 So shall your fatal Sword his Friends oppress,
 In Honour equal, equal in Success.

To this, the Prince; O Sister, (for I knew
 The Peace infring'd, proceeded first from you,)
 I knew you, when you mingled first in Fight, 920
 And now in vain you wou'd deceive my Sight:
 Why, Goddess, this unprofitable Care?
 Who sent you down from Heav'n, involv'd in Air,
 Your Share of mortal Sorrows to sustain,
 And see your Brother bleeding on the Plain? 925
 For to what Pow'r can *Turnus* have recourse,
 Or how resist his Fate's prevailing Force!
 These Eyes beheld *Murmus* bite the Ground,
 Mighty the Man, and mighty was the Wound.

I heard my dearest Friend, with'dying Breath, 930
 My Name invoking to revenge his Death:
 Brave *Ufens* fell with Honour on the Place;
 To shun the shameful Sight of my Disgrace.
 On Earth supine, a Manly Corps he lies;
 His Vest and Armour are the Victor's Prize. 935
 Then, shall I see *Laurentum* in a Flame,
 Which only wanted to compleat my Shame?
 How will the *Latins* hoot their Champion's Flight;
 How *Drances* will insult, and point them to the Sight!
 Is Death so hard to bear? Ye Gods below, 940
 (Since those above so small Compassion show,)
 Receive a Soul unfully'd yet with Shame,
 Which not belies my great Forefather's Name.

He said: And while he spoke, with flying Speed,
 Came *Sages* urging on his foamy Steed; 945
 Fix'd on his wounded Face a Shaft he bore,
 And seeking *Turnus* sent his Voice before:
Turnus, on you, on you alone depends
 Our last Relief; compassionate your Friends.
 Like Lightning, fierce *Æneas*, rowling on, 950
 With Arms invests, with Flames invades the Town:
 The Brands are toss'd on high; the Winds conspire
 To drive along the Deluge of the Fire:
 All Eyes are fix'd on you; your Foes rejoice;
 Ev'n the King staggers, and suspends his Choice: 955

Doubts

Doubts to deliver, or defend the Town;
 Whom to reject, or whom to call his Son.
 The Queen, on whom your utmost Hopes were plac'd,
 Her self suborning Death, has breath'd her last.

'Tis true, *Messapus*, fearless of his Fate, 960

With fierce *Atinas*' Aid, defends the Gate:

On ev'ry side surrounded by the Foe;

The more they kill, the greater Numbers grow;

An Iron Harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.

You, far aloof from your forsaken Bands,

965

Your rowling Chariot drive o'er empty Sands.

Stupid he sat, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,

And various Cares revolving in his Mind:

Rage boiling from the Bottom of his Breast,

And Sorrow mix'd with Shame, his Soul oppress'd: 970

And conscious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought:

And Love by Jealousy to Madness wrought.

By slow Degrees his Reason drove away

The Mists of Passion, and resum'd her Sway.

Then, rising on his Car, he turn'd his Look;

975

And saw the Town involv'd in Fire and Smoke.

A wooden Tow'r with Flames already blaz'd,

Which his own Hands on Beams and Rafters rais'd:

And Bridges laid above to join the Space;

And wheels below to rowl from Place to Place.

980

Sister, the Fates have vanquish'd: Let us go
 The Way which Heav'n and my hard Fortune show.
 The Fight is fix'd: Nor shall the branded Name
 Of a base Coward blot your Brother's Fame.

Death is my Choice; but suffer me to try 985
 My Force, and vent my Rage before I dye.

He said, and leaping down without Delay,
 Thro' Crowds of scatter'd Foes he free'd his Way.
 Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the Wind,
 And left the grieving Goddess far behind. 990

As when a Fragment, from a Mountain torn
 By raging Tempests, or by Torrents born,
 Or sapp'd by Time, or loosen'd from the Roots,
 Prone thro' the Void the Rocky Ruin shoots,
 Rowling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep; 995
 Down sink, at once the Shepherds and their Sheep,

Involv'd alike, they rush to neather Ground, [bound;
 Stun'd with the Shock they fall, and stun'd from Earth re-
 So *Turnus*, hasting headlong to the Town,

Should'ring and shoving, bore the Squadrons down. 1000

Still pressing onward, to the Walls he drew,
 Where Shafts, and Spears, and Darts promiscuous flew; }
 And sanguine Streams the slipp'ry Ground embrew.

First stretching out his Arm, in Sign of Peace,

He cries aloud, to make the Combat cease: 1005

Rutulians held, and *Latin* Troops retire;

The Fight is mine, and me the Gods require.

'Tis just that I shou'd vindicate alone

The broken Truce, or for the Breach atone.

This Day shall free from Wars th' *Ausonian* State; 1010

Or finish my Misfortunes in my Fate.

Both Armies from their bloody Work desist:

And bearing backward, form a spacious List.

The *Trojan* Heroe, who receiv'd from Fame 1014

The welcome Sound, and heard the Champion's Name,

Soon leaves the taken Works, and mounted Walls,

Greedy of War, where greater Glory calls.

He springs to Fight, exulting in his Force;

His jointed Armour rattles in the Course.

Like *Erys*, or like *Achæ*, great he shows, 1020

Or Father *Appennine*, when white with Snows,

His Head Divine, obscure in Clouds he hides,

And shakes the sounding Forest on his Sides.

The Nations over-aw'd, surcease the Fight,

Immoveable their Bodies, fix'd their Sight: 1025

Ev'n Death stands still; nor from above they throw

Their Darts, nor drive their batt'ring Rams below.

In silent Order either Army stands;

And drop their Swords, unknowing, from their Hands.

Th' *Ausonian* King beholds, with wond'ring Sight, 1030

Two mighty Champions match'd in single Fight:

Born under Climes remote; and brought by Fate,
With Swords to try their Titles to the State.

Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar
They view; and rushing on, begin the War. 1035
They launch their Spears, then Hand to Hand they meet;
The trembling Soil resounds beneath their Feet:
Their Bucklers clash; thick Blows descend from high,
And flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.
Courage conspires with Chance; and both ingage 1040
With equal Fortune yet, and mutual Rage:

As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,
In *Sila's* Shades, or on *Taburnus* height;
With Horns adverse they meet: the Keeper flies: 1044
Mute stands the Herd, the Heifers rowl their Eyes;
And wait th' Event; which Victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty Year:
With rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,
And Push for Push, and Wound for Wound return:
Their Dewlaps gor'd, their Sides are lav'd in Blood; 1050
Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood:
Such was the Combat in the lifted Ground;
So clash their Swords, and so their Shields resound.

Jove sets the Beam; in either Scale he lays
The Champion's Fate, and each exactly weighs. 1055
On this side Life, and lucky Chance ascends:
Loaded with Death, that other Scale descends.

Rais'd

Rais'd on the Stretch, young *Turnus* aims a Blow,
 Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe:
 Shrill Shouts and Clamours ring on either side; 1060
 As Hopes and Fears their panting Hearts divide.
 But all in pieces flies the Traytor Sword,
 And, in the middle Stroke, deserts his Lord.
 Now 'tis but Death, or Flight: disarm'd he flies,
 When in his Hand, an unknown Hilt he spies. 1065
 Fame says that *Turnus*, when his Steeds he join'd,
 Hurrying to War, disorder'd in his Mind,
 Snatch'd the first Weapon, which his haste cou'd find. }
 'Twas not the fated Sword his Father bore;
 But that his Charioteer *Metiscus* wore. 1070
 This, while the *Trojans* fled, the Toughness held;
 But vain against the great *Vulcanian* Shield.
 The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand:
 The shiver'd fragments shone amid the Sand.
 Surpris'd with Fear, he fled along the Field; 1075
 And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd.
 For here the *Trojan* Troops the List surround;
 And there the Pass is clos'd with Pools and marshy Ground.
Aeneas hastens, tho' with heavier Pace,
 His Wound, so newly knit, retards the Chase: 1080
 And oft his trembling Knees their Aid refuse,
 Yet pressing Foot by Foot his Foe pursues.

Thus,

Thus, when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
 With Crimson Toils, or in a River found;
 High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears;
 Still opening, following still, where-e'er he steers: 1086
 The persecuted Creature, to, and fro,
 Turns here and there to scape his *Umbrian* Foe:
 Steep is th' Ascent, and if he gains the Land,
 The Purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand: 1090
 His eager Foe determin'd to the Chace,
 Stretch'd at his length gains Ground at ev'ry Pace:
 Now to his beamy Head he makes his way,
 And now he holds, or thinks he holds his Prey:
 Just at the pinch the Stag springs out with fear, 1095
 He bites the Wind, and fills his sounding Jaws with Air.
 The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries;
 The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies.

Thus flies the *Damian* Prince: and, flying, blames
 His tardy Troops; and calling by their Names, 1100
 Demands his trusty Sword. The *Trojan* threats
 The Realm with Ruin, and their ancient Seats
 To lay in Ashes, if they dare supply
 With Arms or Aid, his vanquish'd Enemy:
 What menacing, he still pursues the Course, 1105
 With Vigour, tho' diminish'd of his Force.
 Ten times, already, round the list'd place,
 One Chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the Chace:

No

No trivial Prize is play'd; for on the Life
Or Death of *Turnus*, now depends the Strife.

1110

Within the space, an Olive Tree had stood,
A sacred Shade, a venerable Wood,
For Vows to *Faunus* paid, the *Latins* Guardian God.
Here hung the Vests, and Tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking Mariners from Shipwreck sav'd.

1115

With hoodless Hands the *Trojans* fell'd the Tree,
To make the Ground inclos'd for Combat free.

Deep in the Root, whether by Fate, or Chance,

Or erring Haste, the *Trojan* drove his Lance:

1119

Then stoop'd, and tug'd with Force immense to free

Th' incumber'd Spear from the tenacious Tree:

That whom his fainting Limbs pursu'd in vain,

His flying Weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with Fear, bereft of Human Aid,

1124

Then *Turnus* to the Gods, and first to *Faunus* pray'd.

O *Faunus* pity, and thou Mother Earth,

Where I thy foster-Son receiv'd my Birth,

Hold fast the Steel; if my religious Hand

Your Plant has honour'd, which your Foes profan'd;

Propitious hear my pious Pray'r! He said,

1130

Nor with successless Vows invoc'd their Aid.

Th' incumbent Heroe wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;

But still the stubborn Earth the Steel detain'd.

Juturna took her time; and while in vain

He strove, assum'd *Metiscus*' Form again :

1135

And, in that imitated Shape, restor'd

To the despairing Prince, his *Damian* Sword.

The Queen of Love, who, with Disdain and Grief,

Saw the bold Nymph afford this prompt Relief;

T' assert her Off-spring with a greater Deed,

1140

From the tough Root the ling'ring Weapon freed.

Once more erect, the Rival Chiefs advance ;

One trusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance;

And both resolv'd alike, to try their fatal Chance.

Mean time Imperial *Jove* to *Juno* spoke,

1145

Who from a shining Cloud beheld the shock:

What new Arrest, O Queen of Heav'n, is sent

To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' Even.

What further hopes are left thee to pursue?

Divine *Æneas*, (and thou know'st it too,)

1150

Free-doom'd to these Celestial Seats is due.

What more Attempts for *Turnus* can be made,

That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely Shade!

Is it becoming of the due Respect,

And awful Honour of a God Elect,

1155

A Wound unworthy of our State to feel;

Patient of Human Hands, and earthly Steel?

Or seems it Just, the Sister shou'd restore

A second Sword, when one was lost before;

1159

And arm a conquer'd Wretch, against his Conqueror?

For what without thy Knowledge and Avow,
 Nay more; thy Dictate, durst *Juturna* do?
 At last, in deference to my Love, forbear
 To lodge within thy Soul this anxious Care:
 Reclin'd upon my Breast, thy Grief unload;
 Who shou'd relieve the Goddess, but the Gods?
 Now, all things to their utmost Issue tend;
 Push'd by the Fates to their appointed End:
 While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful Hour
 For Vengeance, Wrath, and unresist'd Pow'r:
 Toss'd on the Seas thou cou'd'st thy Foes distress,
 And driv'n ashore, with Hostile Arms oppress:
 Deform the Royal House; and from the side
 Of the Just Bridegroom, tear the plighted Bride:

1165

1170

Now cease at my Command. The Thunderer said:
 And with dejected Eyes this Answer *Juno* made. 1176
 Because your dread Decree too well I knew;
 From *Turmus*, and from Earth unwilling I withdrew.
 Else shou'd you not behold me here alone,
 Involv'd in empty Clouds my Friends bemoan; 1180
 But girt with vengeful Flames, in open fight,
 Engag'd against my Foes in Mortal Fight.
 'Tis true, *Juturna* mingled in the Strife
 By my Command, to save her Brother's Life;
 At least to try: but by the *Stygian* Lake, 1185
 (The most religious Oath the Gods can take,)

With

With this Restriction, not to bend the Bow,
Or tofs the Spear, or trembling Dart to throw.

And now resign'd to your Superior Might,

And tir'd with fruitless Toils, I loath the Fight. 1190

This let me beg, (and this no Fates withstand)

Both for my self, and for your Father's Land,

That when the Nuptial Bed shall bind the Peace;

(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)

The Laws of either Nation be the same; 1195

But let the *Latins* still retain their Name:

Speak the same Language which they spoke before;

Wear the same Habits which their Grandfires wore:

Call them not *Trojans*: Perish the Renown,

And Name of *Troy*, with that detested Town. 1200

Latins be *Latins* still; let *Æneas* reign,

And *Rome's* immortal Majesty remain.

Then thus the Founder of Mankind replies.

(Unruffled was his Front, serene his Eyes.)

Can *Saturn's* Issue, and Heav'n's other Heir, 1205

Such endless Anger in her Bosom bear?

Be Mistress, and your full Desires obtain:

But quench the Choler you foment in vain.

From ancient Blood th' *Ausonian* People sprung, 1210

Shall keep their Name, their Habit, and their Tongue.

The *Trojans* to their Customs shall be ty'd,

I will, my self, their common Rites provide;

The Natives shall command, the Foreigners subside. }

And shall be *Entium*; *Troy* without a Name:
 And her lost *Sons* forget from whence they came. 1215
 From Blood so mix'd, a pious Race shall flow,
 Equal to Gods, excelling all below.
 No Nation more Respect to you shall pay,
 Or greater Offerings on your Altars lay.
Jove consents, well pleas'd that her Desires 1220
 Had found Success, and from the Cloud retires.

The Peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
 To force the wat'ry Goddess from the Wars.
 Deep in the dismal Regions, void of Light,
 Three Daughters at a Birth were born to Night: 1225
 These their brown Mother, brooding on her Care;
 Indulg'd with windy Wings to sit in Air:
 With Serpents girt alike; and crown'd with hissing Hair. }
 In Heav'n the *Dire* call'd, and still at Hand,
 Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they stand; 1230
 His Ministers of Wrath; and ready still
 The Minds of Mortal Men with Fears to fill:
 When e'en the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate
 On Realms, or Towns deserving of their Fate,
 Hurls down Diseases, Death, and deadly Care, 1235
 And terrifies the guilty World with War.
 One Sister Plague of these from Heav'n he sent,
 To fright *Juturna* with a dire Portent.

The Pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
 Springs the swift Arrow from the *Parthian* Bow, 1240
 Or *Cydon* Eugh; when traversing the Skies,
 And drench'd in pois'nous Juice, the sure Destruction flies.
 With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,
 Shot thro' the Clouds the Daughter of the Night.
 Soon as the Field inclos'd she had in view, 1245
 And from afar her destin'd Quarry knew:
 Contracted, to the boding Bird she turns,
 Which haunts the ruin'd Piles, and hallow'd Urns
 And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings;
 Where Songs obscene on Sepulchres she sings. 1250
 Thus lessen'd in her Form, with frightful Cries,
 The Fury round unhappy *Turnus* flies,
 Flaps on his Shield, and flutters o'er his Eyes. }

A lazy Chilness crept along his Blood,
 Choak'd was his Voice, his Hair with Horror stood. 1255
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
 And knew th' ill Omen, by her screaming Cry,
 And stridour of her Wing. Amaz'd with Fear,
 Her beauteous Breast she beat, and rent her flowing Hair.
 Ah me, she cries, in this unequal strife, 1260
 What can thy Sister more to save thy Life!
 Weak as I am, can I, alas, contend
 In Arms, with that inexorable Fiend!

Now,

Now, now, I quit the Field! forbear to fright

My tender Soul, ye baleful Birds of Night!

1265

The lashing of your Wings I know too well:

The sounding Flight, and Fun'ral Screams of Hell!

These are the Gifts you bring from haughty *Jove*,

The worthy Recompence of ravish'd Love!

Did he for this exempt my Life from Fate?

1270

O hard Conditions of Immortal State!

Tho' born to Death, not privileg'd to dye,

But forc'd to bear impos'd Eternity!

Take back your envious Bribes, and let me go

Companion to my Brother's Ghost below!

1275

The Joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains

Of Life Immortal, but Immortal Pains.

What Earth will open her devouring Womb,

To rest a weary Goddess in the Tomb!

She drew a length of Sighs; nor more she said,

1280

But in her Azure Mantle wrap'd her Head:

Then plung'd into her Stream, with deep Despair,

And her last Sobs came bubling up in Air.

Now stern *Æneas* waves his weighty Spear

Against his Foe, and thus upbraids his Fear:

1285

What farther Subterfuge can *Turnus* find:

What empty Hopes are harbour'd in his Mind?

'Tis not thy Swiftneſs can ſecure thy Flight:

Not with their Feet, but Hands, the Valiant fight.

Vary

Vary thy Shape in thousand Forms, and dare 1298
 What Skill and Courage can attempt in War:
 Wish for the Wings of Winds, to mount the Sky;
 Or hid, within the hollow Earth to lye.
 The Champion shook his Head; and made this short reply.
 No threats of thine, my manly Mind can move: 1299
 'Tis Hostile Heav'n I dread; and Partial Jove.
 He said no more: but with a Sigh, repress'd
 The mighty Sorrow, in his swelling Breast.
 Then, as he rowl'd his troubled Eyes around, 1299
 An Antique Stone he saw; the common Bound
 Of Neighb'ring Fields; and Barrier of the Ground:
 So vast, that twelve strong Men of modern Days,
 Th' enormous weight from Earth cou'd hardly raise.
 He heav'd it at a Lift: and poiz'd on high,
 Ran stag'ring on, against his Enemy. 1309
 But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
 His Way: or what unwieldly weight he threw.
 His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load:
 And shiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood.
 The Stone drops from his Arms: and falling short,
 For want of Vigour, mocks his vain Effort. 1311
 And as, when heavy Sleep has clos'd the Sight,
 The sickly Fancy labours in the Night:
 We seem to run; and, destitute of Force,
 Our sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course: 1319

In vain we heave for Breath; in vain we cry:
 The Nerves unbrac'd, their usual Strength deny;
 And on the Tongue the falt'ring Accents dye:
 So *Turnus* far'd: whatever Means he try'd,
 All force of Arms, and points of Art employ'd, 1320
 The Fury flew athwart, and made th' Endeavour void.
 A thousand various Thoughts his Soul confound:
 He star'd about; nor Aid nor Issue found:
 His own Men stop the Pass; and his own Walls surround.
 Once more he pauses; and looks out again: 1325
 And seeks the Goddess Charioteer in vain.
 Trembling he views the Thund'ring Chief advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly Lance:
 Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring Foe,
 Forgets to ward; and waits the coming Blow. 1330
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with Fear,
 Aim'd at his Shield he sees th' impending Spear.
 The Heroe measur'd first, with narrow view,
 The destin'd Mark: and rising as he threw,
 With its full swing the fatal Weapon flew. 1335
 Not with less Rage the rattling Thunder falls;
 Or Stones from batt'ring Engins break the Walls:
 Swift as a Whirlwind, from an Arm so strong,
 The Lance drove on; and bore the Death along.
 Nought cou'd his sev'n-fold Shield the Prince avail, 1340
 Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail;

It pierc'd thro' all; and with a grizly Wound,
 Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to ground.
 With Groans the *Latins* rend the vaulted Sky:
 Woods, Hills, and Valleys, to the Voice reply.

1345

Now low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid,
 With Eyes cast upwards, and with Arms display'd;
 And Recreant thus to the proud Victor pray'd.
 I know my Death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
 Use what the Gods, and thy good Fortune give.

1350

Yet think; oh think, if Mercy may be shewn,
 (Thou hadst a Father once; and hast a Son:)

Pity my Sire, now sinking to the Grave;

And for *Anchises'* sake, old *Daunus* save!

Or, if thy vow'd Revenge pursue my Death;

1355

Give to my Friends my Body void of Breath!

The *Latian* Chiefs have seen me beg my Life;

Thine is the Conquest, thine the Royal Wife;

Against a yielded Man, 'tis mean ignoble Strife.

In deep Suspence the *Trojan* seem'd to stand;

1360

And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his Hand.

He rowl'd his Eyes, and ev'ry Moment felt

His manly Soul with more Compassion melt.

When, casting down a casual Glance, he spy'd

The Golden Belt that glitter'd on his Side:

1365

The fatal Spoils which haughty *Turnus* tore

From dying *Pallas*, and in Triumph wore.

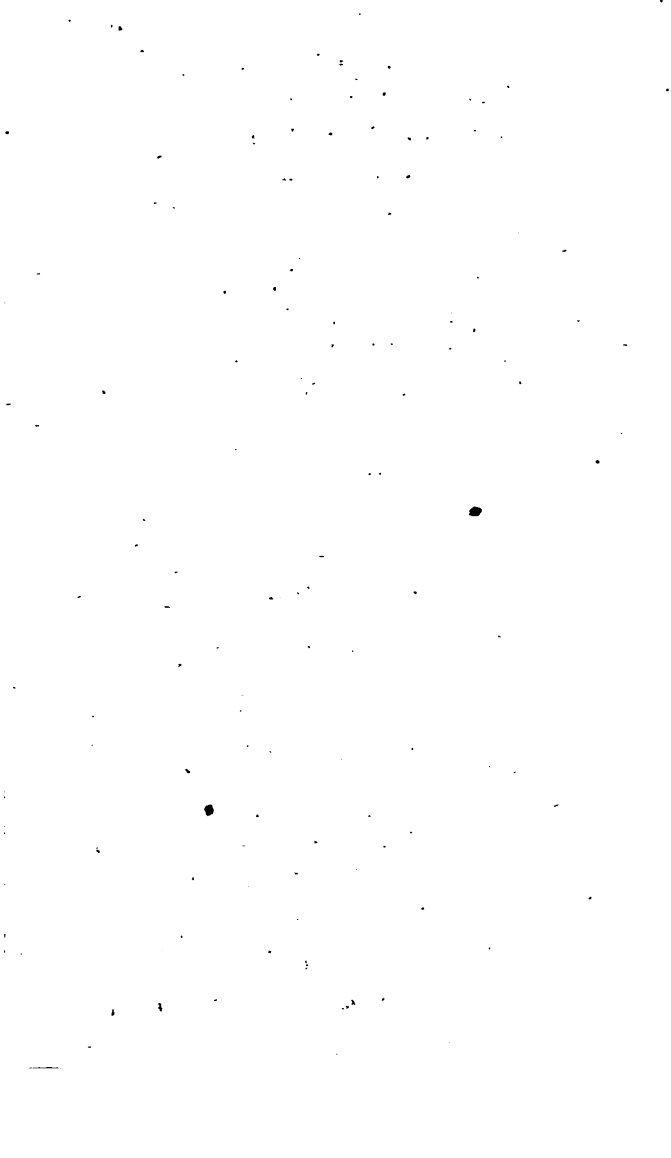
Then





Then rowz'd anew to Wrath, he loudly cries,
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his Eyes :)
Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to Grace pretend, 1370
Clad, as thou art, in Trophies of my Friend?
To his sad Soul a grateful Off'ring go ;
'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas* gives this deadly Blow.
He rais'd his Arm aloft; and at the Word,
Deep in his Bosom drove the shining Sword. 1375
The streaming Blood distain'd his Arms around,
And the disdainful Soul came rushing thro' the Wound.







POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

READER.



WHAT Virgil wrote in the Vigour of his Age, in Plenty and at Ease, I have undertaken to Translate in my Declining Tears: struggling with Wants, oppress'd with Sickness, curb'd in my Genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my Judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudic'd against me, by the Lying Character which has been given them of my Morals. Yet steady to my Principles, and not dispirited with my Afflictions, I have, by the Blessing of God on my Endeavours, overcome all Difficulties; and, in some measure, acquitted my self of the Debt which I ow'd the Publick, when I undertook

this Work. In the first Place therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power, the Assistance he has given me in the Beginning, the Prosecution, and Conclusion of my present Studies, which are more happily perform'd, than I could have promis'd to my self, when I labour'd under such Discouragements. For, what I have done, Imperfect as it is, for want of Health and Leisure to Correct it, will be judg'd in after-Ages, and possibly in the present, to be no Dishonour to my Native Country; whose Language and Poetry won'd be more esteem'd abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of Words, and Harmony of Numbers, which were wanting, especially the last, in all our Poets, even in those who being endu'd with Genius, yet have not cultivated their Mother-Tongue with sufficient Care; or relying on the Beauty of their Thoughts, have judg'd the Ornament of Words, and Sweetness of Sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated Words, which are never to be reviv'd, but when Sound or Significancy is wanting in the present Language. But many of his deserve not this Redemption, any more than the Crouds of Men who daily dye,
or

or are slain for Six-pence in a Battel, merit to be restor'd to Life, if a Wish cou'd revive them. Others have no Ear for Verse, nor Choice of Words; nor Distinction of Thoughts; but mingle Farthings with their Gold to make up the Sum. Here is a Field of Satire open'd to me: But since the Revolution, I have wholly renounc'd that Talent. For who wou'd give Physick to the Great, when he is uncall'd? To do his Patient no good, and indanger himself for his Prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemn'd for many of those Faults, of which I have too liberally Arraign'd others.

Cynthiaus atrem vellit, & admonuit.

'Tis enough for me, if the Government will let me pass unquestion'd. In the mean time, I am oblig'd in Gratitude, to return my Thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguish'd me from others of the same Party, by a particular Exception of Grace, but without considering the Man, have been bountiful to the Poet: Have encourag'd Virgil to speak such English, as I cou'd teach him, and rewarded his Interpreter, for the Pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the Charges of his Voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had

receiv'd the Sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offer'd me, and I had refus'd it, yet still some Gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me. But how much more to those from whom I have receiv'd the Favours which they have offer'd to one of a different Perswasion? Amongst whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Darby and of Peterborough. To the first of these, I have not the Honour to be known; and therefore his Liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserv'd. The present Earl of Peterborough has been pleas'd long since to accept the tenders of my Service: His Favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by Prescription. No difference of Interests or Opinion have been able to withdraw his Protection from me: And I might justly be condemn'd for the most unthankful of Mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound Respect and inviolable Gratitude. I must also add, that if the last Æneid shine amongst its Fellows, 'tis owing to the Commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the Principal Secretaries of State, who recommended it, as his Favourite, to my Care; and for his Sake particularly I have made it mine. For who wou'd confess Weariness, when he enjoin'd a fresh Labour? I cou'd not but
invoke

invokes the Assistance of a Muse, for this last Office.

Extremum hunc Arethusa:————

Negat quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the Noble Present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq; the worthy Son of the late Arch-Bishop of York: who, when I began this Work, enrich'd me with all the several Editions of Virgil, and all the Commentaries of those Editions in Latin. Amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphine's; as the last, the shortest, and the most Judicious. Fabriti I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil very imperfectly, or I have no Knowledge of my Author.

Being Invited by that worthy Gentleman, Sir William Bowyer, to Denham-Court, I Translated the first Georgick at his House, and the greatest Part of the last Æneid. A more friendly Entertainment no Man ever found. No wonder therefore if both those Versions surpass the rest, and own the Satisfaction I receiv'd in his Converse, with whom I had the Honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same College. The Seventh Æneid was made English at Bur-

legh, the Magnificent Abode of the Earl of Exeter : In a Village belonging to his Family I was born, and under his Roof I endeavour'd to make that *Æneid* appear in English with as much Lustre as I cou'd: tho' my Author has not given the finishing Strokes either to it, or to the *Eleventh*, as I perhaps cou'd prove in both, if I durst presume to Criticize my Master.

By a Letter from Will. Walth of Abberley, Esq; (who has so long honour'd me with his Friendship, and who, without Flattery, is the best Critick of our Nation) I have been inform'd that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procur'd a Printed Copy of the *Pastorals*, *Georgics*, and six first *Æneids*, from my Bookseller, and has read them in the Country, together with my Friend. This Noble Person having been pleas'd to give them a Commendation, which I presume not to insert; has made me vain enough to boast of so great a Favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my Hopes; the Character of his Excellent Judgment, the Acuteness of his Wit, and his general Knowledge of good Letters, being known as well to all the World, as the Sweetness of his Disposition, his Humanity, his Easiness of Access, and Desire of obliging those who stand in need of his Protection, are known to all who have approach'd him;

him; and to me in particular, who have formerly had the Honour of his Conversation. Whoever has given the World the Translation of Part of the third Georgic, which he calls The Power of Love, has put me to sufficient Pains to make my own not inferior to his: As my Lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same Trouble. The most Ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same Account. After his Bees, my latter Swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's Praise of a Country Life is Excellent; but is rather an Imitation of Virgil, than a Version. That I have recover'd in some measure the Health which I had lost by too much Application to this Work, is owing, next to God's Mercy, to the Skill and Care of Dr. Guibbons, and Dr. Hobbs, the two Ornaments of their Profession; whom I can only pay by this Acknowledgment. The whole Faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one of them, who endeavour'd to defame me, had it not in his Power. I desire Pardon from my Readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them: and with my Acknowledgments to all my Subscribers, have only to add, that the few Notes which follow, are par maniere d'acquit, because I had oblig'd my self.

self by Articles to do somewhat of that kind. These scattering Observations are, rather Guesses at my Author's Meaning in some Passages, than Proofs that so he meant. The Unlearn'd may have recourse to any Poetical Dictionary in English, for the Names of Persons, Places, or Fables, which the Learned need not: But that little which I say, is either new or necessary. And the first of these Qualifications never fails to invite a Reader, if not to please him.





Notes and Observations

O N

VIRGIL'S Works

I N

E N G L I S H



Pastoral 1. Line 6. *There first the
Youth of Heavenly Birth I view'd.*
Virgil means *Octavius Caesar*, Heir
to *Julius* : who perhaps had not
arriv'd to his Twentieth year,
when *Virgil* saw him first. *Vide* his
Life. Of Heavenly Birth or Heavenly Blood;
because the *Julian* Family was deriv'd from
Iulus, Son to *Æneas*, and Grand-Son to *Ve-*
nus.

Pastoral 2d. Line 65. *The short Narcissus,*
That is, of short Continuance.

Pa

Pastoral 3d. Line 95. *For him, the God of Shepherds and their Sheep.* Phœbus, not Pan, is here call'd the God of Shepherds: The Poet alludes to the same Story, which he touches in the beginning of the Second Georgic, where he calls Phœbus the *Amphrysian* Shepherd, because he fed the Sheep and Oxen of *Admetus* (with whom he was in Love) on the Hill *Amphrysus*.

Pastoral 4th. Line 73. *Begin Auspicious Boy,* &c. In Latin thus, *Incipe parve Puer, risu cognoscere Matrem,* &c. I have translated the Passage to this Sense; that the Infant smiling on his Mother, singles her out from the rest of the Company about him. *Erythraeus*, *Bembus*, and *Joseph Scaliger*, are of this Opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken. For immediately after, we find these Words, *Cui non risere Parentes*, which imply another Sense, as if the Parents smil'd on the New-born Infant: And that the Babe on whom they vouchsafed not to smile, was born to ill Fortune. For they tell a Story, that when *Vulcan*, the only Son of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, came into the World, he was so hard-favour'd, that both his Parents frown'd on him: And *Jupiter* threw him out of Heaven; he fell on the Island *Lemnos*, and was Lame ever afterwards. The last Line of the Pastoral seems to justify this Sense, *Nec Deus hunc Mensâ, Dea nec dignata Cubili est.* For though he married *Venus*, yet his Mother *Juno* was not present at the Nuptials to bless them; as appears by his Wife's Incontinence. They say also, that he was banish'd from the Banquets of the Gods: If
fo,

so, that Punishment could be of no long continuance, for *Homer* makes him present at their Feasts ; and composing a Quarrel betwixt his Parents, with a Bowl of Nectar. The matter is of no great Consequence ; and therefore I adhere to my Translation, for these two Reasons : First, *Virgil* has this following Line, *Matrì tonga decem tolerant fastidia Menses*, as if the Infant's smiling on his Mother, was a Reward to her for bearing him ten Months in her Body, four Weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, *Catullus* is cited by *Joseph Scaliger*, as favouring this Opinion, in his *Epithalamium* of *Manlius Torquatus*.

*Torquatus, volo parvulus
Matris è gremio sua
Porrigenis teneras manus
Dulce rideat ad Patrem, &c.*

What if I should steer betwixt the two Extreams, and conclude, that the Infant, who was to be happy, must not only smile on his Parents, but also they on him ? For *Scaliger* notes that the Infants who smil'd not at their Birth, were observed to be *Ἀγέλαστοι*, or sullen (as I have Translated it), during all their Life : And *Servius*, and almost all the Modern Commentators affirm, that no Child was thought Fortunate on whom his Parents smiled not, at his Birth. I observe farther, that the Ancients thought the Infant who came into the World at the end of the Tenth Month, was born to some extraordinary Fortune, good or bad. Such was the

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the Birth of the late Prince of *Cande's* Father, of whom his Mother was not brought to Bed, till almost eleven Months were expired after his Father's Death: Yet the College of *Physicians* at *Paris*, concluded he was Lawfully begotten. My ingenious Friend, *Anthony Henley*, Esq; desir'd me to make a Note on this Passage of *Virgil*: Adding what I had not Read; that the *Jews* have been so superstitious, as to observe not only the first Look or Action of an Infant, but also the first Word which the Parent, or any of the Assistants spoke after the Birth: And from thence they gave a Name to the Child alluding to it.

Pastoral 6. My Lord *Roscommon's* Notes on this Pastoral, are equal to his excellent Translation of it; and thither I refer the Reader.

The Eighth and Tenth Pastorals are already translated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent Friend Mr. *Stafford*. So is the Episode of *Camilla*, in the Eleventh *Æneid*.

This Eighth Pastoral is Copied by our Author from two *Bucolicks* of *Theocritus*. *Spencer* has followed both *Virgil* and *Theocritus*, in the Charms which he employs for curing *Britomartis* of her Love. But he had also our Poet's *Ceiris* in his Eye: For there not only the Incantments are to be found; but also the very Name of *Britomartis*.

In the Ninth Pastoral, *Virgil* has made a Collection of many scattering Passages, which he had Translated from *Theocritus*: And here he has bound them into a Nosegay.

Gen--

Georgic the First. The Poetry of this Book is more sublime than any part of *Virgil*, if I have any Taste. And if ever I have Copied his Majestick Stile, 'tis here. The Compliment he makes *Augustus* almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his Successors *Lucan* and *Statius*. They dedicated to Tyrants; and their Flatteries are gross and fulsome. *Virgil's* Address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last Lines of this *Georgic*, I think I have discover'd a secret Compliment to the Emperor, which none of the Commentators have observed. *Virgil* had just before described the Miseries which *Rome* had undergone betwixt the *Triumvirs* and the Commonwealth-Party: In the close of all, he seems to excuse the Crimes committed by his Patron *Cæsar*, as if he were constrain'd against his own Temper to those violent Proceedings; by the Necessity of the Times in general, but more particularly by his two Partners, *Anthony* and *Lepidus*. *Fertur Equis Auriga, nec audit Currus habenas*. They were the Head-strong Horses, who hurried *Octavius*, the trembling Charioteer along, and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe farther; that the present Wars, in which all *Europe*, and part of *Asia* are engag'd at present; are wag'd in the same Places here describ'd: *Atque hinc Euphrates, illinc Germania Bellum, &c.* As if *Virgil* had Prophesied of this Age.

Georgic 2d. The Praises of *Italy*, (translated by the Learned, and every way Excellent *Mr. Chetwood*) which are Printed in one of my Miscellany Poems, are the greatest Ornament of this Book. Wherein for want of sufficient Skill

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Skill in Gardening, Agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some Terms. But concerning Grafting, my honour'd Friend Sir *William Bowyer* has assur'd me, that *Virgil* has shewn more of Poetry than Skill, at least in relation to our more Northern Climates. And that many of our Stocks will not receive such Grafts, as our Poet tells us would bear in *Italy*. Nature has conspir'd with Art to make the Garden at *Denham-Court*, of Sir *William's* own Plantation, one of the most delicious Spots of Ground in *England*: It contains not above Five Acres, (just the compass of *Alcinous's* Garden, describ'd in the *Odysses*;) But *Virgil* says in this very *Georgic*, *Laudato ingentia Rura; Exiguum colito.*

Georgic 3d. Line the 45th. Next him, Niphates with inverted Ura, &c. It has been objected to me, that I understood not this Passage of *Virgil*, because I call *Niphates* a River, which is a Mountain in *Armenia*. But the River arising from the same Mountain is also called *Niphates*. And having spoken of Nile before, I might reasonably think, that *Virgil* rather meant to couple two Rivers, than a River and a Mountain.

Line 224. *The Male has done, &c.* The Transition is obscure in *Virgil*. He began with Cows, then proceeds to treat of Horses: Now returns to Cows.

Line 476. *Till the new Ram receives th' exalted Sab.* Astrologers tell us, that the Sun receives his Exaltation in the Sign *Aries*: *Virgil* perfectly understood both *Astronomy* and *Astrology*.

Geor-

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Georgic 4. Line 27. That when the Youthful Prince. My most Ingenious Friend Sir Henry Shere, has observ'd through a Glass-Hive, that the Young Prince of the Bees, or Heir presumptive of the Crown, approaches the King's Apartment with great Reverence; and for three successive Mornings demands Permission, to lead forth a Colony of that Year's Bees. If his Petition be granted, which he seems to make by humble Hummings; the Swarm arises under his Conduct: If the Answer be, *le Roy s' avisera*, that is, if the old Monarch think it not convenient for the publick Good, to part with so many of his Subjects; the next Morning the Prince is found dead, before the Threshold of the Palace.

Line 477. The Poet here records the Names of Fifty River-Nymphs. And for once I have Translated them all. But in the *Aeneis* I thought not my self oblig'd to be so exact; for in naming many Men who were kill'd by Heroes, I have omitted some, which would not sound in *English Verse*.

Line 660. The *Episode of Orpheus and Eurydice* begins here. And contains the only Machine which *Virgil* uses in the *Georgics*. I have observ'd in the *Epistle* before the *Aeneis*, that our Author seldom employs Machines but to adorn his *Poem*: And that the Action which they seemingly perform, is really produc'd without them. Of this Nature is the Legend of the Bees restor'd by Miracle; when the Receipt which the Poet gives, would do the Work without one. The only Beautiful Machine which I remember in the Modern Poets, is
in

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in Ariosto. Where God commands St. Michael to take care, that *Paris*, then besieged by the *Saracens*, should be succoured by *Rinaldo*. In order to this, he enjoins the Arch-Angel to find *Silence* and *Discord*. The first to Conduct the Christian Army to relieve the Town, with so much Secrecy, that their March should not be discover'd; the latter to enter the Camp of the Infidels, and there to sow Dissension among the Principal Commanders. The Heavenly Messenger takes his way to an ancient Monastery; not doubting there to find *Silence* in her primitive Abode. But instead of *Silence* finds *Discord*: The *Monks*, being divided into Factions, about the choice of some new Officer, were at *Snic* and *Snee* with their drawn Knives. The Satyr needs no Explanation. And here it may be also observ'd, that Ambition, Jealousie, and worldly Interest, and Point of Honour, had made Variance both in the *Cloyster* and the Camp; and strict Discipline had done the Work of *Silence*, in conducting the Christian Army to surprise the *Turks*.

Æneid 1. Line 111. *And make thee Father of a happy Line.*

This was an obliging Promise to *Æolus*; who had been so unhappy in his former Children, *Macareus* and *Canace*.

L. 196. *The Realms of Ocean, and the Fields of Air Are mine, not his.*

Poe

Poetically speaking, the *Fields of Air* are under the Command of *Juno*; and her Vicegerent *Æolus*. Why then does *Neptune* call them His? I answer, because being God of the Seas, *Æolus* could raise no Tempest in the *Atmosphere* above them without his leave. But why does *Juno* address to her own Substitute? I answer, He had an immediate Power over the Winds, whom *Juno* desires to employ on her Revenge. That Power was absolute by Land; which *Virgil* plainly insinuates: For when *Boreas* and his Brethren were let loose, he says at first *terras turbine perflant*: Then adds, *Incubere mari*: To raise a Tempest on the Sea was Usurpation on the Prerogative of *Neptune*; who had given him no leave, and therefore was enraged at his Attempt. I may also add, that they who are in a Passion, as *Neptune* then was, are apt to assume to themselves more than is properly their due.

Line 450. *O Virgin*——&c.

*If as you seem the Sister of the Day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's Train.*

Thus, in the Original.

O Quam te memorem Virgo——

Aut Phœbi Soror, aut Nympharum sanguinis una.

This is a Family Compliment, which *Æneas* here bestows on *Venus*. His Father *Anchises* had us'd the very same to that Goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very Ancient Greek Poem, in which that Amour is so beautifully describ'd, and which is thought *Homer's*:

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mer's: Though it seems to be written before
his Age.

Line 980. *Her princely Guest was next her*
side.

This, I confess, is improperly translated; and according to the Modern Fashion of sitting at Table. But the ancient Custom of lying on Beds, had not been understood by the unlearned Reader.

Æneid the Second. The Destruction of *Ves* is here shadow'd under that of *Troy*: *Livy*, in his Description of it, seems to have emulated in his Prose, and almost equall'd the Beauty of *Virgil's Verse*.

Æneid the 3d. Verse 132. And Children Chil-
dren shall the Crown sustain.

Et Nati Natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis

Virgil Translated this Verse from *Homer*: *Homer* had it from *Orpheus*; and *Orpheus* from an ancient Oracle of *Apollo*. On this account it is, that *Virgil* immediately subjoins these Words, *Hæc Phœbus, &c.* *Enstadius* takes Notice, that the old Poets were wont to take whole Paragraphs from one another, which justifies our Poet for what he borrows from *Homer*. *Boschartus*, in his Letter to *Seyrais*, mentions an Oracle which he found in the Fragments of an old *Greek Historian*: The Sense whereof is this in *English*; that when the Empire of the *Priamides* should be destroy'd, the Line of *Antistes* should succeed. *Venus* therefore,

fore, says the *Historian*, was desirous to have a Son by *Anchises*, though he was then in his decrepid Age: Accordingly she had *Æneas*. After this she sought occasion to ruin the Race of *Priam*; and set on Foot the Intrigue of *Alexander*, (or *Paris*) with *Helena*: She being ravished, *Venus* pretended still to favour the *Trojans*; lest they should restore *Helen*, in case they should be reduc'd to the last Necessity. Whence it appears, that the Controversie betwixt *Juno* and *Venus*, was on no trivial account, but concern'd the Succession to a great Empire.

Æneid the 4th, L. 945. *And must I die, she said,
And unrevenge'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet even this Death with pleasure I receive:
On any Terms, 'tis better than to live.*

This is certainly the Sense of *Virgil*; on which I have paraphras'd, to make it plain. His Words are these;

ai *Moriamur inulta?*
Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub Umbras.

Servius makes an Interrogation at the Word *sic*; thus, *sic? Sic juvat ire sub Umbras*. Which *M. Cowley* justly censures: But his own Judgment may perhaps be question'd: For he wou'd retrench the latter part of the Verse, and leave it a *Hemistic*. *Sed moriamur, ait*. That *Virgil* never intended to have left any *Hemistic*, I have prov'd already in the *Preface*. That this Verse was fill'd up by him, with these Words, *sic, sic juvat ire sub Umbras*, is very probable; if we con-

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consider the weight of them. For this procedure of *Dido*, does not only contain that *diva Execratio, quæ nullo expiatur Carmine* (as *Horace* observes in his *Canidia*) but besides that, *Virgil*, who is full of Allusions to History, under another Name, describes the *Decii*, devoting themselves to *Death* this way, though in a better Cause, in order to the Destruction of the Enemy. The Reader, who will take the Pains to consult *Livy*, in his accurate Description of those *Decii*, thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two Passages. And 'tis judiciously observed upon that Verse,

----*Nulla fides populis nec fœdera sunt.*

That *Virgil* uses the word *sunto* a *verbum juris*, a form of speaking on solemn and religious Occasions: *Livy* does the like. Note also that *Dido* puts her self into the *Habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding her self round with one Sleeve of her Vest, which is also according to the *Roman Pontifical*, in this dreadful Ceremony, as *Livy* has observ'd: Which is a farther Confirmation of this Conjecture. So that upon the whole matter, *Dido* only doubts whether she should die before she had taken her Revenge, which she rather wish'd: But considering that this devoting her self was the most certain and infallible way of compassing her Vengeance, she thus exclaims:

*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, & nostra secum ferat omina mortis.*
These

*Those Flames from far, by the false Trojan view;
Those boding Omens his base Flight pursue.*

Which Translation I take to be according to the Sense of *Virgil*. I should have added a Note on that former Verse,

Infelix Dido, nunc te fata impia tangunt.

Which in the Edition of *Heinsius* is thus Printed. *Nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The Word *facta* instead of *fata*, is reasonably alter'd. For *Virgil* says afterwards, she dy'd not by Fate, nor by any deserv'd Death. *Nec Fato, necitudo nec morte peribat*, &c. When I translated that Passage, I doubted of the Sense: And therefore omitted that Hemistie; *Nunc te fata impia tangunt*. But *Heinsius* is mistaken only in making an Interrogation Point instead of a Period. The Words *facta impia*, I suppose are genuine. For she had perjur'd her self in her second Marriage; having firmly resolv'd, as she told her Sister, in the beginning of this *Æneid*, never to love again, after the Death of her first Husband; and had confirm'd this Resolution by a Curse on her self, if she shou'd alter it.

*Sed mihi vel tellus optem, prius ima debiscat, &c.
Ante, pudor, quam te violam, aut tua jura resolvam.*

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: Ille habeat secum, servetque sepulchro.*

Æneid the 5th. A great part of this Book is borrow'd from *Apollonius Rhodius*. And the Reader may observe the great Judgment and Distinction of our Author in what he borrows from the Ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the Reason why he omits the Horse-Race in the Funeral Games, was because he shews *Ascanius* afterwards on Horseback, with his Troops of Boys, and wou'd not wear that Subject thread-bare; which *Statius*, in the next Age, describ'd so happily. *Virgil* seems to me, to have excell'd *Homer* in all those Sports, and to have labour'd them the more in Honour of *Octavius*, his Patron; who instituted the like Games for perpetuating the Memory of his Uncle *Julius*. Piety, as *Virgil* calls it, or Dutifulness to Parents, being a most popular Virtue among the *Roman*.

Æneid the 6th. Line 586.

*The next in Place and Punishment are they,
Who prodigally throw their Lives away, &c.*

*Proxima sorte tenent masti loca, qui sibi letum
Infantes peperere manu, lucemque perosi,
Projecere animas, &c.*

This was taken, amongst many other things, from the Tenth Book of *Plato de Republicâ*: No Commentator, besides *Fabrini*, has taken notice of it. Self-Murder was accounted a great Crime by that Divine Philosopher: But the Instances which he brings, are too many to be inserted in these short Notes. Sir *Robert Broward* in his Translation of this *Æneid*,
which

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which was Printed with his Poems in the Year 1660; has given us the most Learned, and the most Judicious Observations on this Book, which are extant in our Language.

Line 733. *Lo to the secret Shadows I retire,
To pay my Penance, 'till my Tears expire.*

These two Verses in *English* seem very different from the *Latin*.

Discedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

Yet they are the Sense of *Virgil*; at least, according to the common Interpretation of this Place: I will withdraw from your Company; retire to the Shades, and perform my Penance of a Thousand Years. But I must confess the Interpretation of those two Words, *explebo numerum*, is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum*; that is, I will lessen your Company by my Departure. For *Deiphobus*, being a Ghost, can hardly be said to be of their Number. Perhaps the Poet means by *explebo numerum*, *absolvam sententiam*: As if *Deiphobus* reply'd to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long Visit: I will only take my last Leave of *Æneas*, my Kinsman and my Friend, with one hearty good Wish for his Health and Well-fare, and then leave you to prosecute your Voyage. That Wish is express'd in the Words immediately following, *I Decus, I nostrum*, &c. Which contain a direct Answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long Discourse,

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Nos stentis durissimis horis. This Conjecture is new, and therefore left to the Discretion of the Reader.

L. 980. *Know first, that Heav'n, and Earth's
compress'd Frame,
And flowing Waters, and the Starry Flame,
And both the radiant Lights, &c.*

*Principio Cœlam, & terras, cœpique liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Luna, Titaniaque Astra, &c.*

Here the Sun is not express'd, but the Moon only; tho' a less, and also a less radiant Light. Perhaps the Copies of *Virgil* are all false; and that instead of *Titaniaque Astra*, he writ *Titaniaque & Astra*; and according to these Words I have made my Translation. 'Tis most certain, that the Sun ought not to be omitted; for he is frequently call'd the Life and Soul of the World: And nothing bids so fair for a visible Divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious Luminary. The *Platonists* call God the *Archetypal Sun*; and the Sun the visible Deity; the inward vital Spirit in the Center of the Universe, or that Body to which that Spirit is united, and by which it exerts it self most powerfully. Now it was the receiv'd Hypothesis amongst the *Pythagoreans*, that the Sun was situate in the Center of the World; *Plato* had it from them, and was himself of the same Opinion; as appears by a Passage in the *Timæus*: From which Noble Dialogue is this part of *Virgil's* Poem taken.

Line

Line 1156. *Great Cato there, for Gravity re-*
nounc'd, &c.

Quis te, Magnæ Cato, &c.

There is no Question but *Virgil* here means *Cato Major*, or the *Censor*. But the Name of *Cato* being also mention'd in the Eighth *Æneid*, I doubt whether he means the same Man in both Places. I have said in the Preface, that our Poet was of Republican Principles; and have given this for one Reason of my Opinion, that he prais'd *Cato* in that Line.

Securisque piis, his dantem jura Catonem.

And accordingly plac'd him in the *Elysian Fields*. *Montaign* thinks this was *Cato the U-*
tican, the great Enemy of Arbitrary Power, and a profess'd Foe to *Julius Cesar*. *Ruons* wou'd perswade us that *Virgil* meant the *Cen-*
for. But why shou'd the Poet name *Cato* twice, if he intended the same Person? Our Author is too frugal of his Words and Sense, to commit Tautologies in either. His Memory was not likely to betray him into such an Error. Nevertheless I continue in the same Opinion concerning the Principles of our Poet. He declares them sufficiently in this Book: Where he praises the first *Brutus* for expelling the *Tarquins*, giving Liberty to *Rome*, and putting to Death his own Children, who conspir'd to restore Tyranny: He calls him only an unhappy Man, for being forc'd to that severe Action.

*Infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta Minores,
Vincet amor Patria, laudumque immensa cupido.*

Let the Reader weigh these two Verses, and he must be convinc'd that I am in the right: And that I have not much injur'd my Master in my Translation of them.

Line 1143. *Embrace again my Sons; be Foes no more;*

*Nor stain your Country with her Childrens Gore.
And thou the first, lay down thy lawless Claim;
Thou of my Blood, who bear'st the Julian Name.*

This Note, which is out of its proper Place, I deferr'd on purpose, to place it here: Because it discovers the Principles of our Poet more plainly than any of the rest.

*Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
Projice tela manu, Sanguis meus!*

Anchises here speaks to *Julius Caesar*; and commands him first to lay down his Arms; which is a plain Condemnation of his Cause. Yet observe our Poet's incomparable Address: For tho' he shews himself sufficiently to be a Common-wealth's-man; yet in respect to *Augustus*, who was his Patron, he uses the Authority of a Parent, in the Person of *Anchises*; who had more right to lay this Injunction on *Caesar* than on *Pompey*; because the latter was not of his Blood. Thus our Author cautiously veils his own Opinion, and takes Sanctuary under *Anchises*; as if that Ghost wou'd have

have laid the same Command on *Pompey* also, had he been lineally descended from him. What cou'd be more judiciously contriv'd, when this was the *Æneid* which he chose to read before his Master?

Line 1221. *A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.*

In *Virgil* thus. *Tu Marcellus eris.*

How unpoetically and baldly had this been translated; *Thou shalt Marcellus be!* Yet some of my Friends were of Opinion, that I mistook the Sense of *Virgil* in my Translation. The *French* Interpreter observes nothing on this Place; but that it appears by it, the Mourning of *Octavia* was yet fresh, for the Loss of her Son *Marcellus*, whom she had by her first Husband: And who dyed in the Year *ab urbe conditâ*, 731. And collects from thence that *Virgil*, reading this *Æneid* before her, in the same Year, had just finish'd it: That from this time to that of the Poet's Death, was little more than four Years. So that supposing him to have written the whole *Æneis* in eleven Years; the first six Books must have taken up seven of those Years: On which Account, the six last must of Necessity be less correct.

Now for the false Judgment of my Friends, there is but this little to be said for them; the Words of *Virgil*, in the Verse preceding, are these,

-----*Siqua fata aspera rumpas.*

As if the Poet had meant, if you break thro' your hard Destiny, so as to be born, you shall be call'd *Marcellus*: But this cannot be the Sense: for tho' *Marcellus* was born, yet he broke not through those hard Decrees, which doom'd him to so immature a Death. Much less can *Virgil* mean, you shall be the same *Marcellus* by the Transmigration of his Soul. For according to the System of our Author, a Thousand Years must be first elaps'd, before the Soul can return into a Human Body; but the first *Marcellus* was slain in the second *Punic* War. And how many hundred Years were yet wanting, to the accomplishing his Penance, may with ease be gather'd, by computing the Time betwixt *Scipio* and *Augustus*. By which 'tis plain, that *Virgil* cannot mean the same *Marcellus*; but one of his Descendants; whom I call a new *Marcellus*; who so much resembled his Ancestor, perhaps in his Features, and his Person, but certainly in his Military Virtues, that *Virgil* cries out, *quantum instar in ipso est!* which I have translated,

How like the former, and almost the same.

Line 1235.

*Two Gates the silent Host of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd Ivory this; that of transparent Horn.*

Virgil borrow'd this Imagination from *Homer*, *Odysses* the 9th. Line 562. The Translation gives the Reason, why true Prophetic Dreams are said to pass through the Gate of Horn, by adding the Epithet transparent: Which is not in *Virgil*; whose Words are only these;

Sunt

*Sunt geminae Somni portae; quarum altera fertur
Cornea-----*

What is perviews to the Sight is clear; and (alluding to this Property,) the Poet infers such Dreams are of Divine Revelation. Such as pass thro' the Iv'ry Gate, are of the contrary Nature; polish'd Lies. But there is a better Reason to be giv'n. For the Iv'ry alludes to the Teeth, the Horn to the Eyes. What we see is more credible, than what we only hear; that is, Words that pass thro' the Portal of the Mouth, or Hedge of the Teeth: (which is *Homer's* Expression for speaking.)

Æn. the 7th. Line 109. *Strange to relate, the
Flames involv'd in Smoke, &c.*

Virgil, in this Place, takes Notice of a great Secret in the *Roman* Divination: The Lament Fires, which rose above the Head, or play'd about it, were Signs of Prosperity, such were those which he observ'd in the second *Æneid*: which were seen mounting from the Crown of *Ascanius*,

*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli
Fondere lumen apex.*

Smoky Flames (or involv'd in Smoke) were of a mix'd Omen; such were those which are here describ'd: For Smoke signifies Tears, because it produces them, and Flames Happiness. And therefore *Virgil* says, that this Omen was not only *mirabile visus*, but *perendum*.

Line 367. *One only Daughter beirs my Crown
and State.*

This has seem'd to some an odd Passage: That a King shou'd offer his Daughter and Heir to a Stranger Prince, and a Wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his Arrival on his Coasts: But these Criticks have not well consider'd the Simplicity of former Times; when the Heroines almost courted the Marriage of illustrious Men. Yet *Virgil* here observes the Rule of Decency; *Lavinia* offers not her self: 'Tis *Latinus* who propounds the Match: And he had been foretold, both by an *Augur*, and an Oracle, that he should have a foreign Son-in-Law; who was also a Heroe. Fathers, in those ancient Ages, considering Birth and Virtue, more than Fortune, in the placing of their Daughters. Which I cou'd prove by various Examples: The contrary of which being now practis'd, I I dare not say in our Nation, but in *France*, has not a little darken'd the Lustre of their Nobility. That *Lavinia* was averse to this Marriage, and for-what Reason, I shall prove in its proper Place.

Line 1020. ---- *And where Abella sees,
From her high Tow'rs, the Harvest of her Trees.*

I observe that *Virgil* names not *Nola*, which was not far distant from *Abella*; perhaps, because that City, (the same in which *Augustus* dy'd afterwards;) had once refus'd to give him Entertainment; if we may believe the Author of his Life. *Homer* heartily curses another City which had used him on the same manner: But

But our Author thought his Silence of the *Nolans* a sufficient Correction. When a Poet passes by a Place or Person, tho' a fair Occasion offers of remembring them, 'tis a Sign he is, or thinks himself, much disoblig'd.

Æn. 8. L. 34. *So when the Sun by Day, or
Moon by Night,
Strike on the polish'd Brass their trembling
Light, &c.*

This Similitude is literally taken from *Apollonius Rhodius*; and 'tis hard to say, whether the Original or the Translation excels. But in the Shield which he describes afterwards in this *Æneid*, he as much transcends his Master *Homer*, as the Arms of *Glaucus* were richer than those of *Diomedes*. χρύσεα χαλκείων.

Lines 115, and 116. *Æneas takes the Mother,
and her Brood,
And all on Juno's Altar are bestow'd.*

The Translation is infinitely short of *Virgil*, whose Words are these;

----- *Tibi enim, tibi maxima Juno
Mactat sacra ferens, & cum grege sistit ad aram.*

For I could not turn the Word *Enim* into *English* with any Grace, though it was of such Necessity, in the *Roman* Rites, that a Sacrifice cou'd not be perform'd without it; 'tis of the same Nature (if I may presume to name that sacred Mystery) in our Words of Consecration at the Altar. Æ-

Aeneid the 9th. Lines 853; 854. *At the full
Stretch of both his Hands, he drew;
And almost join'd the Horns of the tough Eugh.*

The first of these Lines is all of Monosyllables, and both Verses are very rough: But of choice; for it had been easie for me to have smooth'd them. But either my Ear deceives me, or they express the Thing which I intended in their Sound: For the stress of a Bow which is drawn to the full extent, is express'd in the Harshness of the first Verse, clogg'd not only with Monosyllables, but with Consonants; and these Words, *the tough Eugh*, which conclude the second Line, seem as forceful, as they are unharmonious. *Homer* and *Virgil* are both frequent in their adapting Sounds to the thing they signify. One Example will serve for both; because *Virgil* borrow'd the following Verses from *Homer's Odyssey*.

*Unâ Enusque Notusque ruunt creberque pro-
cellis
Africus, & vastos volant ad litora fluctus.*

Σὺν δ' Ἐὐρώῃ, Νότος ἔκρουε, Ζήφυρος δ' ὤρουε
καὶ βορρῆς αἰθeryέλῃς, πέρα κῦμα κίχιδον.

Our Language is not often capable of these Beauties; tho' sometimes I have copied them, of which these Verses are an Instance.

Line 1095. — *His ample Shield
Is falsify'd; and round with Jovian fill'd.*

When

When I read this *Bucid* to many of my Friends, in company together, most of them quarrell'd at the word *falsfy'd*, as an Innovation in our Language. The Fact is confess'd; for I remember not to have read it in any *English* Author; though perhaps it may be found in *Spencer's Fairy Queen*: But suppose it be not there: Why am I forbidden to borrow from the *Italian*, (a polish'd Language) the word which is wanting in my Native Tongue? *Terence* has often *Grecis'd*: *Lucretius* has follow'd his Example; and pleaded for it; *sic quia me cogit patrii Sermonis Egestas*. *Virgil* has confirm'd it by his frequent Practice, and even *Cicero* in Prose, wanting terms of Philosophy in the *Latin* Tongue, has taken them from *Aristotle's Greek*. *Honacé* has given us a Rule for Coining Words, *si Græco fonte cadunt*. Especially when other Words are join'd with them, which explain the Sense. I use the word *falsfy* in this place, to mean that the Shield of *Turnus* was not of Proof against the Spears and Javelins of the *Trojans*; which had pierc'd it through and through (as we say) in many Places. The words which accompany this new one, make my meaning plain; according to the Precept which *Horace* gave. But I said I borrow'd the Word from the *Italian*: *Vide Ariosto, Cant. 26.*

*Ma sì l'Usbergo d'Ambi era perfetto
Che mai poter falsarlo in nessun Canto.*

Falsar cannot otherwise be turn'd, than by *falsfy'd*; for his Shield was falsed, is not *English*.

lib. I might indeed have contented my self with saying his Shield was pierc'd, and boar'd, and stuck with *Javelins*; *Nec sufficit Umbo Ictibus*. They who will not admit a new Word, may take the old; the matter is not worth dispute.

Æneid the 10th. L. 312. *A Choir of Nereids, &c.* These were transform'd from Ships to Sea Nymphs: This is almost as violent a Machine, as the Death of *Aruns* by a Goddess in the *Episode* of *Camilla*. But the Poet makes use of it with greater Art: For here it carries on the main Design. These new-made Divinities, not only tell *Æneas* what had pass'd in his Camp during his absence; and what was the present Distress of his besieg'd People; and that his Horse-men whom he had sent by Land, were ready to join him at his Descent; but warn him to provide for Battel the next Day, and foretel him good success. So that, this *Episodical* Machine is properly a part of the great Poem; For besides what I have said, they push on his Navy with Celestial Vigour, that it might reach the Port more speedily, and take the Enemy more unprovided to resist the Landing. Whereas the Machine relating to *Camilla*, is only Ornamental: For it has no Effect, which I can find, but to please the Reader, who is concern'd, that her Death shou'd be reveng'd.

Lines 241, 242. *Now Sacred Sisters open all
your Spring,
The Tuscan Leaders, and their Army, sing;
The*

The Poet here begins to tell the Names of the *Tuscan* Captains who follow'd *Aeneas* to the War: And I observe him to be very particular in the Description of their Persons, and not forgetful of their Manners: Exact also, in the Relation of the Numbers which each of them Command. I doubt not but as in the fifth Book, he gave us the Names of the Champions, who contended for the several Prizes, that he might oblige many of the most Ancient *Roman* Families, their Descendants; and as in the 7th Book, he muster'd the Auxiliary Forces of the *Latins*, on the same Account; so here he gratifies his *Tuscan* Friends, with the like remembrance of their Ancestors; and above the rest, *Mecenas* his great Patron: Who being of a Royal Family in *Etruria*, was probably represented under one of the Names here mention'd, then known among the *Romans*, though at so great a Distance unknown to us. And for his sake chiefly, as I guess, he makes *Aeneas* (by whom he always means *Augustus*) to seek for Aid in the Country of *Mecenas*, thereby to indear his Protector to his Emperor; as if there had been a former Friendship betwixt their Lines. And who knows, but *Mecenas* might pretend that the *Cilnian* Family was deriv'd from *Tarchon*, the Chief Commander of the *Tuscans*.

Line 662. *Nor I, his mighty Sire, cou'd ward the Blow.*

I have mention'd this Passage in my Preface to the *Aeneis*; to prove, that Fate was superior to

to the Gods; and that *Jane* could neither defer nor alter its Decrees. *Sir Robert Howard* has since been pleas'd to send me the concurrent Testimony of *Ovid*; 'tis in the last Book of his *Metamorphoses*; where *Venus* complains, that her Descendant, *Julius Caesar*, was in danger of being Murder'd by *Bрутus* and *Cassius*, at the Head of the Commonwealth-Faction, and desires them to prevent that barbarous Assassination. They are mov'd to Compassion; they are concern'd for *Cæsar*; but the Poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their Power to change Destiny: All they could do, was to testify their Sorrow for approaching Death, by fore-shewing it with Signs and Prodigies, as appears by the following Lines.

*Talia nequiquam toto Venus amans Cælo
Verba jecit: Superosque movet: Qui rumpere
quaquequam
Ferreæ non possunt veterum decreta Sororum,
Signa tamen luctus dant: haud incerta futuri.*

Then she addresses to her Father *Jupiter*, hoping Aid from him, because he was thought Omnipotent. But he, it seems, could do as little as she self; for he answers thus.

——— *sola insuperabile Fatum
Nata, movere paras? intres licet ipsa sororum
Tectatrum; cernes illic molimine vasto
Ex ære, & solido rerum tabularia ferro:
Quæ neque concursus Cæli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuant ullas cæta atque æterna ruinas.
Luxuries illic incisa adamantæ perenni*

Fato

*Fata tui Generis, legi ipse, animoque notavi,
Et referam: ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.
Hic sua complavit (pro quo Cytherea laboras.)
Tempora, perfectis quos Terra debuit, annis, &c.*

Jupiter you see is only Library-Keeper, or *Custos Rotularum* to the Fates: For he offers his Daughter a Cast of his Office, to give her a Sight of their Decrees; which the inferior Gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the Preface; that they not having seen the Records, might believe they were his own Hand-writing; and consequently at his disposing either to blot out, or alter, as he saw convenient. And of this Opinion was *Juno* in those Words, *tua qui potes orsa reflectas*. Now the abode of those Destinies being in *Hell*, we cannot wonder why the Swearing by *Stryx* was an inviolable Oath amongst the Gods of Heaven, and that *Jupiter* himself should fear to be accus'd of Forgery by the Fates, if he alter'd any thing in their Decrees. *Chaos*, *Night*, and *Erebus*, being the most ancient of the Deities, and instituting those fundamental Laws, by which he was afterwards to govern. *Hesiod* gives us the Genealogy of the Gods, and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that *Homer* was more a Fatalist than *Virgil*: For it has been observ'd, that the word *τυχη*, or Fortune, is not to be found in his two Poems; but instead of it, always *μοιρα*.

Æneid the 12th. Lines 808, and 809.

See-born Messapus, with Atina, leads

The Latin Squadrons; and to Battel leads.

The.

The Poet had said, in the preceding Lines, that *Mnestheus*, *Sereftus*, and *Asylas*, led on the *Trojans*, the *Tuscans*, and the *Arcadians*: But none of the printed Copies, which I have seen, mention any Leader of the *Rutulians* and *Latins*, but *Messapus* the Son of *Neptune*. *Ruans* takes Notice of this Passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no Reason, why *Messapus* is alone without a Coadjutor.

The four Verses of *Virgil* run thus.

*Tota adeo conversa acies, omnesque Latini,
Omnes Dardanidae, Mnestheus, acerque Sereftus*

*Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Asylas,
Tuscorumque Phalanx, Evandrique Arcadis
ala.*

I doubt not but the third Line was Originally thus,

Et Messapus equum domitor, & fortis Atinas:

For the two Names of *Asylas* and *Atinas* are so like, that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the Transcribers. And to fortify this Opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of *Sages* to *Turnus*, that *Atinas* is join'd with *Messapus*.

*Soli, pro portis, Messapus & acer Atinas
Sustinent aciem-----*

In general I observe, not only in this *Aeneid*, but in all the six last Books, that *Aeneas* is never seen on Horse-back, and but once before as I remember, in the Fourth when he hunts with

with *Dido*. The Reason of this, if I guess a-
right, was a secret Compliment which the Po-
et made to his Country-men the *Romans*; the
Strength of whose Armies consisted most in
Foot; which, I think, were all *Romans* and
Italians. But their Wings or Squadrons
were made up of their *Allies*, who were Fo-
reigners.

Æneid the 12th. Lines 100, 101, 102.

At this, a flood of Tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'er spread,
Varying her Cheeks, by turns, with white and
red.

Amata, ever partial to the Cause of *Turnus*,
had just before desir'd him, with all manner of
Earnestness, not to engage his Rival in single
Fight; which was his present Resolution. *Vir-
gil*, though in favour of his Heroe he never
tells us directly, that *Lavinia* preferr'd *Turnus*
to *Æneas*, yet has insinuated this Preference
twice before. For mark, in the 7th *Æneid*, she
left her Father, who had promis'd her to *Æne-
as* without asking her consent: and follow'd
her Mother into the Woods, with a Troop of
Bacchanals, where *Amata* sung the Marriage
Song, in the Name of *Turnus*; which if she
had dislik'd, she might have oppos'd. Then in
the 11th *Æneid*, when her Mother went to
the Temple of *Pallas*, to invoke her Aid a-
gainst *Æneas*; whom she calls by no better
Name than *Phrygius Prædo*, *Lavinia* sits by
her in the same Chair or Litter, *juxtaque comes
Lavinia Virgo, --- Oculos dejecta decoros.* What
greater

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greater sign of Love, than Fear and Concernment for the Lover? In the Lines which I have quoted she not only sheds Tears, but changes Colour. She had been bred up with *Turnus*, and *Aeneas* was wholly a Stranger to her. *Turnus* in probability was her first Love; and favour'd by her Mother, who had the Ascendant over her Father. But I am much deceived, if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret Satire against the Sex, which is lurking under this Description of *Virgil*, who seldom speaks well of Women: better indeed of *Camilla*, than any other; for he commends her Beauty and Valour: Because he wou'd concern the Reader for her Death. But Valour is no very proper Praise for Woman-kind; and Beauty is common to the Sex. He says also somewhat of *Andromache*, but transiently: And his *Venus* is a better Mother than a Wife, for she owns to *Vulcan* she had a Son by another Man. The rest are *Juno's*, *Diana's*, *Dido's*, *Amata's*, two mad Prophetesses, three Harpies on Earth, and as many Furies under Ground. This Fable of *Lavinia* includes a secret Moral; that Women in their choice of Husbands, prefer the younger of their Suitors to the elder; are insensible of Merit, fond of Handsomeness; and, generally speaking, rather hurried away by their Appetite, than govern'd by their Reason.

L. 1191, and 1192. *This let me beg, (and this no Fates withstand)*

Both for my self, and for your Father's Land,
&c.

The

Virgil's Works in English. 1041

The Words in the Original are these, *pro Latio obtestor, pro Majestate tuorum*. Virgil very artfully uses here the word *Majestas*; which the Romans lov'd so well, that they appropriated it to themselves. *Majestas Populi Romani*. This Title apply'd to Kings, is very Modern, and that is all I will say of it at present: Though the word requires a larger Note. In the word *tuorum*, is included the sense of my Translation, *Your Father's Land*: Because Saturn, the Father of Jove, had govern'd that part of Italy, after his Expulsion from Greece. But that on which I most insist, is the Address of the Poet, in this Speech of Jove. Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the Preface, that whatever the common Opinion was, concerning the Descent of the Romans from the Trojans; yet the ancient Customs, Rites, Laws, and Habits of those Trojans were wholly lost, and perhaps also that they had never been: And for this Reason, he introduces Jove in this place; requesting of Jupiter, that no Memory might remain of Troy (the Town she hated) that the People hereafter should not be called Trojans, nor retain any thing which belong'd to their Predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our Author and his Friend Horace, to hinder Augustus from Re-building Troy, and removing thither the Seat of Empire, a design so displeasing to the Romans? But of this I am not positive, because I have not consulted d'Acier, and the rest of the Criticks, to ascertain the time in which Horace writ the Ode relating to that Subject.

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L. 1224, and 1225. *Deep in the dismal Regions,
void of Light,
Three Sisters, at a Birth, were born to Night.*

The Father of these, (not here mention'd) was *Acheron*: the Names of the three, were *Alecto*, *Megara*, and *Tisiphone*. They were call'd Furies in Hell, on Earth Harpies, and in Heaven *Dira*: Two of these assisted at the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were employed by him, to punish the wickedness of Mankind. These two must be *Megara*, and *Tisiphone*: not *Alecto*: for *Juno* expressly commands her to return to Hell, from whence she came; and gives this Reason.

*Te super Ætherias errare licentius auras,
Haud Pater ipse velit summi Reguator Olympi:
Cede locis.*

Probably this *Dira*, un-nam'd by the Poet in this place, might be *Tisiphone*; for though we find her in Hell, in the sixth *Æneid*, employ'd in the Punishment of the damn'd,

*Continuo fontes ultrix accincta flagello
Tysiphone quatit insultans, &c.*

Yet afterwards she is on Earth in the Tenth *Æneid*, and amidst the Battel, *Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia sævit*. Which I guess to be *Tisiphone*, the rather, by the Etymology of her Name; which is compounded of *τίω* *ulciscor*; and *ὄν* *cadēs*. Part of her Errand being to affright *Turnus* with the Stings of a
- guilty

guilty Conscience; and denounce Vengeance against him for breaking the first Treaty, by refusing to yield *Lavinia* to *Æneas*, to whom she was promis'd by her Father, and consequently, for being the Author of an unjust War; and also for violating the second Treaty, by declining the single Combat, which he had stipulated with his Rival, and call'd the Gods to Witnesses before their Altars. As for the Names of the Harpies, (so call'd on Earth) *Hesiod* tells us they were *Iris*, *Aello*, and *Ocypete*. *Virgil* calls one of them *Celæno*: This I doubt not was *Alecto*; whom *Virgil* calls in the third *Æneid*, *Furiarum maxima*: And in the sixth again, by the same Name----*Furiarum maxima, juxta accubat*. That she was the chief of the Furies, appears by her Description in the seventh *Æneid*: To which, for haste, I refer the Reader.

F I N I S.





